

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL



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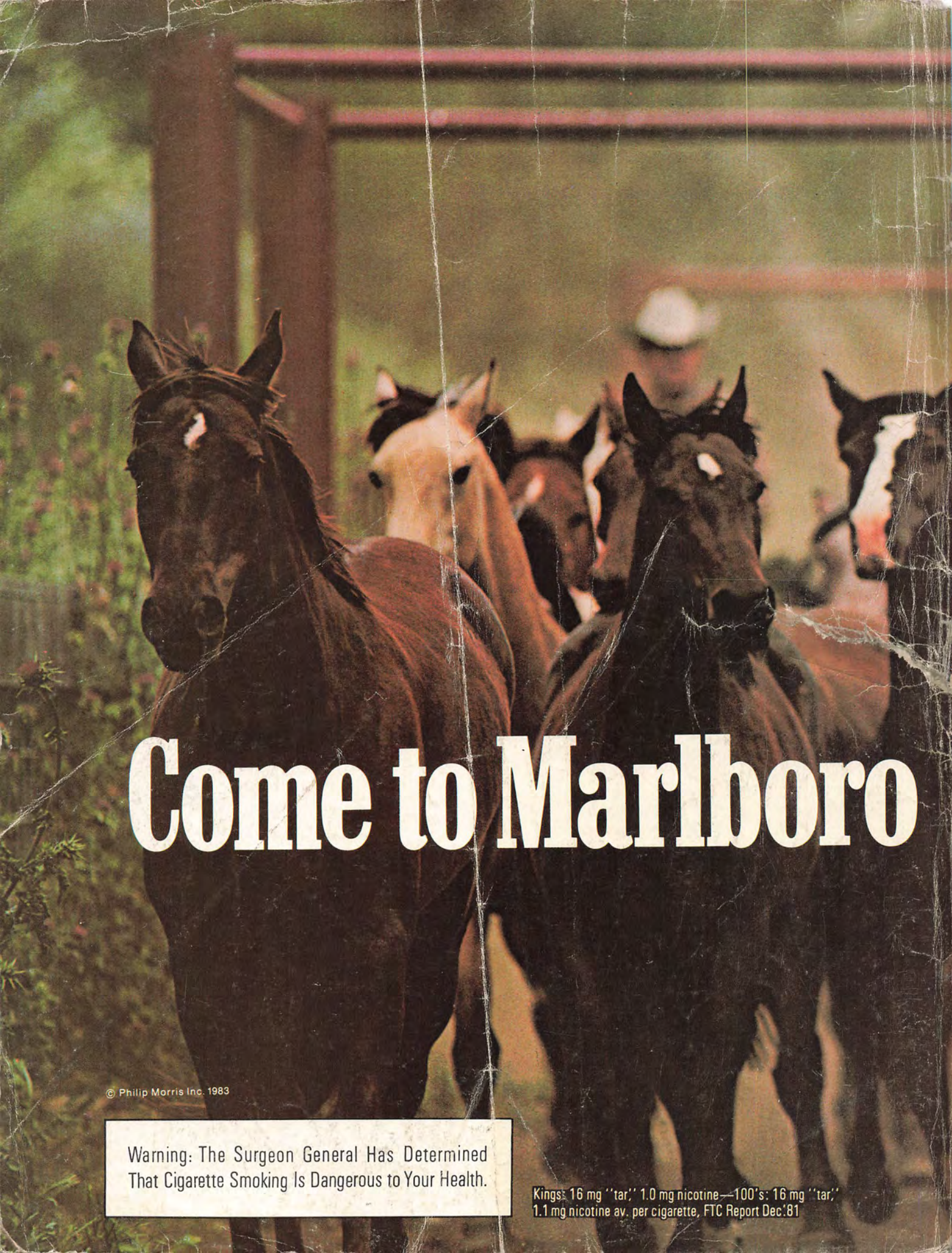
AUGUST 1983 \$3.00

JOHN & YOKO: THE BIZARRE FINAL YEARS

PETE
TOWNSHEND'S
MIRACLE DRUG
RECOVERY

GIVING GOOD TAPE:
UNDERCOVER
REPORT ON THE
JOYS OF
VIDEO DATING



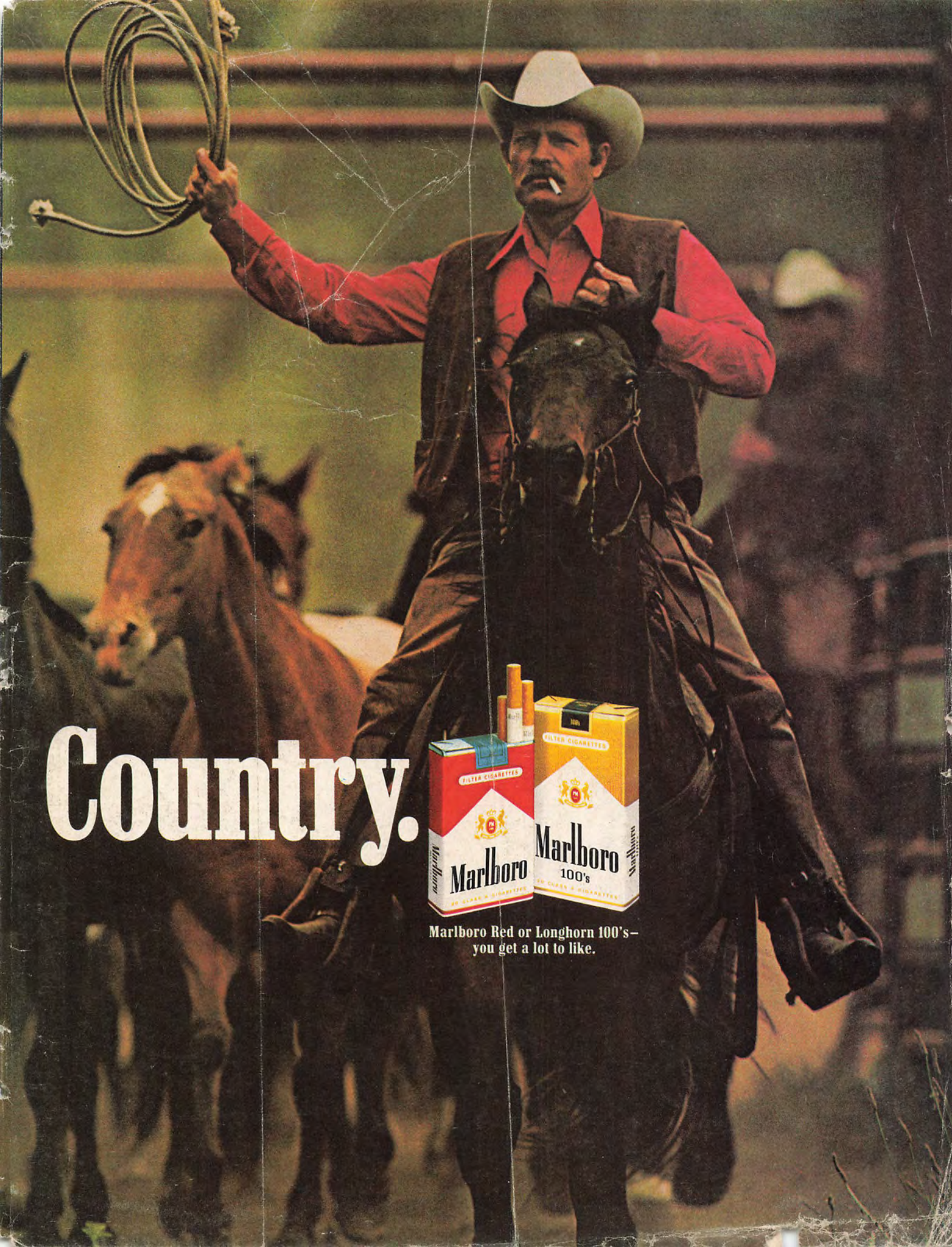
A photograph of several horses in a stable. In the foreground, a dark brown horse is looking towards the camera. Behind it, other horses of various colors (white, brown, black) are visible. A person wearing a white cowboy hat is partially visible in the background. The image has a vintage, slightly grainy quality with some visible wear and tear.

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Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 16 mg "tar,"
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A full-page photograph of a cowboy riding a dark horse. The cowboy is wearing a light-colored cowboy hat, a red long-sleeved shirt, a dark vest, and dark chaps. He is holding a coiled lasso in his right hand and a lit cigarette in his mouth. In the background, another horse is visible, and the setting appears to be a corral or a similar outdoor enclosure.

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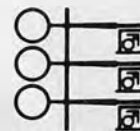
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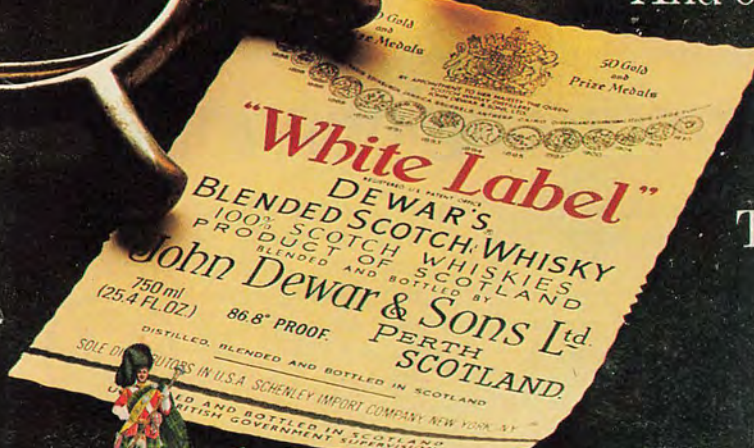


Pet of the Month Shana Ross appears on this month's cover. She was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, Harrison filters, and Norman strobes. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 197.

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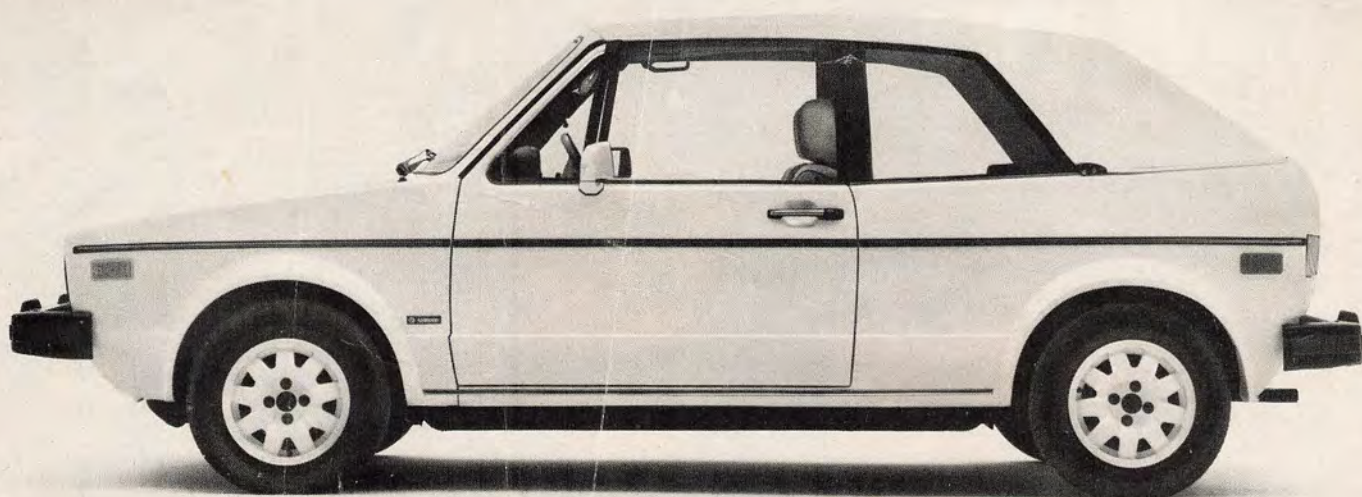


"Keep these lands free
from intruders."
Thus, the King's command centuries ago.
And once each year, men and women
of the Scottish Borders ride
the "marches," the boundaries of
their common lands.
If only to be on the safe side.
The good things in life
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Steering: Rack-and-pinion. Front

suspension: MacPherson strut.

So as you can see, the Volkswagen is really the most technologically sophisticated 4 passenger German convertible you can buy.

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HOUSECALL

Lying in a California hospital last year, Baron Otto Albrecht von Bolschwing died a horrible death—his body ravaged by disease, shrunken and emaciated, the classic image of a Nazi extermination-camp prisoner. Most people would say that his terrible demise was a fitting end for a man who forty years earlier had been a Nazi war criminal, one of the people responsible for some of the greatest acts of genocide ever committed. But what was Von Bolschwing doing in California in 1982? That is the essence of **Christopher Simpson's** compelling investigative report, "Not Just Another Nazi" (page 60). Simpson, a Washington journalist whose articles have appeared in *Omni* and several other publications, followed Bolschwing's trail from the day he joined the Nazi party in 1932 through his extraordinary career as a German—and later, an American—secret agent. "More than anything else," Simpson writes, "he was a survivor. Supremely opportunistic, he profited from the Nazi extermination of the Jews, then from the defeat of Nazi Germany itself." Von Bolschwing's story is a dramatic report from the front of what John le Carré calls "The Looking Glass War"—battles fought in the murky shadows of cold-war espionage; a war in which genocide can be forgiven and years of loyal service betrayed.

As one of rock music's leading composers and more prolific performers, **Pete Townshend** of the Who ignited the passions of a generation and gained international recognition for his fiery teenage anthems and his pioneering rock operas, *Tommy* and *Quadrophenia*. But two years ago he was carried into a London hospital, his skin dark blue, his heart literally stopped, the result of a shot of heroin injected in a nightclub toilet. Townshend tells his almost unbelievable story of death and rebirth—both physical and spiritual—in an exclusive interview (page 114) with *Omni* editor **Kathleen McAuliffe**, who first described his miraculous recovery in *Omni* earlier this year. "The secret behind Townshend's reversal of two years of dissipation in ten days," McAuliffe told us, "is an unusual treatment that involves a Walkmanlike device that transmits a tiny electrical signal to the brain via electrodes taped behind either ear. The brainchild of Dr. Meg Patterson, a Scottish surgeon, this 'black box' remedy appears to have helped reform over a dozen top recording stars. Townshend felt compelled to speak out about Patterson's work, both to repay a personal debt and to draw attention to her enormous behind-the-scenes contribution to the music industry as a whole."

Millions of people whose problems are less severe than Pete Townshend's are choosing to cope with life in a less dramatic

fashion—they simply run away. "With appalling regularity," writes **Bill Lawren** in an insightful report on some of America's unluckiest societal outcasts, "supposedly established adults are packing their bags and taking off for parts unknown." In order to understand why the number of civilian AWOLs is reaching epidemic proportions, Lawren interviewed several different types of runaways as well as two private detectives who specialize in finding them. His article about these offbeat, but usually completely law-abiding, individuals begins on page 78.

The legendary John Lennon was another kind of runaway, as **John Green** revealed in the first installment of "John and Yoko: The Final Years" in July's *Penthouse*. This month (page 74), in the concluding excerpt from his new book, *Dakota Days* (St. Martin's Press), Green—Yoko's erstwhile psychic and tarot card reader—discusses some of the more bizarre episodes of those final years, including Yoko's pathetic plans to write a Broadway musical (based on "a day in the life of John and Yoko"), her obsession with an unopened ancient Egyptian mummy (she thought it was one of her previous incarnations), and the terrorist threats that plagued them. "I am vulnerable and helpless," John told Green, "but I'm still not going to do what they tell me, because that's the only way I have to resist."

Robert Daley, whose best-selling books include *Prince of the City* and *Year of the Dragon*, journeys to the sun-drenched Côte d'Azur for his latest thriller, *The Dangerous Edge* (to be published by Simon & Schuster). In our excerpt (page 130), Lambert, a onetime war hero and would-be playwright, has assembled an international crew of mobsters and mercenaries to carry out a daring, subterranean break-in of a massive bank vault in Nice. When, to his dismay, life fails to imitate art, Lambert must rewrite his ending quickly—before he meets his own end on the guillotine.

Investigative reporter **Ellen Sherman**, whose previous articles for us included the ground-breaking series on male prostitutes, this month reports on her undercover membership in a video-dating club—the latest rage for desperate singles who are tired of looking for love in all the wrong places. In "Giving Good Tape" (page 138) Ellen lets us know if the magic of technology is really any substitute for smoky singles hangouts or blind dates.

Other items of interest include: **Frank Donegan's** Psychographic Quiz, which will help you predict what every man wants to know: how long you'll have an active sex life (page 143); and best-selling novelist **Jimmy Breslin's** paean to beer—the perfect summer drink that, he writes, "stands for something so important: a smile on a day in your life" (page 148).

Of course, our perfect summer Pets are also guaranteed to put a smile on a day in your life. In fact, we'd even venture to wager that one or two, at least, might keep you smiling all summer long! ☺ —**EM**

Introducing the car audio system that can raise your standard of listening: Panasonic Supreme Elite.



Panasonic introduces a new stereo component system for your car: the Supreme Elite. Each component was engineered with advanced sound technology. Technology that provides this car audio system with some of the most sophisticated features on the road today.

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* Maximum Power Output: 100W (4 x 25W) at 1 kHz.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to *Penthouse Forum*, *Penthouse International, Ltd.*, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 100235965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

NAUGHTY GIRL

I'm writing you to show your readers that an embarrassing situation can turn out to be very enjoyable. It all started one night when my boyfriend and I went out for supper. I knew we were going to a really posh restaurant, so I got really dressed up in my halter dress and lacy panties and panty hose.

When we were walking home after supper, I realized that I should have made a trip to the ladies' room. As we walked I could feel the wetness between my legs start to trickle down to my knees. When we stopped at a store to window-gaze, I realized that my bladder wouldn't hold any longer. At this point I was glad I wore a dress, because I thought I would be able to spread my legs a little and pee standing up and maybe my boyfriend wouldn't notice. I tried to go a little at a time but once I started I couldn't stop.

There I was, standing looking at model trains, holding hands, and wetting my pants. That's when my boyfriend realized what was happening. I was so embarrassed.

When we got to his apartment I was heading straight for the bathroom when he said, "Just a moment." He took me to his bedroom and laid me down on the bed. Then he got a couple of towels and a warm washcloth and proceeded to clean me up just like you would a small baby.

It was then that my embarrassment turned to pleasure. I began to get really aroused from the feeling of the warm water, and especially when he powdered me. It was at this time that he told me that it turned him on to know that I was wetting my pants. That's when we decided we would reenact this little game from time to time.—*Name and address withheld*

INITIATION

I was at first reluctant to send this letter, but my husband (an avid reader of *Penthouse*) finally talked me into it. He was also the person who talked me into undertaking the experiences that are the subject of this letter. You see, after about six years of being married, our sex life was getting dull and tedious, and the rest of our marriage was deteriorating along with it. That's when Lee, my husband, suggested that we join a swinger's club that he had heard of. I've always considered myself relatively open-minded when it comes to matters of sex, so after some persuasion I was convinced. After all, a simple change of partners wouldn't do any harm and, I thought, might even add a little excitement

to my marriage. I was in for a lot more than I had expected.

You should understand: despite my open-mindedness, I had never before been unfaithful to Lee and had never delved into kinky sex except for a few times when I had given him blowjobs. That's why the first night at the club was a relief, in that so little was expected of me. Me and Sally (a friend of mine who was engaged to Al, one of Lee's friends) were among the six "initiates," as the female halves of the couples were called. The initiates had to report to Samantha, the "initiate trainer," who was a moderately tall woman with an excellent figure. She was quite beautiful in her tight-fitting, revealing, long black gown and with her hair up, but she had a steely glint in her eye and carried a smirk which seemed to hint of what awaited us. That night, though, all she did was tell us we were to serve as waitresses and give us our uniforms—scanty little bras that left our nipples exposed, G-string panties that left our bottoms uncovered, and short miniskirts.

I was excited at satisfying my exhibitionist desires and being forced to do little more. As we passed them, the men fondled our tits and asses (and even the women "actives," as the women who had already been initiated were called, took part in playing with our bodies). Every once in a while a man would drop a spoon on the floor and as we bent over to pick it up, he would smack us on the bare bottom. But it seemed all in good fun. I noticed Lee reaching into Sally's panties and giving her a feel, even though he had always been polite and respectful to her, and Sally's face started becoming flushed. I felt not even a tinge of jealousy but went over to Al and let him fondle me. He seemed to concentrate on my rear end (which my husband says is the best part of my 36-24-36 figure) and played with the cheeks of my ass.

Once dinner was over, the initiates had to clean the dishes while the men and the actives went into the orgy pad. After we did the dishes we watched through a glass window—the other women giving blowjobs, being sucked off, being butt-fucked, taking on several men at a time, and engaging in just plain, conventional sex. I wished I were part of it too and was jealous that we weren't allowed in there yet. I saw Samantha, the initiate trainer bringing my husband to ecstatic heights with her deep-throat technique.

The next session of the club was when we had to start undergoing initiation (only

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(U.S. edition)

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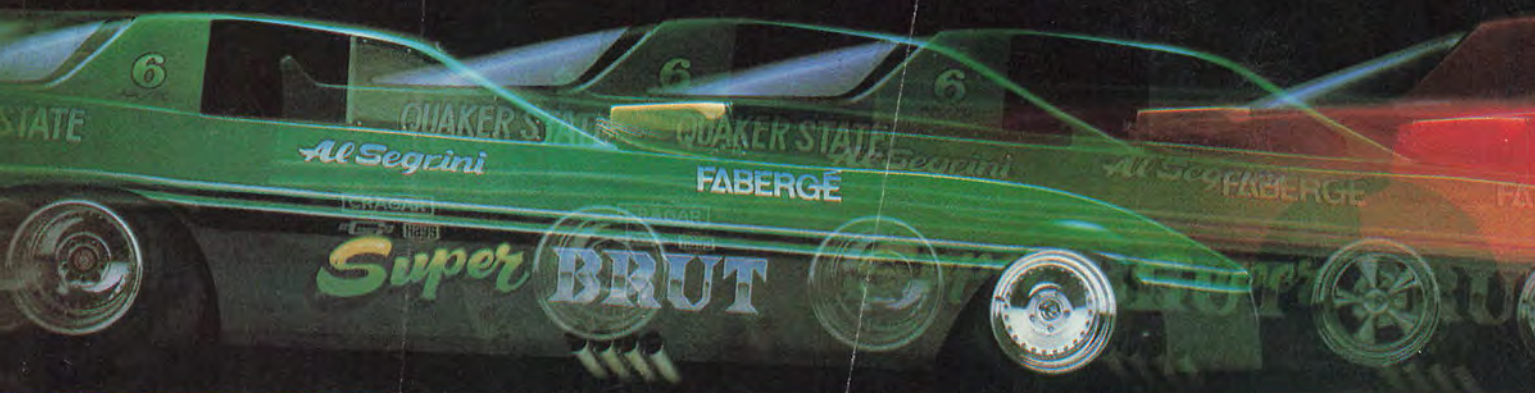
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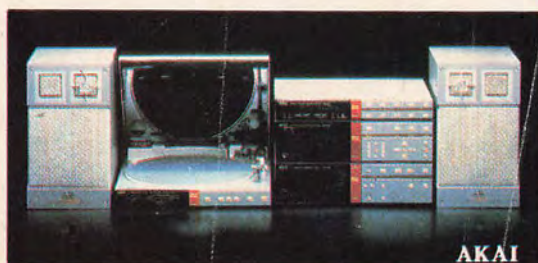
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AUGUST



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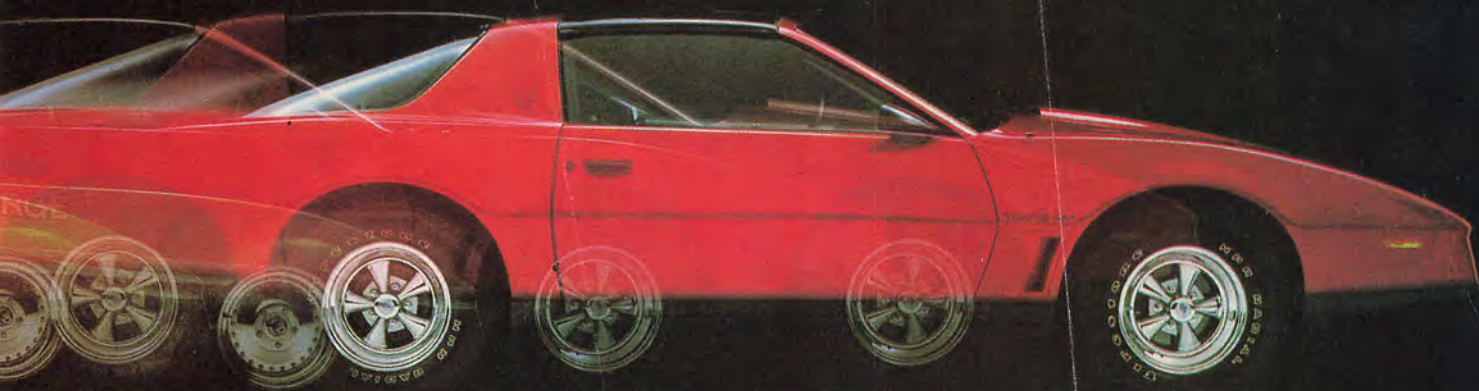
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the women had to be initiated). Samantha assembled us a few hours early and told us that there were two ways of getting out of initiation: we could put on either a strip-tease act or a lesbian act in front of the men. She made us take part in tryouts and put on a record—we had to dance and strip to the music. I did a bump-and-grind and tried to dance as seductively as I could but it was all a dismal failure. Then she grouped us into pairs to see if any of us could put on a sexy lesbian act. My partner was Sally and both of us seemed to be embarrassed, since we had been close friends for several years. But when her warm lips reached mine I felt a tingling sensation in my cunt. I put one hand on her lovely, firm breasts and with the other hand reached for her clit, but then she suddenly withdrew. Thus all six initiates had to undergo initiation.

We were blindfolded and our hands tied behind our backs. We were dressed in regular clothes—in my case, a pair of tight-fitting jeans and a blouse. After we were led somewhere and had the blindfolds removed and were untied, I discovered we were in a room full of the rest of the members of the club.

Samantha then turned to us. "All right, girlyies, time for a strip-search." We were lined up and a girl named Sue was first. As she removed each piece of clothing, Samantha took it. When Sue was completely undressed, Samantha examined her

body, squeezing her breasts and giving her a pinch on her ass. "Squat and spread your cunt," she ordered next. Sue was obviously humiliated, and the thought that I would be undergoing the same treatment mortified me but at the same time caused my cunt to become sopping wet with excitement. Samantha took her middle finger and stuck it in Sue's cunt, then made Sue lick the finger clean. Next, she made Sue stand up, bend over, and spread the cheeks of her ass. Again she took her middle finger and stick it in her anus, moving it in and out and wriggling it around. Sally, who was to be next, was beside herself with terror, and at the same time anticipation. When she was strip-searched the treatment was the same, but Samantha, suddenly noticing her humiliation, summoned a man with a video camera. To my horror, everything was on a large screen in front of the room. Holding the camera up close as Samantha examined her cunt, the man was able to get close-ups of Sally's private parts, all of which was blown up on the large screen.

When it was my turn, I was trembling from head to foot. My cunt and ass were also shown on the big screen in front of the room but Samantha added a new humiliation. She invited several men and women to stick their fingers up my vagina and anus. Feeling all those strange, rough fingers exploring me, I was on the verge of coming. I am surprised I didn't.

"Okay, now, it's time for you to be spanked for being such naughty little girls. Line up to be paddled." Sue was first again and Samantha made her bend over and put her hands on a table she had moved to the center of the room. After making Sue spread her legs a little more, she proceeded to paddle her with a Ping-Pong paddle. After ten strokes, Sue had tears in her eyes, but still, you could see pussy juice running down her leg. When it was my turn to be spanked, Samantha sat up on the table and took me on her lap as if I were a little girl. I was sure my ass was beet red and I felt a tingling, burning sensation there. I felt like being fucked hard and strong to free myself of the clogged sensation in my cunt. When all five of us had had our fannies spanked soundly, she said, "All right, we'll let you go for today." However, she soon changed her mind. "That is, except for you, Carol," she said referring to me. "It's been a while since we gave an initiate an enema."

I froze. Lee must have told her that ever since I was young enemas sexually aroused me. As the other girls left the room I protested and started to run, but two stocky men caught up with me and, holding each arm, carried me over to the same table where Samantha had paddled me. She, meanwhile, disappeared before returning with a container with a tube and nozzle. While the men held me down on the table, she parted the cheeks of my ass. Expecting the thrust of the nozzle, I felt instead a tongue running up and down my anus. I looked over my shoulder and saw her grinning. Then, suddenly, I felt the nozzle being inserted and as she squeezed the container, warm water began to fill my bowels. The tight pressure in my ass made me feel like I was being butt-fucked. I started to rub against the table but it was too smooth to satisfy my frantic desires. I wanted to come so bad. When she was through, Samantha made me retain the water. I tried fingering myself to orgasm but the men pulled my hand back and then tied my hands behind my back. After a while I wasn't sure I could hold it anymore. Finally, Samantha let me go into the bathroom to expel the enema—under supervision, of course, so that I wouldn't masturbate myself.

When I came back, I was blindfolded and was told that my initiation would be over if I gave blowjobs to five people. I was told I had to swallow every drop of come and if even a drop slipped out of my mouth, I would have to start from the beginning. I eagerly swallowed every sticky drop out of four cocks. (I had no idea who they belonged to) but the fifth person first pulled up my blindfold, and it turned out to be Samantha herself. I used my tongue to the best of my abilities on that juicy pussy of hers and stopped at the point where she cried out for me to continue. Seeing her at my command—she, whom I had been at the mercy of for so long—I plunged sadistically once more between her legs and at the same time thrust my hands between



"You mean this is the government's official toxic-wastes dump site?"

It's all true.



Cuervo
Premium Tequila

my legs for my own long-delayed orgasm.—*Name and address withheld*

CHANGE PARTNERS

I have been told by everyone who has read it to send this letter to you. This is no fantasy. This actually happened to me.

One night my husband, Roy, and I were invited to one of his friend's houses. This was the first time I had met Jerry and Natalie. We started drinking and smoking a few joints. All of us were really feeling great and we started talking about switching partners. We found out that this couple had never switched before. We all decided that we'd have to remedy that.

About a month later we invited them to come over to our place. We all smoked some joints and got down to some serious drinking. After a while I started to get a little warm so I took off my sheer top. Jerry told Natalie to take off hers then, so she did. First our tops, then our pants. We had no panties on, and our guys really liked that.

So Natalie and I went upstairs and I told her about Spanish fly drops. I first put a few drops on my clit and rubbed it all over until I was tender. I reached over to her and put a few drops on her clit. I started rubbing it all over and she really liked it a lot. We put enough on our clits so they would be nice and juicy and ready to go. At first it was strange that a girl was playing with my clit, but it just came so natural. When we had finished with each other, we

went downstairs to our guys and also to finish our drinks. After the drinks all four of us went upstairs to our waterbed.

There were candles lit here and there. Roy and Jerry lay down on the waterbed, so Natalie went to Roy and I went to Jerry.

I started giving Jerry a blowjob, licking first his shaft and then the head. While that was going on I was fondling his balls and flicking my middle finger around his asshole. He moaned like he had never felt that before, my pushing my finger in and out of his ass. I took his cock into my hand and raised it to my juicy lips, bringing his ass closer to me so I could suck him deeper and deeper into my throat. He kept moving back and forth so that I would suck harder and deeper. I would then go down by his ass and start sucking, licking, and flicking like I never did with him before. I love to move slowly with my tongue, lightly along the balls and then around the ass. That really turns Jerry on.

After a while I felt a nudge from Roy, so I turned around and then the greatest experience started. Natalie grabbed one of my breasts and started massaging it, then my nipples (already hard). So I reached over to caress her breasts. Her breasts were so soft and round! I moved her closer to me and started to suck on both of her nipples. I looked up at Roy and Jerry and they were lying back, beating off while watching us girls. I went back to Natalie. I was so gentle at first, but then I realized how much I

liked it. I pulled at her nipples. I knew she was turned on, as she was moaning and asking for more. I turned around and moved my hand slowly down her soft stomach towards her pubic hair. I found her clit with my finger and started teasing her with my tongue. She was shaking all over. She stopped me and started to caress my breast and suck on my nipples. She was sucking them like I had never experienced before, and once again my nipples were hard. It was so great to have a girl caressing and sucking my breast like that. My breasts were sticking right up and moving back and forth, asking for more. She was gentle and I loved every bit of it.

We switched positions and I slowly moved my hand down to her soft stomach. I went farther down and reached her pubic hair. She had obviously shaved a while ago. She spread her legs apart while I slowly began to probe inside her. My finger slipped in so easily because her vagina and clit were so wet and juicy. The juices really turned me on. The scent and the feel of it were heavenly.

This was the first time I ever made love to a woman. It really felt great. I treated her like I would want to experience it myself. I was touching her the way I touch myself when I masturbate. I kept moving my fingers in and out of her, rubbing her juices all over her lips. Her lips were so slippery and swollen, but she still wanted more. While I was exploring her clit once again between two of my fingers, I realized that this was one of my favorite ways of climaxing. I tightened my two fingers on her clit and gripped onto it with pressure but not enough for pain—just enough to where she'd start jerking and want to fuck. I was rubbing it back and forth. Natalie was just moaning away like she was in heaven. I stuck my tongue inside of her. She tasted so clean and the scent was fantastic! It was so beautiful. She reached orgasm, and then we switched and she did the same for me. Just great!—*Name and address withheld*

TOO TEMPTING

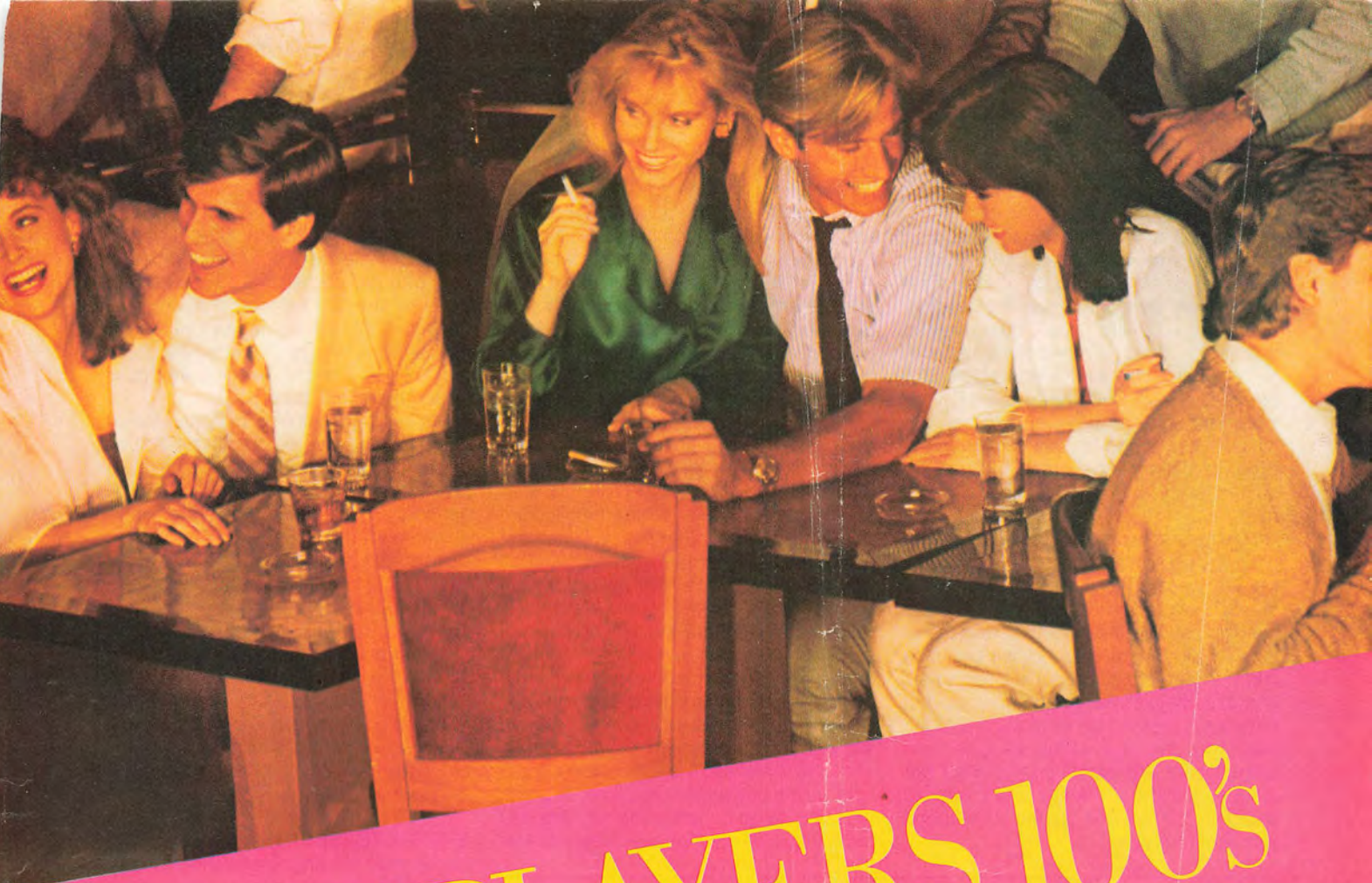
After reading your letters, I had to relate my most enjoyable affair. My wife, Kay, sells real estate and was sent on a three-day seminar on closings and financing. I own my own business and make my own hours.

One night while she was away I arrived home to find my lovely twenty-year-old sister-in-law, Nancy, sound asleep on the couch. The TV was blaring as she lay there in a blue half-T-shirt and white lacy panties. She is five-five, 126 pounds, has big blue eyes, and is a very athletic 34B-26-33 with a beautiful, golden tan. Looking at her smooth, firm belly and crotch, I could see curly brown hairs peeking out of her elastic. I decided to take a shower to curb my lusting.

I returned wearing only my robe and started watching the movie. She came in from the kitchen with a couple of sodas and said she'd had a fight at home and



"It's a booger."



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would like to stay with me for a day or two. How could I say no to such a lovely, sweet, and innocent cherub? We talked and watched the tube till after one, when she kissed me goodnight and went to bed. I listened as she brushed her teeth and washed up, and when she headed into the spare bedroom, I quickly followed.

I entered as her T-shirt was tossed on the bed. She whirled around and her mouth dropped open. What a perfect set of tits. They were small and firm, slightly cone-shaped, with rosy, quarter-sized aureoles and tiny nipples tilting upward. Her distinct tan left them like two islands in the sea. She crossed her arms over her boobs as I closed the three-foot gap between us. I stopped and removed my robe, revealing my six-foot, 170-pound, tanned body with a seven-inch, raging hard-on.

I uncrossed her arms and, holding them behind, pulled her trembling body close till her tits were firmly pressed against my chest. I covered her mouth with kisses as my right hand squeezed and caressed her left tit. I slid my free hand down her back into her lacy panties, cupping her small, firm ass cheeks. Her knees buckled and parted as I pressed her backward onto the bed. She seemed dazed as I slid my tongue past her teeth, playing with her tongue. Maybe she knew there was no stopping me as she started to respond with French kisses.

I slid my mouth from hers and kissed my way down to her lovely nipples. I licked them till the skin became tight and they were standing firm. I gently sucked and nibbled as I slid my hand out from under her. While trying to see how much of her tit I could take in my mouth, I slid my left hand down the front of her panties. My fingers found their way through her silky-fine, soft brown curls till they found the jackpot.

My sweet twenty-year-old virgin was getting very moist. I softly ran my index finger up and down her slit for several minutes. Her juices were starting to flow as I inserted my finger into her sweet pussy. My mouth left her tit to find her pussy as I started slowly finger-fucking her with one and later with two fingers. She moaned and bucked her hips when my fingers found her swollen clit.

I rose to my knees beside her, my fingers buried deep in her pussy. I lifted her ass up and slid her panties down and off her long, lean thighs. She said, "Please be gentle; I've never done it before."

Taking my fingers out of her pussy, I smeared her creamy juices over the head of my cock. She spread her legs wide and put her hands on the inside of her thighs. She craned her neck to watch as I rubbed the swollen purple head of my cock up and down her slit. I started working my cock in and out, an inch at a time. Ten minutes later I was buried to the hilt. She had the tightest pussy I've ever been in. Her

juices quickly bathed my cock as I gently thrust in and out. She closed her eyes and moaned as I pulled her legs and wrapped them around my ass, allowing me a better angle to go deeper. Pulling my head to her tits, she began to meet my thrusting in almost perfect rhythm. Our bodies were soon soaked in sweat as we fucked like two animals in heat. She started to pant, her perfect tits heaving, and grabbed my ass. She picked her ass off the bed and froze as she had her first orgasm. I held her tight for a few minutes before continuing our feast of lust. She orgasmed three more times before her velvety pussy milked the come out of my balls.

We lay there about a half-hour kissing and playing with each other's body. I brought my softened cock up to her sweet mouth, which she licked my cock clean of our combined juices and gently sucked till it was hard again. She licked around my head and shaft, covering them with her saliva. Then she squeezed my balls, stroked my shaft, and took as much as she could in her mouth. She sucked for about fifteen minutes, bobbing her head up and down while stroking my shaft with her other hand before I grabbed her hair and filled her mouth with come. We spent the next two days in bed performing every act we could think of.—Name and address withheld

SHE'S A TEASE

I have been reading *Penthouse* off and on for years and enjoy your "Forum" column very much. I thought that your "Forum" readers might enjoy hearing about one of my experiences.

I am blond and very attractive, with a darn good figure. I'm rather tall, with long legs, a cute ass, and "sun-seeker" tits. I travel very often in my work and this happened while on one of these business trips.

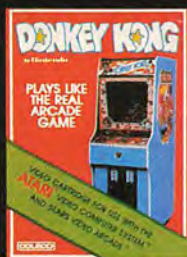
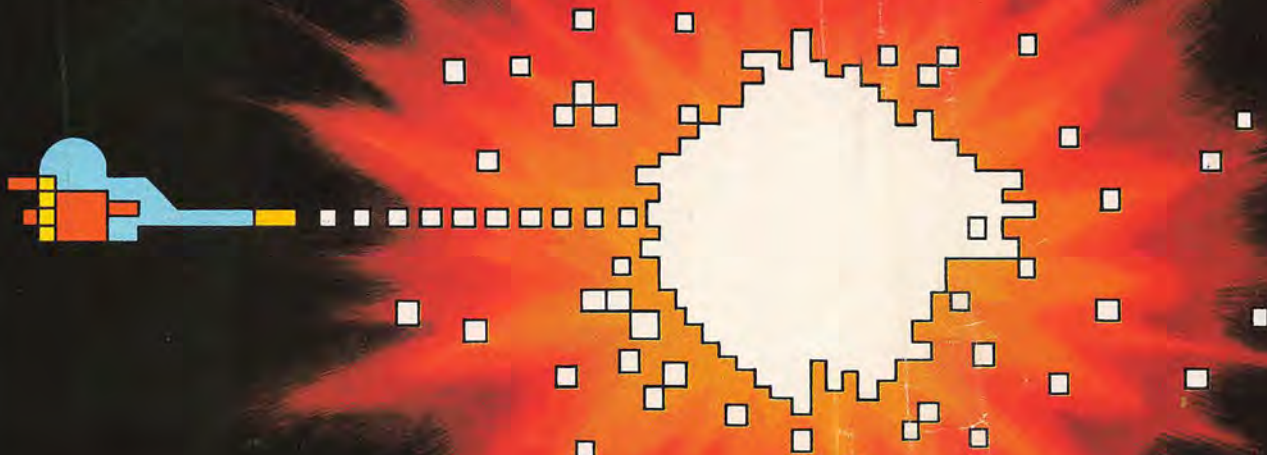
To be blunt, I am a prick teaser. I simply adore having men grovel at my feet, begging for a piece of my ass or pussy. And sometimes—well, they might just get a little bit. I'm also into mild bondage and discipline, but nothing too heavy. I also attempt to suck the foot-fetish male into my web. I like men at my feet and, if they adore them, all the better for my ego.

During this particular prowl for some fun, I was wearing a pair of low-slung hip-huggers, really a size too small for me, and I had painted my belly button with fire-red "wet" lipstick, along with my lips. I go braless most of the time and my blouse was tied in a simple knot at the waist. My sky-high heels showed more of my dainty feet to attract the foot lover. Oh, yes: my toenails were a glistening red and I had a small, gold-bell type charm around my ankle. Was I hot to trot! I put a few goodies in my large shoulder bag and off I went, looking for game.

While sitting at a table along the sidewalk in front of a large lounge, I noticed a guy sitting a couple of tables away. His eyes popped when I put my feet on the



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chair across from me and let one of my shoes slip off. He almost broke his leg rushing over to pick it up for me. When he put it back on my foot, his hands were trembling and seemed hot and moist. He had nibbled at the bait!

He must have been in his middle fifties, well-dressed, rugged-looking, and rather husky. He had gray at his temples with streaks running through a full head of hair.

He leered down at my almost exposed tits and I told him he could sit down if he wanted and I moved my feet to another chair. He took me up on my offer and soon we were chatting over cocktails. I commented that I was rather tired, having done too much shopping, and that my tootsies ached.

He didn't hesitate one second as he scooped up my feet and placed them in his lap. His hands were strong and firm as he massaged my soles, arches, and popped each little piggy-toe. His dick was hard as a rock, and I made sure that my feet buried into his crotch, and wriggled my toes for all they were worth. His face flushed and it became difficult for him to talk or to concentrate on our conversation.

Poor guy, he was simply all frustrated and flabbergasted—and his cock was begging to get into my panties. To tell the truth, my pussy was getting all moist and I was feeling little ripples of pleasure creep up my legs into my belly.

It was soon getting late in the afternoon,

and I had kept this joker on my string for a considerable length of time. I continued to tease and torment him, flashing a bit of bare tit, keeping my lips wet and glistening, and giving him encouragement to keep on massaging my tootsies. He surprised the hell out of me when he lifted one to his lips and started kissing it! Right out there on the sidewalk!

This male was impossible and I started to wonder when the proposition would come. The thought no sooner entered my mind when it came, and of course I agreed, telling him that I was a bit kinky and he would have to humor me in my games.

His motel was not that far, and as we walked, hand in hand, I kept whispering in his ear how "nice" it was going to be. Nibbling at his earlobe, sticking my tongue tip in his ear, pressing my titties against him, I kept thinking how nice it would be if I could make him come while walking.

His door was still closing as he took me in his arms and gave me a long French kiss. I was molding my body to his, pushing my pussy against the hardness of his prick, grinding against him. It was all we could do to breathe.

I plopped my ass down on his sofa and told him to undress, as I removed my blouse and let my shoes slip off my feet. He gasped when he saw my firm tits, with nipples pointing towards the ceiling, all hard and quivering.

It was warm outside and we had worked up a little sweat on our short walk to his motel. But this did not hinder him from falling to his knees in front of me and kissing and licking my feet. His cock was bobbing up and down, and he was circumcised. The head was a dark purple, and the veins were about to burst. I like a man's cock to behave like that. His balls were large and full of love juice—for little me.

As he kissed and licked my foot, the other one was tickling and teasing his prick and balls. I caught his cock between my sole and his stomach and gently massaged it. Little gasps of pleasure came from both of us as we continued.

Reaching into my large bag, I took out a pair of thumb cuffs and, getting off the sofa, put my arms around him, pressing my tits into his chest, and very gently placed the cuffs around his thumbs. He was not all that surprised, but again, his hard cock was still seeking my hot, moist pussy.

With his wrists behind his back, I slowly took off my hip-huggers—real slow. My itty-bitsy bikini panties were soaked at the crotch, and with him still on his knees before me, I placed my hands on my hips and jutted my cunt into his face. He started to lick but commented that he really wasn't a "cunt-licker," but was into "feet."

Now it has been my experience that the older males simply do not like to eat a girl's pussy. Oh, they will, but they are not very skilled at it. And, you usually have to tell them every little detail of how to go about it. I was ready for a good licking, and I took off my panties and, standing before him, instructed him how to use his tongue on my clit. I even pulled back my cunt lips and soon was grinding my pussy onto his tongue. I almost pushed him onto his back, it felt so good. Yes, I came, and really wanted to straddle his mouth. My juices flowed down his chin and my thighs and I kept up the routine for several more minutes before moving away from him.

My legs trembled and I lay down on the floor. The rug was not all that scratchy on my back and ass; in fact, it served to stimulate me. Spreading my legs, he needed not one bit of encouragement, as he crawled between them. He tried to shove his hard cock into my cunt but he could not zero in on his pleasure nest. He stabbed, he tried, and I even let him get the head of his cock just inside of my cunt lips, only to move ever so slightly at the crucial moment so that he could not enter. With his wrists still cuffed behind his back, he was the perfect sight of frustration, being so close, yet so far! I still remember the look on his face as he tried and tried to fuck me. My pussy hairs so moist and inviting, yet forbidding his entry into my warmth.

I even got up on my elbows and knees, offering it to him doggie-fashion, wriggling my little ass in his face, pulling apart my pink cunt lips. I really pitied the poor, frustrated male ego, all hard and firm, with no place to go. He stabbed his hard cock at my pussy, slipping out and up the crack of

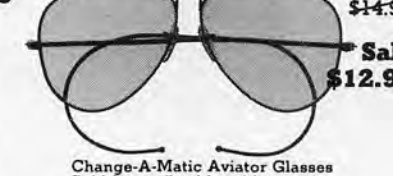
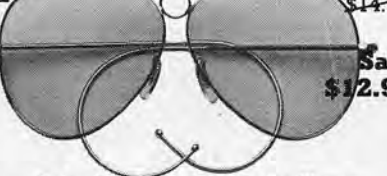


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my ass. He was simply going out of his mind and I did not help his situation one little bit!

Ahhh, but the fun wasn't over, not yet, as I got off the floor and sat in one of the chairs. He crawled over like a sick puppy and started pleading to let him fuck me, to "put it in" for him, to release his hands, to straddle his hard cock, to do anything—something!

I caught his hard cock between my little feet and started to massage. It didn't take me three minutes until he was shooting his sperm all over my feet. I even bounced his balls a few times to make sure that he was fully spent!

I thought that he was going to cry, but you should have seen his expression when I lifted my feet to his lips and said, "Lick them, until they are both nice and clean again!"

By now I was getting tired of the game, and thought about shoving the key to the thumb cuffs up my pussy or ass hole and making him suck it out, or simply bringing in a stud to fuck me in front of him, but discarded these ideas.

What I did do was simply dress, put the key on the dresser, and walk out, leaving him still begging and pleading for what I wouldn't give.

Now I'm wondering if there are any other girls out there who have the same urges and how they cope with them.—*Name and address withheld*

TAKING A BACKSEAT

It was a sunny afternoon in Waikiki. I had decided to take in a matinee before going to the beach. As I was driving along in my car on the busy boulevard, I spotted a buxom blond amazon hitchhiking. She was wearing a tank top and tiny cutoffs. She had a body made for sex. I screeched to a halt and she slid in.

As she sat down I caught a glimpse of little curly hairs peeking out of her shorts. Immediately I felt that familiar rush of blood to my cock. The sweet aroma of suntan oil drifted around the car. Luckily for me, I was going in the direction she wanted. As I drove on, I couldn't keep my eyes from wandering over her long, golden legs and up to her heaving chest. Her more than ample bosom stretched the top she was wearing and her glorious nipples were protruding outrageously.

After about three minutes she asked in a sexy voice, "Want to have fun?" Gulping hard, I choked up a weak reply. "Where?" "Find a parking garage," she replied.

The drivers around me must have thought a madman was behind the wheel as I wove in and out of the lanes, looking for my gate to heaven. The first parking garage I turned in to was closed. With trembling hands and my cock crying to get out, I continued with my search.

Moments later, I drove into a garage that was open and had no parking attendant. I raced to the third floor, parked, and

reclined in my seat. I hastily removed my shorts, springing my member free. She leaned over and started to nibble my inner thighs. Her magic fingers tickled my stomach. My amazon queen finally reached my hardened cock and with a gulp engulfed me. She began to suck like a vacuum cleaner, bobbing her head up and down. Her fingers played a wicked melody on my balls and ass hole. I was in sexual heaven. I could not believe this was happening to me. Imagine getting the blowjob of my life in broad daylight in a parking garage! I knew my climax was seconds away.

Grasping my throbbing cock, she looked up at me and said in an earthy voice, "Let's fuck!" Without a moment to spare, I hopped in the backseat buck naked. She rolled up her tank top and out popped two luscious melons. They were big, ripe, and suckable. She then lay down on the seat and removed her bottom. With her legs spread wide, my bulging eyes feasted on her hairy bush and her moist pussy.

With all my inhibitions flying out the window, I lowered my trembling body to hers. She grabbed my seven inches and inserted me. I gasped loudly. Her cunt felt like a velvet glove, pulling, milking, as I pumped furiously. We locked in a fierce embrace as she sucked on my tongue like a lollipop. My hands seemed small as I massaged her breasts. I tore my mouth from hers and sucked on her rigid nipples like a baby. She moaned softly, "That feels good." All the while her pussy was doing a number on my cock, squeezing and gripping.

With a shout I yelled, "I'm coming!" She moaned, "Let it go, baby. Give it to me." Like a dam bursting I came and came, shooting thick love juice into her hot canal.

Rising from her I saw the end result of our fierce lovemaking, a picture forever framed in my memory: globs of sperm were dripping from her love nest and onto the seat. Her golden bush was covered with white, sticky cock juice.

After we dressed, I noticed two guys about five cars away. They had witnessed our wild sexual encounter. I gave them a sheepish grin. I had no strength left.

When I dropped her off at her destination, she got out and said, "It was a ball!" I watched her sashaying down the street, knowing a gallon of my come was still in her pussy. I raced home, thinking about my sexual fantasy come true. I hadn't even gotten her name.—*Name and address withheld*

FEMININE MYSTIQUE

I'm writing in regard to the letters on female domination that have appeared in your magazine. I too enjoy this variety of sex. I would like to explain to your readers how I became so fortunate. It began when my friend Katy was at my apartment visiting. She was telling me about how she was doing in beauty school. She explained that what she really needed was more practice in hair styling and makeup.



We were sitting discussing how we could remedy the situation when my boyfriend walked in. I suddenly found the answer to our problem. I winked at Katy and whispered for her to play along. Katy nodded and giggled. We both knew that my boyfriend, Arnie, would be perfect, since he has a slender build with fine features and fairly long black hair. I quickly put my plan into action. I began coming on to Arnie, telling him how horny I was since Katy and I had been discussing sex. Katy protested, saying it wasn't fair, since she too was horny. I then asked Arnie if he thought he could handle two horny females. He smiled and said he would like to try.

We were soon in the bedroom, and before long we had Arnie's clothes off. I then told him we would make it easy for him, that all he had to do was lie back and we would do the rest. I asked him if he was in the mood for a little bondage. He foolishly replied, "You girls can do whatever you want with me." I then made him beg to be our slave and promise to do everything we said. Our next step was to tie him up and begin the long tease routine. With both Katy and me kissing and caressing his body, he was soon worked up to the point of orgasm. I then informed him before he could have an orgasm he would have to serve as our maid. Arnie begged for us not to make him do that. But I kept on teasing him and telling him how pretty he would look after Katy was finished with him. He then meekly agreed to become our maid.

While I marched into the bathroom Katy began setting up a little beauty shop. I then ordered Arnie into the shower and had him wash his hair and then shave off all his body hair. After that was accomplished I powdered and perfumed him. By this time Katy was ready and waiting. We then sat Arnie down and Katy began to set his hair. While Katy was busy I knelt in front of Arnie and began to give him a slow blowjob. Unfortunately for him, Katy was finished with his hair before I was, so once again he didn't reach orgasm. Katy then started with his facial makeup, applying just the right amounts of eye shadow, rouge, and lip gloss. I really was surprised at how pretty Arnie did look. After his hair had dried, Katy removed the curlers and styled it into a lovely fluff of curls.

All that remained to be done was getting Arnie into a maid's outfit. I ordered him into the bedroom and handed him panties, bra, garter belt, and black stockings. I then had him put on a black dress, high heels, a white frilly apron, and lace cap. Now I had my French maid. I informed Arnie that he would address me as Mistress and I would call him Marnie. I then sent Marnie into the kitchen to begin household chores. I told him that once the house was cleaned, a treat was in store. While he did the housework, Katy and I commented on how pretty he was and what a good maid he was.

Finally Marnie was finished. I then took him into the bedroom and seduced him. I pulled up his dress and pulled down his



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panties and slowly guided his cock inside me. I then rode him, clothes and all, until we both had shuddering orgasms. Afterwards, I held him tight and told him how happy he made me. He then confessed to enjoying his role as my maid. He said he knew I would be a faithful mistress and take good care of him. We both agreed that we had found our proper roles.

Since that day, Marnie has been a very good maid. My apartment is kept spotless, my clothes washed and ironed, my meals are prepared for me, and I receive personal attention at the ring of a bell. Marnie has become very good at styling my hair and doing my nails. I do not always keep Arnie dressed as a female, but when I get the urge Arnie will become Marnie rather quickly. All I need do is set out the maid's uniform in the morning, and in the evening when I return home I am greeted by my pretty French maid. Arnie also wears sexy nighties and panties to bed.

I know the life I lead is a bit different, but I feel every woman should attempt to procure for herself a submissive male. And remember, the best way to dominate a man is to feminize him. Take a look at your man—if he looks like he could be dressed up, give it a try.—*Name and address withheld*

THE WORKS

After reading *Penthouse* letters for years, I felt it time to contribute my story for fantasy

fans. I write in tribute to a love of the past. I've shared a few serious relationships, and this one was by far the best. She was young and fairly inexperienced, open to my loving suggestions. She was five foot eight, with long, shapely legs, curves in the right spots, small waist, and had that little space between the upper thighs, just below her loving cup. She knew what she had and I taught her how to use it.

It was a Saturday night and it was her turn to provide the rules for the evening's games of love, lust, and passion. I was instructed to wait downstairs while she went up to prepare for our encounter. My mind was racing with suggestive thoughts as my cock pulsed with anticipation. My call for duty came and I proceeded up into the bedroom, where I found her dressed to kill. She had on her black Danskin skirt and top, which really showed her shapely figure. Her lips were ruby red, and she had on high black heels and mesh stockings. "Take it off, pal, and lie down and be quiet. I've got a show to do." She then started to feel herself all over, at first gently, then harder as she started to really get into her body. She rubbed her nipples and stroked her pussy. You could see the shine between her legs from the wetness she was working on. I was going crazy and just had to stroke my cock. This made her angry and she yelled, "I'll tell you when you can touch, and only with your left hand." (I'm a righty.) She slowly moved around in front

of me and slowly peeled off her Danskin, revealing her ample tits and crotchless panties, whimpering and moaning as it came off. Then she started taunting me and telling me how she was gonna smother me with her juicy pussy as she slowly lowered it over my face. She started humping my head and rubbing her exposed clit up and down my nose. Her juices were filling my nostrils with sweet come. She exploded all over my face and then pulled my hair and guided it to her lovely box. Again she came and I lapped it up with pleasure as she forced my head off her box and turned her ass to my face. "Lick my ass and tongue my hole, lover, as I finger myself." Off came her heels as she inserted the shiny spike into her pussy. I watched in awe as the heel sank in, as her juices seeped out. She got on top of me and humped me like a wild dog, pounding down on my throbbing cock. I let go a load that spilled between my thighs. She got off and licked me clean as she fingered herself and shoved it into my mouth. I was beside myself. I grabbed her, tearing her panties and nylons, and tied her hands behind her head. She moaned in ecstasy as I kneeled over her face and beat my cock hard. I exploded over her face as she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, trying to catch my shooting sperm. I rubbed it all over her face and coated her gums with my come. We then started to French deeply, reaching into the depths of each other's throat. It's times like this that make you wish you could crawl inside your lover to get as close as possible.

I flipped her over and rubbed my cock all over her ass and slid it into her dripping pussy as I reached over and fingered her clit and pounded away. She was in a frenzy and begged me to slap her bottom with my free hand. I slapped her ass red as I tried to put her through the wall. I exploded and felt my come ooze out of her pussy as she squeezed it out. I rubbed her stomach with our juices as she grabbed my head and kissed me wildly. She was really hot now, and my treat was coming up. She jumped out of bed and grabbed the bottle of baby oil. She poured it between her tits and all over her body. She was beautiful as she shined, and her reddened ass glowed. Into the tub we went, where she got on top of me and humped me as she fingered herself to another orgasm. As she lifted up and yelled, "I want to shower you with my warm golden spray," she sent a hot stream all over my cock and balls, screaming at me all the time how much she loves me and desires my cock in her mouth. Meanwhile I'm pounding away at my penis, as she finished my shower. I came all over as she stuck her foot over my penis and the come squirmed between her toes. We lay down and gently hugged and caressed each other before getting out. She was something else. I know she reads these, and I write this as a tribute to us, especially her.—*Name and address withheld*



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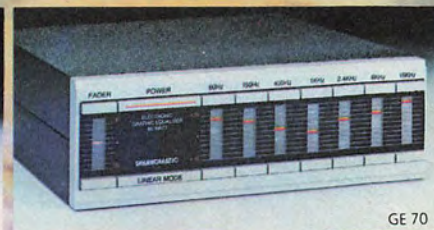
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HE UNDERSTANDS

I am twenty-six years old and am a petite brunette with hazel eyes and beautiful breasts. My name is Flora.

I am very domineering. But my lover, Jeff, who dominates me, is really a turn-on and very sexy.

I first saw him in a club. He was distant when I first met him—not really that friendly. He was kind of on his own ego trip. Until I got to know him he seemed to be in a shell. I still quite often wonder if someone so handsome and domineering could actually exist in this vast universe. When our eyes first met we both melted. We knew we wanted each other very much!

Jeff is a lot older than me. He is my perfect master image. Quite often he dominates me. My life centers on his very existence. He has beautiful brown hair and hazel eyes. He is very tall and has a fantastic body along with strong shoulders and legs, and muscular arms. He is my ideal master. We love our master-slave relationship very much.

He came home one evening while I was in the bathroom taking my afternoon bath. He knocked and came in while I lay peacefully in the bathtub. Jeff began to kiss me and rub my breasts. He started to massage my back with soap. And then he massaged my entire body. I love pain and pleasure. Jeff always knows just what I need. He ordered me to stand up. I stood up and he felt my body and kissed me.

"Flora, I want you to massage my dick," he said. I rubbed his dick and I began to suck on it. He loved it. He started to come, and I also started coming.

Jeff ordered me to step out of the tub. I stepped out. And he told me to put my hands above my head on the wall. He tied my hands to the posts sticking out of the windowsill in front of the commode. Then he ordered me to bend over while he kissed my neck and he felt up my ass. He started to massage it with part of his fist, rubbing it back and forth.

He loved to make me yell in pleasure and pain. Jeff's hand made smacking noises as he felt up my pussy. The juices ran down my thighs. He began to lick my cunt from the back while I was bound with leather bands around my wrists. I was still standing over the commode. I started coming more and more. He licked and sucked on my slit. It was so good. Then he slammed my cunt to the hilt, opening my pussy as wide as he could, slapping it back and forth with his dick. I loved it. I said, "Jeff, please fuck me. I need you so bad. Please. Fuck me till it hurts." He grabbed my breasts from behind as he pounded away to our first orgasm. He said, "Flora, this is only the beginning."

He untied my hands and ordered me to lie over the commode. I did as he said. He felt my cunt some more. I said, "Please do it harder." And he did. Then he started to rub my hot ass. He rubbed my ass hole

back and forth I was coming so much! I was so hot. Jeff began to enter my ass from behind and he started to bang away. I cried in pleasure, "Please fuck me, Jeff! Fuck me hard." He fucked my hot ass. Come ran down my ass. He banged away to orgasm.

He untied me and I got up and rested for a while. Then he ordered me to lie on the bathroom floor. He started to fuck me to the hilt. He held my legs over my head and banged away. I was in heaven. With my legs bound by his strong arms over my head, I never came so good as then. My pussy was so hungry. I needed that cock more than anything. Jeff gave me all the dick he could. I was stretched wide open. He stopped a minute and began to lick my juices and ass hole. He kept sucking. He began to swallow my pussy like a dog lapping a pan of water. I thought he would never stop. He sucked me to orgasm. Jeff ordered me to stand up and when I did he hugged me and said, "You are one of my favorite slaves. Call me when you need me."—Name and address withheld

JOYRIDE

Having recently arrived from Ohio, I was staying with my sister just outside of New York City. One afternoon I picked up a copy of *Penthouse* that one of my sister's boyfriends left behind and read your "Forum" section. I have to admit that, though I was slightly shocked at first to see such amazing and exciting things in print, I was quite relieved just knowing there are other people who are having experiences as well as fantasies as wild and as thrilling as mine!

Though I'm shy about talking about my adventures, let alone writing about them, there was one in particular that I really feel is definitely worth mentioning. It involves this guy I'm seeing back home, a gambler of sorts who has seen a lot of tough-guy movies. Johnny, as I always call him, loves to surprise me with new things—outrageous behavior, perfume, sexy lingerie, new sexual positions, etc. It's his main object in life that we never grow bored with each other. He loves secrets and surprises, and one night he took me for such a ride I thought I would love him forever.

He was working at the time for a very rich, very important businessman, driving his limo. He called me up one night and told me he would be over in about an hour. I dressed to the nines in his favorite black nightie, which shows off more of my long-legged, full-bosomed, five-foot-seven figure than it covers. I was surprised as hell when I opened the door with a sexy smile and saw Johnny standing there with another guy. The guy, whose name was Sonny, had his brown eyes melting all over me, but Johnny just smiled and told me to throw on some clothes because we were going for a ride in his boss's limo.

I threw on a pair of tight jeans and slipped a sweater over my naked breasts. I like the way they feel rubbing against cashmere, bouncing slightly. As I came



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back into the room, Sonny watched their every move under my pink sweater.

Sonny was licking his lips by the time we reached the car parked in the backyard and I was getting hot just thinking about what was about to happen. Johnny directed us to the back of the luxurious, cavelike limo and provided us with booze, a joint, and an X-rated movie on the car's TV before suddenly reaching over and unzipping my jeans. He told Sonny to go down on me. Sonny was delighted at the suggestion and immediately began licking my cunt while Johnny removed my sweater and covered my mouth and tits with sucks and kisses.

I went absolutely wild within seconds! Johnny took off his clothes and pulled me into his lap, his hands covering my breasts, his fingers squeezing my nipples as Sonny held my legs open, his tongue lighting my cunt on fire, moving quickly like a snake in and out, up and down. I screamed with pleasure and was just about to come when Johnny pulled me away from Sonny, threw me down on the seat, and quickly entered me. His cock filled me with waves of pleasure as Sonny watched us from the floor of the limousine. As Johnny entered me over and over again, my hips reaching up to meet his every thrust, I got closer and closer to climax, not only from feeling his sensational cock moving in and out of me but also from Sonny's watching. Moving faster and

faster, we came together and Sonny was in me almost before Johnny was out. Lifting my legs up over his shoulders, he entered me over and over until I screamed with pleasure. Getting up from the floor where he had been watching Sonny fuck me, Johnny stuck his cock in my mouth. I proceeded to get him to rise again.

It was unbelievable, but we went on like this for hours. They took turns watching and fucking me, me sucking their cocks till they rose and were able to enter me again.

It was the first time Johnny and I ever experienced anything like this together. We enjoyed it so much we repeated it again with Sonny and a couple of Johnny's other friends. I never know when or with whom he'll surprise me. I can hardly wait to get back home.—*Name and address withheld*

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

Once upon a recent time I was certain that most (if not all) of the "Forum" letters were figments of bizarre imaginations. But my recent experience has changed my mind.

Having some free time one day at work, I began glancing at a *Penthouse* that I keep in my desk. As I reviewed some of the letters and gazed at several of the desirable females, it became increasingly difficult to ignore the desires of my stiffening and excited friend who was straining to break out of his confinement. As I gave him an occasional rub, I decided it would

probably be wise to make a trip down the hall and help him gain some satisfaction—give him a hand, as it were.

Just as I was about ready to depart, my secretary, Linda, brought in the morning mail. Whether she had seen me stroking myself I still don't know, but she did comment on the *Penthouse* magazine. After some nervous joking, she asked if I thought the letters were real. Suddenly I found myself in a very open discussion of sex with a girl that had previously been strictly a business associate.

I think I was the most surprised by my candor, even admitting to Linda my intention of masturbating in the men's room. Her response almost knocked me over. First, she confided to me she often did the same thing, and second, that upon occasion, usually when she was left alone in the office, she had simply remained in our office and "come in my pants" (her phrase).

Needless to say, by this time I was about ready to explode. Then came the coup de grâce. Linda explained she'd never watched a man jack off: could we do it together?

If asked what I would give to watch this gorgeous, sensuous, most desirable sweetheart finger herself, I would have said no price was too high. But I also realized that this was not the most appropriate setting. Without waiting for an affirmative answer, Linda had gone and shut the

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door, raised her skirt, begun slowly rubbing in a soft, circular motion over the rapidly dampening crotch of her light blue panties.

Normally I pride myself on using a reasonable amount of good judgment, but this was too much. My only concern now was whether I could get it out of my pants before I shot my load. Frankly, I was afraid to spit on my hand for fear the slightest touch would immediately trigger my climax. Carefully I gave only the softest strokes to my engorged tool while mesmerized by Linda's mounting pleasure.

When she pulled aside her now wet panties to insert one hand inside herself, I couldn't hold back. Though I wanted to caress that beautiful clit with my tongue, as I watched her reach an almost frenzied pace with her other hand we both came and came and came.

I am certain this will probably lead to other activities, and it's certainly a delight anticipating them.—*Name and address withheld*

COMMON GROUND

Jeff and I were married three years ago. We moved from the city into a rather small town. Jeff is a very gentle and easygoing man and I love him very much. His work requires him to travel around quite a bit and at times he's gone for three days at a time.

You should also know that I was married and divorced as a teen, and I would not let this marriage go down the drain.

Being alone in a small town isn't the most exciting thing in the world, but believe me, it's getting much better! After a few months I got a job as a secretary for a small delivery company. When I was hired, I swore never to even look at another man. But that was before I met Steve.

My new job kept me occupied for a while, and my relationship with Jeff was going well. Jeff isn't the jealous type, nor am I, so we can both go out and party by ourselves when we want. The only problem that we have sexually is that I always want more than Jeff can give. I've always dreamt of fucking for hours but Jeff can give me a half-hour at the best. Not that he isn't a good lover. I guess it's that he's so good that it makes me want more.

This is where Steve comes into the picture. He is a tall, rugged man about thirty years old. Being that I'm the only woman at this delivery company and very easygoing, the guys are always joking around and making comments. There would be times that Steve would stop in and we would chat. He is also married and has two children.

One day we were talking and the subject of sex came up. He said that his wife wasn't really that great in bed. In fact, she only wanted to screw for fifteen minutes, after which it was always quits. He said that he would give anything for a good, long fuck. I couldn't believe it. I told him about my husband and said that maybe we should swap! That way, they could get

their satisfaction and we could get ours. We both laughed. But that thought never left my mind. I would go home at night when Jeff wasn't home and think about Steve. I'd even dream about him. And, oh, the love we made in my dreams! Could it be that great? Well, I guess there was only one way to find out.

At this point, I couldn't even do my job without hoping he would stop in. My crotch would twitch when he'd show up. How can you love one man and want another so much?

The time came when we decided to go for it. We were to meet out in the country on a back road—we couldn't take the chance of having anyone find out. After all, I loved my husband and Steve loved his family, but our crotches seemed to be ruling our minds.

The sun had gone down and I was ready. To relax, I smoked a joint on the way, but my excitement was building. As I drove my truck up the dirt road I saw the taillights of his jeep ahead and my heart jumped. It was almost time! We drove out in a field and parked on a hillside. The night was beautiful.

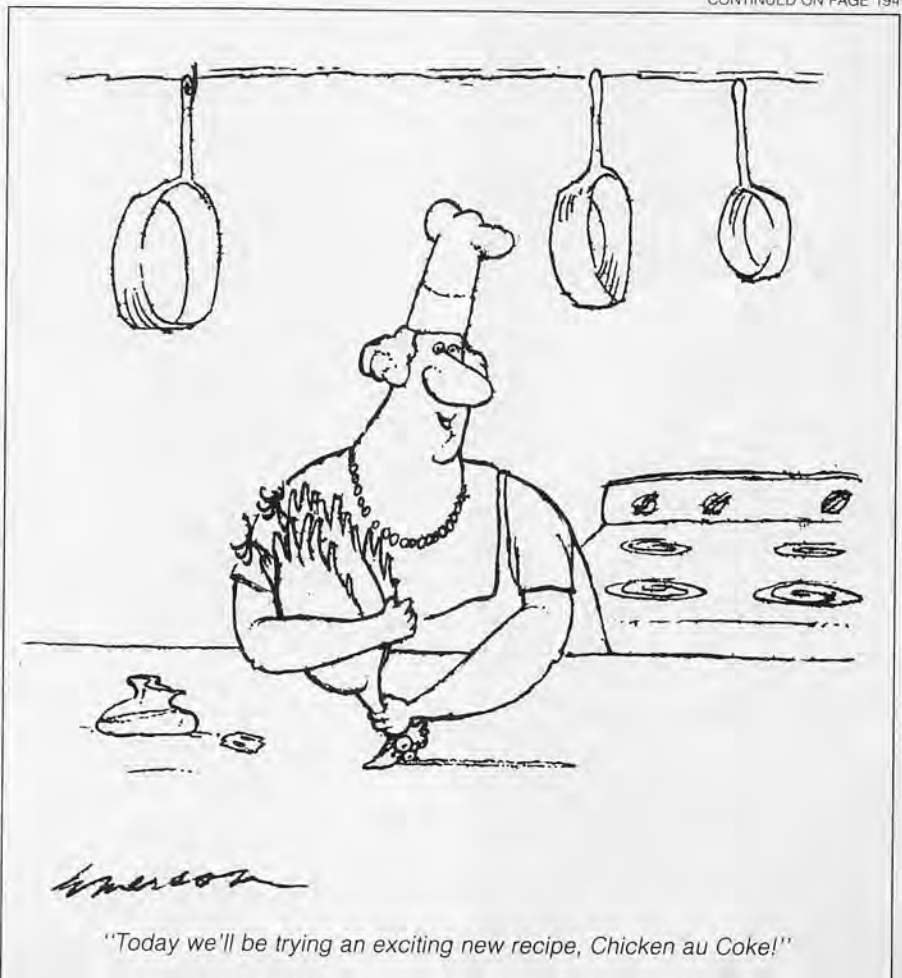
When Steve got in we talked for a minute. Neither of us had ever had an affair before and we swore to keep this our secret. Then he kissed me. Was this heaven? I seemed to be floating. After an hour of cuddling we made our way to the back. The Bronco was carpeted and made a

perfect playpen for us. He lay back as I removed my clothes and exposed myself to him for the first time. I've always been shy about my small breasts, but he seemed to love them. I straddled him and removed his shirt and then moved to his pants. As I unzipped them, I could see his massive manhood straining to be set free. He was gorgeous! Every inch of him was firm and ready. When we were both naked we began to freely explore each other's body.

He kissed every inch of my body. He sucked and bit my nipples and then inched his way down to my patch of love that was ready for him. Then I felt his tongue run over my pussy. How could he know what I wanted? He was gentle, but firm at the right times. He nibbled and licked my clit till I exploded in my first orgasm of the night. My body quivered at the ecstasy. Somehow we shifted around and I was on top of him, poising my wet pussy above his head, ready to savor his sweetness too. I kissed his thighs and licked his balls, wanting to excite him as much as he was exciting me. I moved to his cock, flicking my tongue over its head and gently squeezing him. Then I swallowed it all. I began to feel a strange sensation. His finger slipped into my ass and was dancing around. I couldn't take the excitement and had another orgasm!

The time came and we both knew what we wanted. He positioned himself above

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 100235965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

PRISON GUARDS

By this time, I believe that all 10,500 correction officers who belong to this union have read Michael Disend's fine article, "Prison Guards," in the May 1983 issue of *Penthouse*. The article, its author, and *Penthouse* magazine are receiving a great deal of favorable comment. We plan to send copies of the article to every member of the New York State legislature and to the entire New York congressional delegation as well as to the governor and many other state officials.

For the first time that I can remember, a writer has really made an effort to understand and express to the general public the serious and critical problems faced by correction officers in the performance of their duty. All of us live in fear of an attack by a demented or malicious inmate during the working day, or, because of the overall overcrowding in our prisons in New York State, of a riot, like the one that occurred in our prison at Sing Sing or, worse, another Attica catastrophe.

The public doesn't seem to care and doesn't seem to want to know. We are warehousing criminals under conditions that make it extraordinarily difficult, both actually and legally, for our members to protect themselves and maintain a reasonable degree of discipline. None of us wants to go back to the lockstep days of the 1930s. However, the prisoner's rights movement, while it has been valuable in some ways and is pressed forward by well-meaning and idealistic people, makes many inmates think that the correction officer is an easy target.

We are all at our wit's end for a solution to all these problems. The first thing to do, of course, is to make the public aware that there is a problem. Here there is no doubt that the article in *Penthouse* has done a great service, not just for us but for the inmates and the entire prison system as well.—*John W. Burke, Executive Director, New York State Security and Law Enforcement Employees Council 82*

After reading the article titled "Prison Guards," by Michael Disend (published in your May 1983 issue), I felt compelled to respond.

For so long "corrections" has been treated like a bastard child at a family reunion (out of sight, out of mind). I am glad to see that journalists are finally recognizing the role correctional officers play in the law-enforcement community throughout the nation. I, as well as scores of other correctional officers, carry physical and emo-

tional scars as a result of the positions we hold.

It pleases me to see our story finally being told to our overly permissive society. I hope they will be made more aware of our responsibilities and the hazards we face on a daily basis.

Once again, thanks!—*Lieut. Robert E. Aceves, Florida Department of Corrections*

In reference to your article in the May 1983 issue of *Penthouse*, "Prison Guards," by Michael Disend, I'd like to say that Michael Disend is a one-sided-issue mother-fucker! He deliberately neglected to tell the other side of the issue. He doesn't bother to explain anything except how fucking terrible the correctional officers have it in the prisons. He sounds like a real asshole!

For one thing, he deliberately overlooks prison officials as having anything to do with the conditions in prison that breed trouble. If correctional officers don't appreciate working in prison, then they should quit! Nobody is forcing them to work in prison! They are free to go when they like and get a different line of employment. Let's face it, they're there working because of their own psychological reasons, particularly the bitches that work here. They could just as easily go on welfare or whatever.

Disend neglected to say that prison guards go home every day after their allotted time has been pulled. Now, what inmate goes home after his eight hours? Now, if a correctional officer cannot deal with his marital life at home, then there must be something wrong with the clown, or his ol' lady is not well taken care of, or a number of other reasons. It's not necessarily related to his job.

I have witnessed a lot of beatings that guards have inflicted on inmates during the nine years I've been locked up. Particularly in Clinton Dannemora and Comstock. Who the fuck is the writer bull-shitting!

He talked about guards going insane because of prison conditions, but what about inmates? How about the ones who walked into the prison system sane and will never walk out the same? How about their struggles, their hopes, fears, broken marriages? Don't they count?

I always read *Penthouse* whenever I find an issue in the facility because I like the articles and the fabulous women that grace the pages of your magazine. But this article of Michael Disend's completely

ruined my expectations of your magazine.

I hope you can publish what I wrote so that people will not be fooled by a one-sided argument. And you can use my name and let 'em know I'm here at Sing Sing and know the real deal.—Richard Isil, Ossining Correctional Facility, Ossining, N.Y.

Michael Disend replies:

If it's so easy to find a job, then why are you in prison? Many fair and responsible writers have described the terrible problems that inmates face and helped educate the public.

There is no question in my mind that the kind of inmate abuse you describe takes place within the prison system. It must be vigorously condemned and the perpetrators of such outrages fired and punished.

There are, however, two sides to the bars and the problems of guards have a right to be heard. Only a "one-sided-issue motherfucker" himself could view my article as an attempt to whitewash the system.

I'm writing about your May article on prison guards. This article comes at a very opportune time, since this week was the first recorded death (by other than natural causes) in the history of FCI Otisville, N.Y. An inmate was killed here just the other day. This is a federal joint, but in relation to your article a prison is a prison.

Rather than just complain that your article was presented in an unfair manner, clearly favoring prison guards, I'd like to offer a solution to those poor unfortunate souls who do their life bits in eight-hour installments.

Work with prison inmates rather than against them and police each other as strictly as you police inmates. When an inmate presents a legitimate complaint, support him. Don't let a superior officer order you to do things that go against your grain, because he's the one who'll get you killed. It's those guys (guards) who come from the old school, as they say—the one guard in ten or the one in fifty who conducts himself according to old standards, who allows the abuse and mistreatment of inmates.

The majority of inmates in prison these days are better educated than ever before, and we know as well as you do that the criminal justice system is in trouble. It just doesn't work (if it ever did). But it's not your fault, and we know that too. It's just that unless you're trying to help make it better, then you're nothing but a leech living off the misfortunes of people on both sides of the fence.

One last thing. The "bugs" you speak of, the mentally disturbed—they are no less a threat to us than to you. More so to us because we live alongside them.—Dale N. Smith, Otisville, N.Y.

WIFE RAPE

The article "Wife Rape—Who Really Gets Screwed" (May 1983 "Advise & Dissent"), so eloquently written by Sidney



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Siller, is one additional proof that the existing laws on marriage relations have to be quickly modified or amended before we men face total subjugation.

We need more articles opening the eyes of society to the biased treatment men are receiving by a justice system formulated, ironically, by men.—*Claude De Beaumon, Flushing, N.Y.*

Your article on wife rape was excellent. It must be pointed out to men that the women's movement, if it continues, will destroy not only a husband's chance of protection by the courts against an unjust accusation of rape by his wife, but his chance of getting justice in alimony, custody, child support, and visitation proceedings. The politically sophisticated female organizations that have lobbied effectively to pass the wife rape laws in eleven states will not be satisfied until the law stands in all fifty states.

If it is not necessary for a woman to prove in court that she was raped by her husband, why should it be necessary for a father to prove that he is being denied his visitation rights or that his ex-wife is unfit to retain custody of his children? Why is it necessary for the courts to maintain this double standard? Why should there be any need for the wife rape laws when a woman who does not want to have sex with her husband can look to the courts for separation, orders of protection, child support, maintenance, alimony, divorce with equitable distribution, free legal aid, etc.?

The wife rape laws, if allowed to stand, will not only destroy the confidence between husband and wife, which is the underpinning of the marital relationship, but will also destroy all confidence in the legal system to distribute justice to all.

What the women's movement really wants is more for women and less for men, and it is not particularly concerned with the means that lead to this end. What is needed is a series of articles by Mr. Siller to keep men aware of how their rights are being eroded away and to encourage them to do something about it.—*Charles R. Morrissey, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

I am a feminist and a Lucy Stoner (a married woman who has kept her own name). Men are not the enemy. Oppression—because of race or sex or anything—is. Your May issue contained a defense of marital rape. The opinion of Sidney Siller is obviously emotionally motivated, but I will argue with reason and logic, point by point.

Yes, you can be convicted of rape without third-party corroboration, a fancy way of saying eyewitness testimony. Eyewitness testimony is the least reliable form of evidence there is. Rape is the only crime for which eyewitness testimony has ever been required for conviction. You can be convicted of any crime, from shoplifting to mass murder, without eyewitness testimony. You have to be very stupid or very arrogant to commit any crime in front of an

audience. It is an unfair requirement, against which feminists have battled successfully.

Marital exemption laws have their origin in the age-old idea that women are property, chattel—i.e., not human beings. The marital exemption cannot be defended on the grounds of privacy. If that made sense, you would have to allow murder, too, as long as it is committed in the privacy of the home.

Siller's contention that one must prove resistance to prove rape is absurd. He's saying a woman must be beaten, stabbed, shot, or even killed to prove that force was used. To be consistent Siller would have to extend this requirement of proof to other crimes. If you use a weapon to frighten me into giving you my wallet or my car, do I have to bleed to prove I resisted? Not at all.

Yes, you can be wrongfully convicted of rape. People have been wrongfully convicted of every crime from robbery to murder. Should we scrap the entire criminal-justice system because unfortunate mistakes have been made? Before you can be indicted for any crime, evidence must exist that proves a crime was committed. Police investigation and laboratories provide this proof. As Siller must know, a motion to dismiss the charges on grounds of insufficient evidence is generally made before every criminal trial. Jury convictions have been thrown out by judges on grounds of insufficient evidence.

Siller betrays either vast ignorance or (more likely) intellectual dishonesty in his claim that women are favored in the courts. Women consistently receive harsher sentences than men for the same crimes. In divorce cases only a minority of divorced women receive any alimony at all. Child support judgments are ludicrously inadequate. Ask Roxanne Pulitzer who the courts favor. Ask the Rideouts.

Ultimately, Siller doth protest too much. Feminists are against male privilege, but what we want is equal rights, not a reversal in which men would be subordinate to women. Siller wants "reasonable" people "to preserve the traditional values of civilization." Women have never been legally entitled to the traditional values of our American civilization: freedom, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Siller is right about one thing: it will take a revolution for women to get equal rights as human beings. The self-confident democratic man will join us in our struggle.—*Allison G. Kassig, Bradley Beach, N.J.*

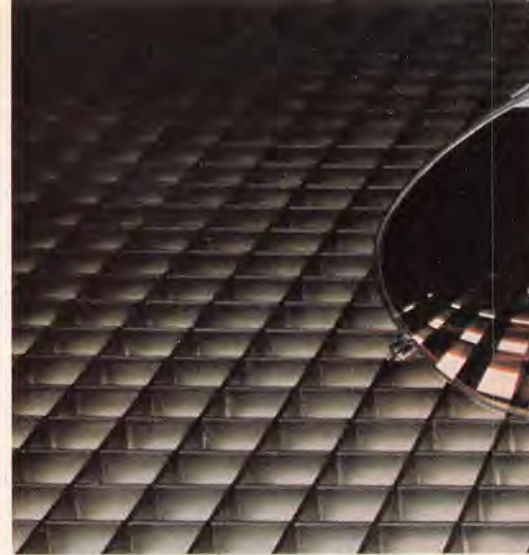
PUNK PICS

I am ever amazed by the excellent photography in *Penthouse*. The April 1983 pictorial "The Empire Strikes Out" was not only a masterful photo essay; it brought an unusual life-style into perspective.

As a serious photographer, I am impressed with the stunning pictorials and the ability of the *Penthouse* staff to present such fine work.

I hope that more work by S. Duroy ap-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190



ESCORT WINS AGAIN!

MAY 1983 CAR and DRIVER TEST

"The Escort looks so comfortable, contented, and familiar at the top of the heap that it's hard to see that something new and special has been added... live with a new Escort for a while and you'll realize it has advanced new circuitry that should go down as a genuine breakthrough."

ESCORT WINS

NOV 1982 CAR and DRIVER TEST

"The Escort, a perennial favorite of these black-box comparisons, is still the best radar detector money can buy. The Escort is a quality piece of hardware."

ESCORT WINS

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"The Escort is a highly sophisticated and sensitive detector that has been steadily improved over the years... In terms of what all it does, nothing else comes close."

ESCORT WINS

SEPT 1980 CAR and DRIVER TEST

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ESCORT WINS

MAY 1980 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST

"This unit... consistently outperformed the other products and is the standard to which the others are compared. If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it."

ESCORT WINS

FEB 1979 CAR and DRIVER TEST

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ESCORT: "A GENUINE BREAKTHROUGH"

—CAR and DRIVER

If you keep up with magazine tests, you know that ESCORT does more than just outperform other radar detectors. In its most recent evaluation, Car and Driver concluded: *"The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."* But performance, as measured by warning distance, is *not* the new breakthrough. After all, ESCORT has been beating all comers since its introduction in 1978.

Now There's More To It

While long detection range is obviously essential it does *nothing* to solve a problem that has cropped up in the last year. In fact, increasing range by itself just makes the problem worse. If you already have a good superheterodyne unit, you know what we mean. A new generation of imported detector *transmits* radar signals, and can set off your unit as far as a mile away. The longer the range of your unit, the farther away you find them. As Car and Driver pointed out last November: *"Since there are far more detectors on the road than police radar units, interference...could become a genuine nuisance."*

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At first it was just an irritation. At least ESCORT owners had a way of distinguishing the polluters from the real thing. Our unique audio warning differentiates between the two police radar bands: it "beeps" for X band and "braps" for K band. The polluters' trashy signals triggered both warnings at once, and made a new sound—different than the sounds for police radar. (The rest of the industry didn't even know there was a new problem. Their detectors were making the same sounds as always, just more often.)

Radar Epidemic

As more and more of the "polluting detectors" hit the streets, the problem became more serious. If one of the "polluters" is approaching in an oncoming lane, the alarm from your detector is brief. But if it's traveling the same direction as you, your alarm can go on for *miles*. And the offending detector doesn't have to be in the car right next to yours. It can be ahead or behind, and up to a mile away. A very serious problem indeed.

Pollution Clean-Up

The problem required an entirely new approach. Examining the interference from these imports, our engineers discovered a subtle difference between their signals and those of police radar, even though they were on the same frequency. The solution, then, was to design new circuitry that would reject the pollution while—and this was the hard part—maintaining ESCORT's industry-leading response to pulsed and instant-on radar. We named it ST/O/P™ (Statistical Operations Processor), and it consists of a CMOS digital processor with built-in memory. ST/O/P is not simple, and it's not cheap. But it is, in our opinion, the most important breakthrough in radar detection since superheterodyne. Car and Driver would seem to agree: *"Now, all the world's Radio Shack detectors can hum right by your car in full microwave broadcast mode and your Escort will sit on your dash as politely and silently as a canary-fed cat."*



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watching the sex acts that he'll never
even realize that it's
his own wife up there on the screen.•

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am nineteen years old, a coed at a medium-sized Florida school. I had never been sexually adventurous prior to this experience; in fact, I'd had only two previous lovers. I have not told anyone about what I experienced, but I think my sorority sisters have begun to hear rumors. I am writing to you because I need to tell someone. My brother gets Penthouse, and I have read some of the letters sent to you and the advice you have given.

I was attending a party at one of the fraternity houses one Saturday night. Everyone was having a great time and really getting smashed. One of the guys I was dancing with asked me if I wanted to get really high, and I said, "Why not?" We went to his room and smoked some grass, and then he produced some white pills and told me they would really get me off. I was feeling rather bold that night, so I took one. We smoked a little more and then rejoined the bash.

I was having a great time and feeling quite good. I was really getting down on the dance floor when I noticed that I was the only one left there. All my sorority sisters had gone, because it was very late, and I was dancing alone with about thirty guys watching me.

Now, I'm not a beauty queen, but I'm not bad-looking either. I'm five foot six, with long shiny black hair. I have large, very firm breasts, and a twenty-six-inch waist and thirty-seven-inch hips.

Anyway, I was dancing, with these thirty fraternity brothers watching me, and I started to get aroused. I guess they were, too, because they put on some really sensual music and started shouting for me to "take it off." At first I didn't, but then I became so excited I started to do a striptease. I began with my shoes, but quickly moved to take off my skirt. The guys were really shouting



now, as I slowly unbuttoned my blouse and took it off. I danced for a long time with my bra and panties on, but finally I undid my bra, exposing my large bosom with very erect nipples. I dropped my undies on the floor and kicked them away. I was dancing completely nude while thirty guys watched, but that wasn't the end of it.

When the song ended, four guys rushed toward me and picked me up. I was so excited and slightly dazed that I didn't resist at all as they carried me up to a bedroom.

They took me to a corner of the room, which had a couple of mattresses on the floor and a bunch of pillows all around, and they put me down. I looked up to see fifteen guys standing over me. I knew what they wanted and strangely enough, I wanted it, too. They

all started undressing and I watched as their erect dicks sprang out.

I was really hot when the first one came down on me and sank his rod into my wet and ready vagina. He came quickly, but I was still aching for more as the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth brothers took their turns pumping me. I looked up now and then to see the others watching and waiting for their turn.

As the seventh man entered me, I remember the distinct aroma of sweat and sex filling my nose. I couldn't believe this was happening, but I was loving all of it. The fact that all these men wanted to fuck me somehow stimulated me far beyond anything I had experienced before.

The last man I remember was the ninth one. I remember him because his prick was uncircumcised. He pulled my legs up over my head and then I felt something enter my ass hole. One of the brothers was fucking my ass with a dildo. It hurt at first, but then I started loving it. I had two big rods in me at once, and I was screaming for them to fuck me harder and deeper.

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 100235965.
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I must have passed out, because I awoke the next morning a bit confused and very sore. My body smelled of sex and I discovered that I had dried come all over my thighs and in my hair. Also, my previously abundant pubic hair had been expertly shaved. A couple of the brothers helped me into the shower and washed me all over, including my hair.

The steamy water felt good, and I began to remember the events of the night before. I started crying and some of the guys tried to console me. They promised that they would never let anyone know what I'd done. I got dressed and dried my hair. One of the brothers brought me some breakfast, but I couldn't eat, so he drove me back to my dorm.

I guess I should hate the brothers for what they did, but I don't. At the time, I was very sexually aroused, and I know I wanted them to fuck me. I never resisted; in fact, I enticed them. When I was dancing nude, I felt very sexy and desirable. But I wouldn't want everyone to know what happened either. I know I loved it, but I wouldn't do it again. I have kept my pussy shaved so I will never forget my experience.—P.M.

I once had a similar experience. I had a friend, a well-known movie director, who used to be heavily into group sex. One night he and his wife had some friends over and they called me to ask if I wanted

to join them in a visit to a swing club. I decided to go.

I wore a dress with wide diagonal straps and long sleeves with openings. One can easily slip his arms inside the back or front of it. I was wearing no underwear and the dress was slit up to the thigh.

I got very turned on by the spectacle of people in all sorts of undress. The fact that my party was fully clothed made me very horny and I decided to give an exhibitionist act but without removing my clothes.

After half an hour, I had one man fucking me from the back, my dress merely slipped up over my ass, another young man fondling my breasts through my sleeves, and a young pretty woman dancing in front of me, naked except for a big leather belt. Her delicious triangle soon invited me to bend forward and kiss it.

By the end of the evening, I had worked my way through half a dozen delectable pussies and ten men had sucked or fucked me. By the end of the evening I was quite tired. I wiped the sweat from my brow and the sperm from my pussy and smoothed the creases in my dress. When I got home I felt unclean and abused, although I had been the instigator of the whole thing.

When the same friend called me two days later to ask me to the club again, I got mad. Enough is enough. What I had done was pure exhibitionism. I had been trying to prove something to myself and the oth-

ers. I did not wish to repeat it.

From then on I have pretty much stuck to one-on-one relationships, with an occasional ménage à trois. I think that evening cured me from gang-bangs forever. It was a totally unemotional event. I look back on it as an experience quite out of the ordinary, something I am neither ashamed of nor proud of.

FEELING A COP

I'm a twenty-year-old female, 37-24-34, five feet eight inches, very leggy, with long blond hair. I'm attending a large northeastern college and have had many sexual experiences in my life.

Last year I was fortunate to be an exchange student in England, where I had one of the most bizarre sexual experiences of my life. It all happened when I was shopping in a local ladies' department store. I saw a pair of panties I really loved but did not have enough money to buy them. I thought no one was looking, so I slipped them into my blouse.

On the way out of the store a woman approached me and told me to come with her to the back of the store. She was a plainclothes store detective who must have seen me stuff the panties in my blouse.

In the back of the store the detective brought me to the store manager's office for questioning and a strip search for stolen items. The manager was an attractive woman in her forties or so. She sat at her desk and I was ordered to remove all my clothes.

I was very anxious about this whole situation, being a U.S. student in England—if I were arrested, I could be sentenced to prison. So I nervously undid my skirt and let it fall to my feet. Next I unbuttoned my blouse and out fell the panties. Now I stood only in my bra, panties, and heel-type sandals. The store's detective took the pleasure of unhooking my bra, revealing my beautiful 37C breasts, and sliding my panties down my long smooth legs. I stood only in heels for a complete inspection by both women.

The store manager sitting at her desk ordered me to turn around slowly for a complete look at my nude body. Then she told the store detective to complete the search.

On this command she wasted no time in running her hands all over my body. This included caressing my breasts and slipping her fingers up my vagina and rectum. The store manager watched with great pleasure as I stood nude with my hands on top of my head, getting a good working over by this female.

I was also becoming very excited, for I was no newcomer to the warm touch of a woman's hands on my nude body. I had had a few bisexual experiences in the past. When the store detective was done, the store manager told me to put on only my panties and blouse for the questioning.

The questioning turned out to be a choice of being turned over to the local po-



"Now, will you please show the court exactly where the victim's head was when he became asphyxiated?"

"After my Steinlager..."



A romantic couple is shown in a close embrace, nearly kissing. The woman, with blonde, wavy hair, is wearing a white short-sleeved shirt that is open at the chest. The man, with dark hair, is wearing a white long-sleeved shirt with thin vertical stripes, also open at the chest. He is holding a tall glass of beer with a thick head of foam. In the foreground, a green bottle of Steinlager beer is prominently displayed. The bottle has a label that reads "NEW ZEALAND Steinlager LAGER BEER" and "IMPORTED BY SHAW-ROSS INTERNATIONAL IMPORTERS, INC. MIAMI, FL". The background is a warm, golden-yellow color.

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lice or submitting to her own personal punishment. To keep a clean record in England, I chose to let her punish me. On this note she opened her desk drawer and pulled out a long bamboo stick, which she said she had used on previous shoplifters. She stood up and ordered me to walk over and face the wall. Then she asked me to remove my blouse and panties and put my hands back on top of my head for twenty strokes on the bare bottom.

I had only been spanked as a young girl, but never like this. As I stood naked facing the wall, she slowly gave me my twenty strokes across the two round cheeks of my tight behind. At first it stung, but each stroke brought a warm satisfaction I had never experienced before. I was sure that she was also getting great pleasure out of this.

When she finished I remained facing her office wall and had an orgasm as she inspected my red bottom.

I was finally allowed to get dressed, but before I left her office she took my name and address. As she walked me out the door, she told me that I was to report to her each week for a month to pay for my crime. If I didn't, she would turn me in to the locals.

Well, needless to say, I reported to her office once each week for a month. I was taken across her knees and introduced to the pain and pleasures of a good bare-bottom spanking. This was done skirt up

and panties down. *Xaviera, I can't explain the feeling I got being across her lap, feeling her skirt and nylons rubbing on me as she spanked my bare bottom. Needless to say, the excitement gave me many orgasms. Is this normal?—K.C.*

A girl friend of mine was once caught shoplifting in a large department store. She dumped a nightgown in her handbag right in front of the cashier, who panicked and pushed an unseen button. A short, stocky Ukrainian female and a male house detective appeared. They followed her closely as she sped down the escalator. A lawyer friend had once told her that if the person who has the stolen goods does not want to be prosecuted, he or she should dispose of them right in the middle of the store or even on the escalator, so long as it is done inside the store. But while she knew she was being followed, some strange masochistic instinct made her leave the store with the nightgown in her bag. My friend also said that at the time she was being followed, she had an incredible feeling of excitement mounting in her body, setting her on fire almost to the point of climax.

When she felt a hand on each shoulder as both detectives grabbed her, she stood nailed to the spot and had a brain-shattering orgasm. She realized how stupid she had been as she was taken to jail and charged with theft.

Your experience had its sexual kick in the punishment, rather than the crime, and as you seem to be thoroughly enjoying it, it is not likely to act as a deterrent. The morals of the sadistic lady meting out your twenty lashes are probably more dubious than your own, but be wary of repeating the act. To be fined or sent to prison is bad enough, but nothing like what comes later. Every time my girl friend commits a traffic offense, her conviction is brought up. It is a lasting stigma, and for a few paltry scraps of clothing, it isn't worth it.

If you want to steal anything, rob the Pentagon or steal a million dollars in gold bars.

GOBBLING UP BEEFCAKE

I am a twenty-nine-year-old woman, and several years ago I had an amazing affair with my next-door neighbor, a man in his mid-forties, who is a six-foot nine-inch, 300-pound giant.

He was slightly bald and potbellied and hardly my idea of a sensual man. At first I was rather intimidated by his imposing figure, but I must admit, his size fascinated and intrigued me. He was always quite friendly to me. One afternoon he saw me prancing about in a string bikini and invited me over for a drink. He said I looked really cute and then he reached down with a big, beefy hand and playfully tickled my bare belly. It turned me on so much that I immediately started encouraging more advances.

He turned out to be a magnificent stud. He could make love to me while standing up and literally cradling me in his massive arms. He was always very gentle and would never hurt me, but I found it to be quite exciting, being so overpowered and helpless in the arms of this giant man. Sometimes he would clasp his hands together between my legs, lift me up, and playfully swing me back and forth in mid-air. I'd wave my legs like a helpless little girl and would practically have an orgasm. He never ceased to amaze and delight me with his gentle strength. Unfortunately, after I moved away, we sort of drifted apart and lost track of each other. I guess it was our age difference. While my present boyfriend is adept sexually, I often find myself thinking about my past lover and start masturbating. Every time I see a huge man walk down the street I get wet with excitement. Have you ever had an experience or a fantasy with a similar-sized man?—M.Y.

I once had an affair with a gorgeous but not very bright man. He had just won an award as "Mr. Bodybuilder." We met and had a brief affair on the isle of Mykonos, Greece. A shy person, he refused to go naked on this nudist beach.

So one warm, lazy afternoon, when my bodybuilder had drowsed off on the beach, I pressed my naked body against his enormous chest. When I kissed his ear I saw his nipples harden, and an instant erection appeared in his pants. I stroked and caressed him while he slept and then I



"No, Henry, that's you with Uncle Leo. Uncle William would never let us take his picture with you sucking his cock."

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gently rolled his bathing trunks lower and lower, finally exhibiting his fabulous, big prick. My friend awakened and was totally embarrassed, yet proud of his Tower of Pisa. I asked him to pose for me, and he climbed on a rock and for the next ten minutes sucked in his breath and pulled every imaginable muscle, assuming the various positions one sees in any bodybuilding magazine.

But he was a gentle lover and his tongue was certainly well trained; his big hands were more sensitive than the tiniest fingers. If you fancy giants, maybe next time don't go for the potbellied ones, but join a bodybuilding school.

Good luck with your giants. I prefer to stick to little Jewish fellows, although I happen to have fallen in love with a tall, handsome man who, luckily, has a great body, but not from bodybuilding, and he has brains to match.

VIDEO SEDUCTION

I'm writing because I know my husband enjoys reading Penthouse, and he may realize this letter is from me.

I'm thirty-one, married for ten years with no children, and have been, until a year ago, a bored woman. My husband is ten years older, a wonderful man and excellent provider, but he's involved with a mistress known as pornography. For the past five years our sex life has been nil because he's allowed that to be his sexual

outlet—with no interest in my inlet.

I joined a health club and then a bodybuilding studio to kill time and exhaust myself physically. My self-esteem was very low. In about six months my good figure became rather spectacular and my self-esteem began to rise because of the attention men were beginning to show me. I'd have lunch now and then, perhaps meet for a glass of wine, but no sex. I still had hopes for my husband and me. I bought the sexiest leotards and bikini-style posing briefs and wore them around the house in combination with T-shirts, jeans, and things so that I'd always be half-undressed just to make things interesting. But nothing ever happened. Finally, I simply went into his den and found him more interested in the woman on videotape, who was sucking a cock, than me in one of my more exotic costumes. That night I went to bed with a real man who'd been trying to fuck me for months.

The surprising thing is, I experience not one iota of guilt!

This led to more sexual encounters until I'd settled on four lovers who seemed to be what I was looking for. Two are married, one is a single physician, and the fourth is a young college stud.

It's the college man I want my husband to know about. First, my husband is turned on mostly by watching oral sex. When I suck, he puts a mirror near me so I can watch myself working on him. I have to

agree with my husband about one thing: a cock looks really great when a woman's face is right there next to it.

And now, the college man and I want to carry this one step further by making a two-hour videotape entitled "The Cock-sucker." All it would be is a series of blow-jobs, each one made after a few days of no sex (to maximize the urgency and the amount of sperm) and each showing nothing more than my face and the cock. The music would be sucking sounds and me talking to the cock or the viewer. There'd be lots of eye contact with whoever is watching the TV, and I wouldn't be shy in prolonging post-orgasm activity with the sperm. I like the idea of getting into a bit of exhibitionism, including the person who would use the camera, and of course I'd like to present the tape to my husband as a birthday (or Christmas) gift.

So, that's my story. My question is, Do you think I'd be treading on dangerous ground? Could I suddenly become my husband's porno queen? I'd thought of punishing him for his ignoring me, but now there are other possibilities. Since I've discovered this exhibitionistic streak within me, I've realized it might be fun.

Besides, my husband never asked me not to fuck someone else, and had I not been driven elsewhere for sex I'd be deprived of all the fantastic scenes I'm now enjoying. My husband deserves seeing me going down on this magnificent cock.—K.D.



"Here's a real antique!"

Assuming that you have serious intentions, I would say go ahead and make that porno film. There is a chance that your husband is so involved watching the sexual acts that he will not notice the faces. He may never realize that it is his own wife screwing and sucking cock in front of him on the screen. On the other hand, he may recognize you and get furious. It may even lead to a divorce, because although men often demand all kinds of behavior from their mistresses or in their fantasies, they tend to put their own wives on a pedestal. Another possibility is that the whole thing will be a tremendous turn-on for him, thus resolving your problem for the time being, if not for forever.

But why go to all this trouble? It sounds to me as if you have got your life pretty well organized as it is now. You have to search your mind to see whether you really want to go back to a monogamous existence.

CHEATER BY THE DOZEN

I am a thirty-five-year-old housewife, am married, and have three kids. I take care of my body and most people think I am in my early twenties. My husband is very good to me and I love him very much, but I am not sexually turned on by him. He is a good-looking hunk of a man with enough sex drive to keep several women happy. He is very true to me. I can't say the same for myself.

My problem is that every time I get the opportunity to get away, I end up enjoying

the company of other men. They shower me with attention, good talk, usually some good belly-rubbing-type dancing, and then the breathless whispers that they want to make love to me. Well, I want it too, so I usually end up in bed making love. I resist at first but my go signal wins out.

I have had several guys fall in love with me, but in my present married state it is naturally impossible to pursue these beautiful men. At the moment I have four men that I keep in contact with by mail who tell me to keep them in mind if I need them. I even love them in a special way. I usually see a guy once, spend a sensuous evening with him, and then it's months and months before, if ever, I see him again.

I don't give myself to the guys in my town: it's too small and the tongue-wagging is unbearable. They are usually out-of-towners. Everyone thinks I am that sweet, naive housewife who is so quiet and true to her husband. But really, I just want to touch and be touched by other men and lose myself in their pleasure. Isn't it more blessed to give than to receive? Also, the receiving is in the giving.

I also would like very much one day to indulge in lovemaking pleasure with another woman. That is one fantasy I dream about and that I think would be extremely exciting. That is one thing that I don't know how to instigate. I can give out the body language, especially through my eyes and smile, to a man, but I'm a bit lost on how to

get the attention of a female lover. I suppose when the time comes, I'll know it.

My husband knows I want to engage in a wild fuck, an orgy, or anything to do with sex. He does too. I also want to look up some of my lovers for a repeat performance. He thinks that when the occasion arises, we should be in the same room with our partners.

All I know is I need and want the company of other men. How wrong am I? I should be single if I wanted to play the field, but actually I have no reason to split our marriage. If my husband knew how many times I've had lovers, he'd just die.—N.E.

What turns you on about your extramarital affairs is quite clearly the game of seducing another man, who appreciates you, desires you, and loves to be chatted up by you. You apparently get almost as much pleasure from hearing the other men praise your talents as from just getting laid. In other words, you must have a very fragile ego, especially if your husband is actually a good lover, loves you dearly, and is even faithful to you. Many women would envy you for that kind of a husband. Rather than make it so complicated, with penpals and out-of-town sex, you should take your own suggestion of participating in an orgy as the final solution to your otherwise dull home sex life.

Since you write that your husband is a good-looking hunk who could please

many women, why not let him have some fun on the side as well? The most appropriate way of doing this is to approach another liberal couple and invite them over for drinks, then get involved in a mild petting and necking session with the other couple. Eventually all four of you may end up in bed, and with a bit of luck you may even seduce the other wife. That would probably give the two husbands a tremendous thrill. I don't think there is very much wrong with you. You just are a sexy hon-ey-pot with a healthy appetite.

EVERY WHICH WAY BUT HOME

I'm writing to let people know how very happy one can be and also make other people more satisfied with life by discreetly being yourself. My husband, Joe, has a younger brother, Tony. Tony provides for me a purely sexual existence that is so unlike the me that Joe knows. Tony is very physical. He's a cop, not married, but very sexual without being romantic.

That brings me to the third me, the mistress me. The "kept" woman. Michael, Joe's boss, loves me and I him in a different way than Joe or Tony. Michael shows me with affection and love, and as a result indirectly pays for me through Joe's job. Michael met me one Friday at Tony's apartment at a party. Michael is married but was there alone. Joe got tired and Tony took him to our apartment. Tony came back up and found Michael really

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

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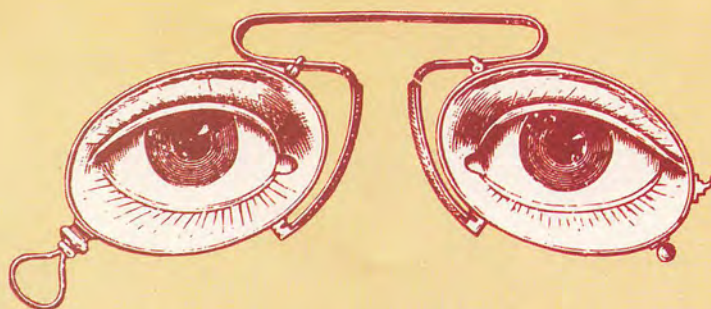


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VIEW FROM THE TOP

B-MOVIE STAR WARS

BY EMILY PRAGER

I call upon the scientific community in our country, those who gave us nuclear weapons, to turn their great talents now to the cause of mankind and world peace: to give us the means of rendering these nuclear weapons impotent and obsolete."—Ronald Reagan, B-Movie Star Wars Speech, March 23, 1983.

Well, Ronald Reagan, what a surprise! I had all but decided he was an earthbound elitist cowboy with his brains in his jodhpurs, and now it turns out he's a man with a dream. And what a dream! I've been wondering when someone would call upon "those great talents" who gave us nuclear weapons to give us something we could really sink our future into. And here it is: Reagan's done it. Right out in the open, no fear of logic or peaceniks. I'm thrilled. And I'm not the only one. Edward Teller, "father of the H-bomb," is thrilled also. In *Newsweek* he compares Reagan to Roosevelt when he decided to push ahead with the atom bomb. To critics who claim Reagan has hopped the fantasy freight, Teller says, "It is very much more than wishful thinking, because there are real proposals, real possibilities behind it." I'll say.

Though I hate to see the doctrine of mutually assured destruction go (that's MAD in Pentagon parlance), the idea of weapons against weapons is certainly provocative. For one thing, it means no more soldiers. No more human soldiers. No more books like *The Red Badge of Courage*, *All Quiet on the Western Front*. No more "Send a Salami to Your Boy in the Army." No more VFW halls. No more Veterans Day. No more veterans at all. No. It will all be run by the scientists and the Joint Chiefs. We won't have to worry about a thing. We won't even know what's going on. It will be just the same as it was with the bomb, as Teller points out. We'll vote money, and everyone will troop out to Los Alamos and develop something capable of "rendering nuclear weapons impotent," something rather godlike as better mouse-traps go, and we'll all be safe, if not untouchable. Of course, there is one small worry. Once they make a weapon they simply have to set it off to see if it works. Eureka! You know. Anyone who's ever had a chemistry set can understand that. But this time it will be in space. Only the ozone layer will know for sure. At least we won't feel guilty.

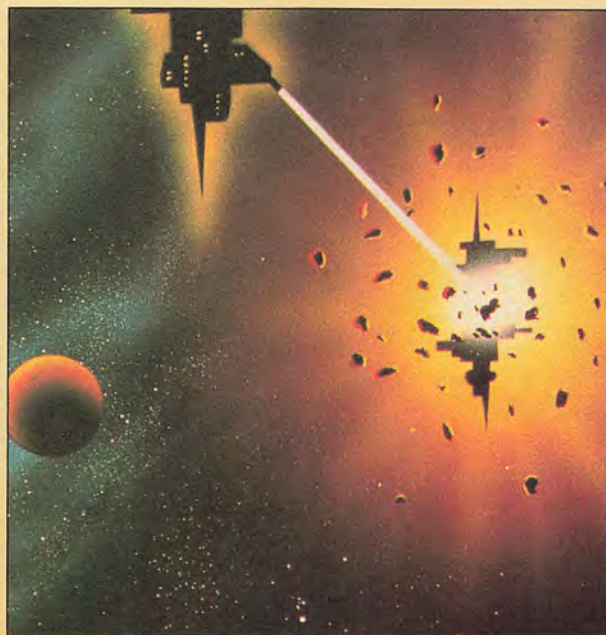
The other thing I love about it is that it's an absolutely new concept. Usually, when one thinks about weapons in space, one thinks of their being directed against another planet, another galaxy. But Reagan has come up with a first: one part of the planet using space weapons against another part of the same planet. Arthur Clarke didn't think of that. Frank Herbert didn't think of that. It's revolutionary. In fact, it would make a great screenplay. I wonder if Reagan's thought of that. Probably. Stanley Kubrick would be the perfect director.

Some small-minded people are worried about what the Soviets will be doing while we're developing the ultimate weapon. Standing in line for lettuce like they always do, I guess, though it is true that Reagan himself has put a great deal of emphasis on how strong and mean they are. Intractable, untrustworthy, impatient. They might try to develop it first, before we do, or nuke us off the planet before we develop it. But look: who dropped the atom bomb first? Who left garbage on the moon? Who coined the phrase "limited nuclear war"? Who used chemical defoliant in Vietnam? We did, that's who. So let's not get paranoid about the Russians.

Well, I'm pretty excited. It's a whole new trip. A whole new generation of kids who will grow up thinking Hiroshima was silly, kids who will cease to associate blood with war or with death. For the postatomic generation, these problems will all be metaphysical. A videogame in the sky. A matter of coordinates. Bliss.

Except for one thing, and this is a worrisome thought: what if, when they develop this technology, and make it smaller and more feasible and less expensive, muggers get hold of it? I mean, what postatomic deviant would use a handgun when he could wield a particle-beam weapon instead? What if these space weapons find their way back to earth? What then?

I'm sure a man of vision like Ronald Reagan has considered this. As he rides around his ranch contemplating the mudslides, he is, as Teller says, just like Roosevelt, a man who knew about the attack on Pearl Harbor but failed to stop it; a man who gave the go-ahead to build the atom bomb and never got to see the destruction that it wrought. 



MORRIS SCOTT DOLLENS



SCENES

MAYBE THIS TIME

Contrary to popular belief, 3-D movies were not a product of the 1950s. Nor were they initially designed for the sole purpose of having flaming arrows, flying spears, or dismembered corpses catapulted off the screen at the audience for shock value. And though it might seem that all 3-D pictures ever made were cheaply produced and hastily released for quick profits, that was not always the case.

The 3-D process, like other special cinematic effects, has a history that goes back to long before the advent of motion pictures. Mid-nineteenth-century stereoscopic photography led to magic lantern shows, which used the effect to amaze audiences with views of the world, and by 1915 the first 3-D film was playing at the Astor Theater in New York. But unlike the other effects fields—such as stop-motion animation, which reached a standard of acceptability as early as 1933 with *King Kong*, or miniature effects, which achieved maturity with *2001: A Space Odyssey*—three-dimensional imagery has remained in a perpetually embryonic state.

Blame for the inability of the cur-

rent 3-D processes to enthrall a huge international audience can be placed on two key factors. The first is an overabundance of systems, none of which has been able to eliminate the problem of requiring "audience participation" in the form of special glasses to view the films. Second, there has been a lack of money for long-term research and development. To date, no one has produced a 3-D image that doesn't result in eye strain or headaches.

At least, not yet. But the success of last summer's 3-D hits, *Parasite* and *Friday the 13th III*, has launched a new wave of these movies. And this time fans and technicians alike are hoping that one of the eighteen 3-D films currently in production or release will earn so much at the box office that the major studios will be eager to develop the effect into a workable, audience-pleasing proposition.

Nineteen eighty-three's 3-D boom began with *Treasure of the Four Crowns*, a *Raiders of the Lost Ark* rip-off from exploitation- and 3-D-film veteran Tony Anthony, whose *Comin' at Ya!* (1981) was the first major effort in the current trend. Following this new film were revivals of *Parasite* and *Friday the*

13th III, aiming to scoop out as much of the current market as possible before the big guys moved in. The heavy traffic started this summer, and before Christmas we can expect *Rottweiler*, *Man Out of Time*, *Metal Storm*, *Emmanuelle IV*, *99 Women*, *The Rock Show*, *Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone*, *The Man Who Wasn't There*, and *Jaws 3-D*, the most expensive film ever made in this process (\$15 million). Others to follow include *Amityville 3-D*, *Hot Heir*, *Hit the Road Running*, *The Mirror Men*, *The 3-D Movie*, and *Abracadabra*, while rumors abound concerning a secret Disney animation project, a secret Lucasfilm animation project, and a 3-D sequel to *E.T.* that Steven Spielberg will direct.

"There's no reason why 3-D can't be used as an additional tool in filmmaking," says Ernest McNabb, designer of the McNabb dual-camera system, which was used to shoot Columbia Pictures's *Spacehunter*. "It's unlikely that a remake of *Death of a Salesman* would be suitable, though Hitchcock originally shot *Dial M for Murder* in 3-D. A wide variety of pictures could use it to enhance sets and draw audiences further

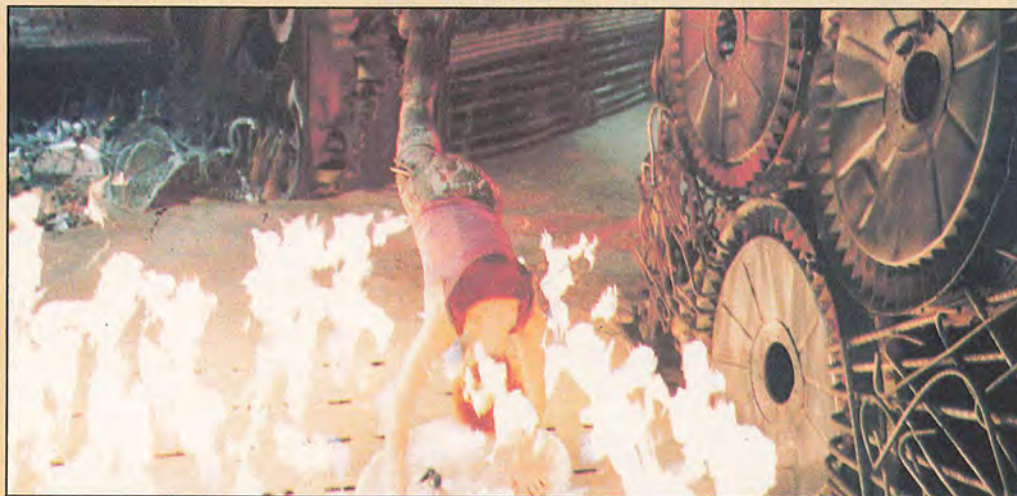
into a story, but Hollywood just doesn't see it that way yet."

"I know most people go to 3-D films exclusively to see all that shit come flying off the screen," says Eric Van Haren Nomen, who worked on *Friday the 13th III* before moving on to *The Man Who Wasn't There*. "People love that stuff, but it's barely scratching the surface of what's possible. If directors like Fellini or Truffaut got into 3-D, then the field would be incredible. What depresses me is the thought that if none of the films in the current boom really make it big, then the possibilities of this extraordinary system might never be fully realized."

James Gregory, director of marketing for Movie Vision, Inc., a leading support company for the 3-D film business, says, "When it gets to the point where serious artists will not feel that their careers will look weird if they use 3-D, when they believe that it's at the point where its quality matches their image, then they'll do it."

But when will this be? As things stand, the technicians are eager to develop a 3-D process that will be the equivalent of the *Star Wars* miniature sequences. But until someone puts up the money, these craftsmen are like Olympic athletes who are paying for their training and groceries by teaching exercise classes to fat suburban matrons. They're waiting for their shot at immortality, but if the current 3-D boom fizzles, they may never get the chance.

"I'm glad to be working on *The Man Who Wasn't There*," says Eric Van Haren Nomen. "But my love for this process is so strong that I won't be happy until someone comes along who really wants to spend the time and money needed to do something worthwhile." The sky's the limit, it would seem, but Hollywood still hasn't bothered to look beyond the fast buck.—James Delson



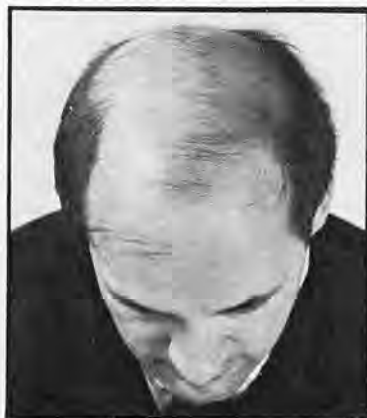
Spacehunter joins the 3-D boom: why the possibilities of the system might never be realized.

Bald? Thinning? Worried? Read...

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by Michael J. Ross, noted Researcher & Hair Therapist



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"simplicity itself", the biological mechanisms involved are too complex to be adequately explained in this limited space. I have therefore authorized a detailed, step-by-step, photo-illustrated report, titled **BALDNESS CONQUERED**, on the HAIR SUPPLANTATION PROGRAM and the research effort for AN ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM OF BALDNESS, now available to those who wish to see the POSITIVE PROOF in the privacy and comfort of their homes... without the expense of traveling to New York for a private consultation.

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VIDEO GAMES

GREAT ADDICTION

It seems that the top home video games are becoming quite like hit records. Gamesters often become totally immersed in one or two games for a while, burn out on them from overexposure, and then move on to look for their next addiction. Reflecting this trend, two publications formerly devoted almost exclusively to music (*Billboard* and *Cash Box*) now publish charts of the top video games.

Over the past three months, I've been addicted to two games, *River Raid* and *Seaquest*, which are played on the Atari VCS system (also called the 2600). Both games are produced by the same software house, Activision, a company whose brief history reads like a dramatic American success story.

A little over three years ago, four Atari game designers decided to go into business for themselves. They didn't know anything about business; they just wanted to de-

sign games. Eventually they were put into contact with Jim Levy, a thirty-five-year-old man who knew little about game design but quite a bit about business. Levy was able to convince some venture capitalists that their idea was a good one, and he eventually raised \$700,000 from his contacts in the financial community.

The company, given the name Activision, was formed in October 1979. Ten months later, Activision shipped its first four game cartridges, *Dragster*, *Boxing*, *Fishing Derby*, and *Checkers*. The first three were immediate successes; the last was one of its very few "bombs."

In its first fiscal year, the company sold \$6 million worth of games. The next year, it sold \$66 million. During the first nine months of the current fiscal year, Activision has sold over \$100 million.

Activision started with four designers and thirteen employees. It now has nearly 300 people on its

payroll, including thirty-one game designers working out of design centers in California, Massachusetts, and New Jersey.

A game called *Laser Blast* became Activision's first "mega-hit," which is defined in the trade as a game that sells over one million units. Activision has produced about thirty games for the Atari VCS and several for Mattel's Intellivision (and plans to produce games by midyear for the Atari computers). Of its most recent fourteen games, twelve have sold over a half-million copies.

The company's really big hit is called *Pitfall*, which has been at the top of the game charts for weeks on end. *Pitfall* takes place in the jungle. The player is represented by a little safarian named Harry, who searches for treasures while avoiding crocodiles and snakes and swinging on a vine over swamps and quicksand.

Pitfall is the first nonlicensed title in the industry to become a

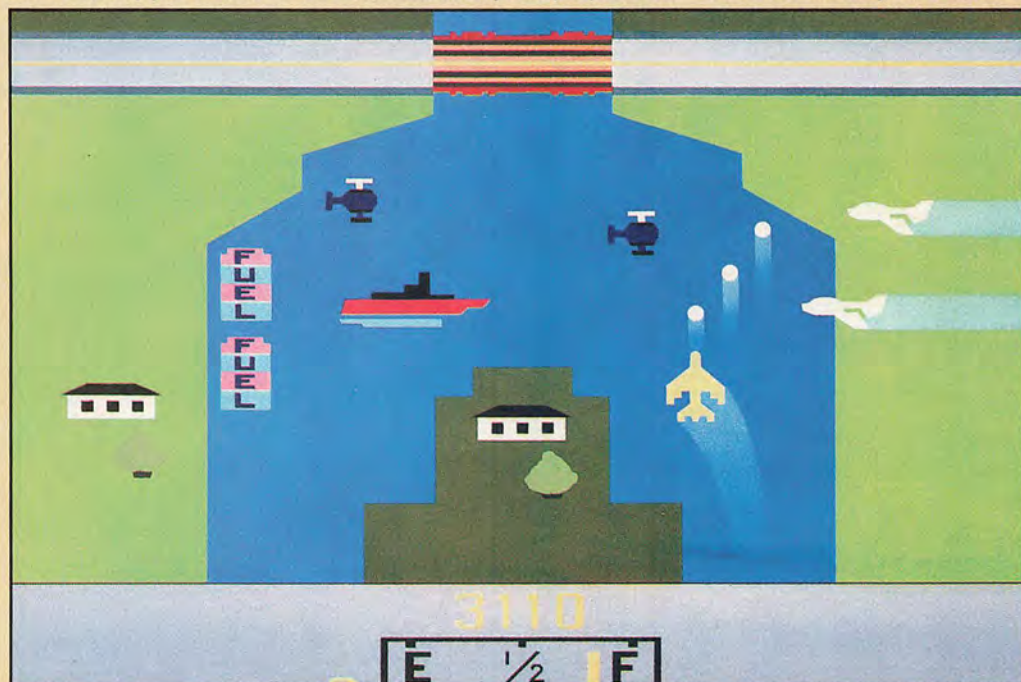
mega-hit. Most games are licensed from arcade game themes, such as *Pac-Man* or *Donkey Kong*, or from well-known themes or characters, such as *M*A*S*H*, *E.T.*, or *Smurfs*.

Now, about my two addictions. **River Raid** is the brainstorm of Activision's first woman designer, Carol Shaw. The player navigates a jet plane down a river, blasting enemy helicopters, surface ships, and bridges. The waterway continually changes as the jet encounters huge islands, narrow channels, and wide bays. The player must watch his fuel supply and is guided by a fuel gauge at the bottom of the screen and a warning klaxon, which is sounded when fuel is low.

Ms. Shaw built in highly realistic game features, including choppers with rotating blades and colorful, exploding debris after enemy objects are destroyed. The player's jet wings even tilt as the aircraft is piloted from side to side, giving the player the feeling that he's controlling an actual plane. To play one game of *River Raid* is like playing dozens of lesser games.

Seaquest has a creative nautical theme. The gamester operates a submarine, rescuing underwater divers. The sub must avoid predatory sharks and enemy subs, which fire missiles. If the sub surfaces after six divers are rescued, the player is awarded large point bonuses.

It's difficult at first to get the feel of the game controls, because the sub must fire missiles in the same direction in which it is traveling. After a few games, the average player will become more skillful at maneuvering and firing; this is when one gets hooked on *Seaquest*. There must be a lot of addicts—in the first week after it was issued, it was already in the top fifteen of the *Billboard* game charts.—Ken Uston



Hit pick: to play one game of *River Raid* is like playing dozens of lesser games.



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FILMS

GOOD TASTE

Despite our daily chore, watching millions of dollars being thrown at the silver screen, critics cherish a love affair with economy. Nothing cheap, mind you. Spend your millions. But don't flaunt them. Give us understatement, reticence, the hint instead of the crashing realization. It's like that preference, in the craft of the nonmoving picture, for the first sketch over the finished painting. Among art connoisseurs, it's a stage they go through. Movie critics never leave it.

I'm with them. The camera tends so easily toward overstatement, toward crowding in too much information, that the genius of film seems to lie all the other way. How many great performances have I created for myself because the actual actor had sense (or ineptitude) enough not even to complete a characterization? I'm still doing it for half the John Wayne movies. And I'm willing to do it all over again for much of what so tactfully goes on in Phillip Borsos's *The Grey Fox*.

On the scale of tasteful virtues *The Grey Fox* ranks like this: it is the first feature (high virtue) of a young (virtue) Canadian (watch out!) director who combines quiet restraint (super virtue) with gentle (virtue) humor and an eye for visual splendor (oh, my God!) as precise as any I can recall seeing on film. The joker here is "Canadian." Under the magic of the Canadian movie industry, all virtues usually transform into vices. Not so this time. As for "visual splendor," I'm as wary of scenery as the next critic. But it isn't just the natural scenery—though a film shot largely outdoors in British Columbia has plenty of that. Sometimes it will be the way the afternoon sun strikes the side of a house, or the gaunt facade of a small-town wood-frame hotel. The quality of light, mostly, is the spectacular (taste-

fully spectacular) thing about *The Grey Fox*.

Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth) once robbed stagecoaches for a living. But the law caught him early and put him in jail, and by the time they released him he was sixty, and the year was 1901, and nothing valuable was going by stagecoach anymore. So he traveled north to the state of Washington, worked in the oyster fishery for a while, and then taught himself



Robert Duvall in *Tender Mercies*.

train robbery—by watching how they did it in the movies. What with one failure and another, Miner found himself, of necessity, over the border—where he finally did succeed in robbing a train, the first in the history of Canada, which made him a legend in his own time, and, I guess, ours as well—which is why this movie got made. Miner's activities after that didn't amount to much beyond charming the townspeople of Kamloops, B.C., courting a middle-aged photographer (Jackie Burroughs), and eventually getting caught again—this time by the Mounties, and once again, not for good.

What *The Grey Fox* lacks in action, it pretty well makes up for in interaction—between people in the film, between us and that poignantly beautiful physical universe the film keeps making us a part of. I don't think I could overpraise Richard Farnsworth, a veteran American stuntman and character actor who won minor celebrity a few years ago playing opposite Jane Fonda in *Comes a Horseman*. He invests Bill Miner with such engaging, sly simplicity as

virtually to forestall the question why anybody so good, so confident, so genuinely sociable, should waste his time and his talents robbing trains in the first place. Among actors Farnsworth is a conserver, saving—really, secreting—his powers so as to nurture the inner life that this film, with so little outward razzle-dazzle, needs to keep itself moving.

You might compare Farnsworth's with another lovely performance, in Bruce Beresford's excellent *Tender Mercies*. Not that of Robert Duvall, with his fine but terrifically self-controlled reticence as the almost-washed-up singer Mac Sledge, but rather that of Tess Harper as the young Texas widow he marries, who essentially saves his life. She saves his soul as well. And a key moment in that process, the expression of triumph and delight that crosses her face as she watches his awkward baptism in her local church, may seem worth essays of more fully developed characterization.

In fact, it isn't worth essays. It is worth exactly the careful, limited insight it offers—plus the little extra it allows you to bring to it in responding to her pathos. The same is true of Farnsworth, in a slighter movie, except that secrecy is his profession—and so it is more enterprising, less resonant, less suggestive of a total personality.

All this fits *The Grey Fox* to a tee, like the majestic snowcapped mountains in the distance and the heart-stopping sunlit architecture close at hand. Everything has been placed for admiration. And it seems proper to admire, but also proper to hold a little back in hopes that Phillip Borsos's next movie will offer slightly less perfect tact and take a few more dangerous risks. I also hope he finds more work for Frank Tidy, his magnificent cinematographer. I want to see more of those gorgeous pictures.—Roger Greenspun



The Grey Fox with Richard Farnsworth: tasteful virtues.

**IF YOU EVER WANTED
TO CLIMB MT. RAINIER,
YOU'RE A NATURAL
BACKWOODS MAN.**

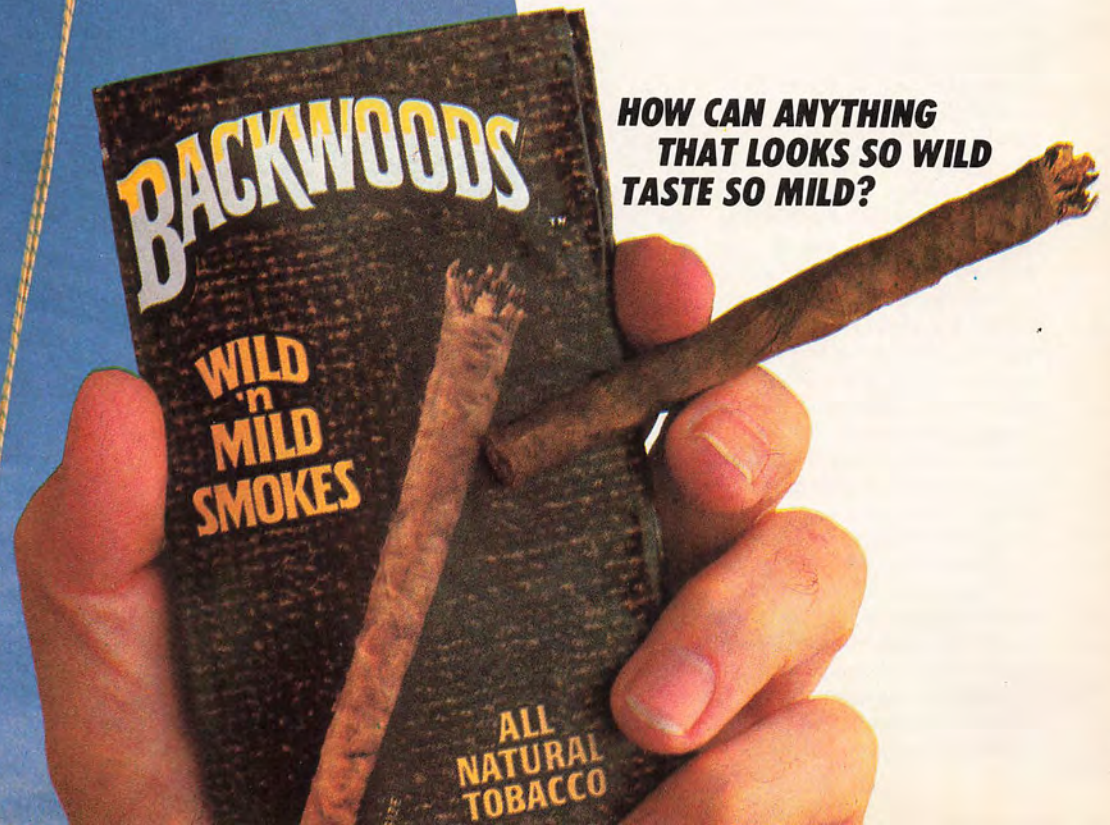
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THAT LOOKS SO WILD
TASTE SO MILD?**



WORDS

OUT OF THE BALLPARK

Baseball is probably the only sport—the only *anything*—that's more exciting to read about than observe. Still, there's something irresistible about a game that makes little boys out of grown men. Bill ("Spaceman") Lee, who pitched for Boston, summed it up this way: "On the Red Sox you're supposed to scratch your ass, spit a lot, and make jokes about women's tits." Sounds like the man struck out once too often. Yet the same theme is echoed in *Home Games* (St. Martin's/Marek), a compendium of correspondence between Bobbie Bouton and Nancy Marshall. The authors, whose former husbands played in the major leagues, dish up helpings of on- and off-the-field dirt about the way ballplayers act and think.

Neither husband is spared, although Jim Bouton suffers the fate of having a more eloquent wife. She describes the decline of his career, his traumatic vasectomy, humiliating stunts as sportscaster for both CBS and ABC (from which he was fired), his affair with a Ph.D. who "dressed to the teeth," his every fault and insecurity. Mike Marshall stumbled when his wife began rummaging through his briefcase. (*What, I'd like to know, is a ballplayer doing with a briefcase?*) There she found a duplicate address book listing his women in every major-league city (and in alphabetical order!) and a secret cache of \$100 bills to cushion the future. Both men were ejected from the marital game, although it took their wives nearly ten years to even up the score.

Danielle Gagnon Torrez got her revenge much sooner. In *High Inside* (Putnam), she dissects her recent marriage to journeyman pitcher Mike Torrez, underscoring his Mexican-American upbringing (she's French-Canadian) and the new status they achieved by sign-

ing a multimillion-dollar baseball contract. According to her, Torrez, an admittedly sweet guy, grew petulant and took up with a fast Vegas-type crowd to confirm his new standing. He consequently suffered a number of lousy investments and the ignominy of being traded (often) to rival teams.

The book's virtue is that it never quite becomes the weapon of a vindictive wife. Instead, Torrez reflects objectively upon their hectic life on the road, always under the pressure of a "big win," always knowing the end might be around the next corner. She divorced Mike Torrez, but admits a nagging addiction to baseball, a longing "to sit in the wives' section, to cheer with the others for my man."

There's plenty to cheer about in *Confessions From Left Field* (Dutton), by Raymond Mungo. The author, a confirmed baseball addict, made a summer pilgrimage to every ballpark in the country in an effort to experience a sort of never-ending game. The experience turned out to be more spiritual than sport-concentrated, mostly because Mungo's travelogue is never slick and forbidding. It's a poor-man's odyssey in which he

travels by buses, subways, jeeps, and sheer luck and lives on the kindness of friends and friendly strangers. The result is probably one of the best baseball books ever written, a sportsman's *Travels With Charley* that gives us a poignant view of an America idealized by the American game.

William B. Mead's *The Official New York Yankees Hater's Handbook* (Perigee) is the funniest if not nastiest entry in this year's batting lineup. Mead tracked down the most embarrassing moments in Yankee history and serves them up delicious-

ly. Steinbrenner is his repeated whipping boy, characterized by contradicting quotes and a rather lengthy poem entitled "Steinbrenner Sucks." Which, in the end, illustrates that it's not whether you win or lose, it's how you get paid in the game.—*Bob Spitz*

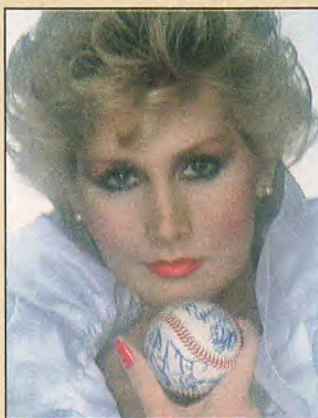
WHODUNIT WITH HEART

Mark Schorr, in his first novel, *Red Diamond Private Eye* (St. Martin's), has used the gritty and exciting genre of the pulp detective novel to tell the poignant story of a poor working stiff gone mad.

Sam Jaffe, a hardworking New York cabbie, has been set adrift by his money-hungry wife and feels the lack of any real connection to his two teenaged children. His only solace is in masterfully cruising the streets of New York in his cab and, during off-hours, losing himself in the hard-boiled novels of Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, and others. His head is filled with the exploits of tough guys, like Red Diamond, guys who always pack a gun and usually have a sultry blonde waiting for the smoke to clear.

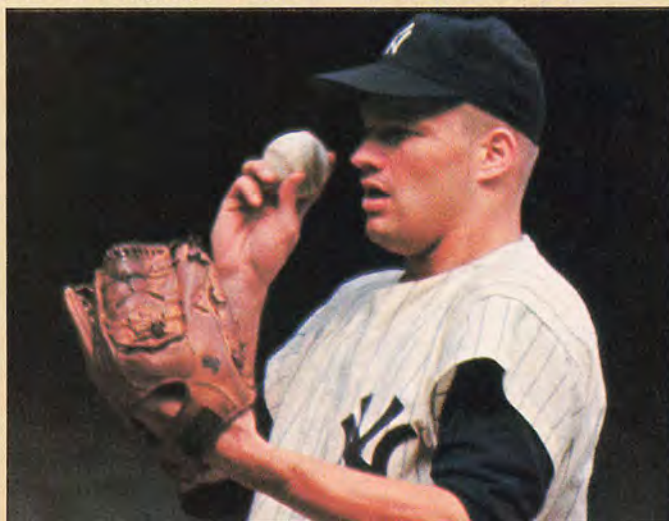
Jaffe's wife sells his collection of detective novels one day, and so pushes him over the line into the world he loves most. "Too long he'd been confined. Maybe he'd go down to the gym. It was too early for that, he decided. It was never too early for a shot of bourbon. . . . He opened the heavy metal door and walked downstairs. Red Diamond hit the streets."

From here on, Schorr gives us a detective mystery that stands on its own. The language is tough and there are enough shady characters and corpses to keep the pulp detective aficionados happy. But it's Schorr's understanding of the fragility of a man like Sam Jaffe, a.k.a. Red Diamond, that makes this a special, unsentimental book.—*Claudia Valentino*



JEAN RENARD

Torrez: quick revenge.



FOCUS ON SPORTS

Ex-Yankee Jim Bouton: suffering the fate of an eloquent wife.

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SOUNDS

REAL BOYS

RBaby-faced Gordon Gano stood huddled in his long gray overcoat on a chilly Milwaukee street corner, tearing savagely at his acoustic guitar as if he wanted to grab a handful of strings and rip them off the fingerboard. He was flanked by Brian Ritchie, who was flailing away at an oversized guitarlike instrument called a Mariachi bass, and Victor De Lorenzo, who was beating lustily on a single snare drum. Across the street, a knot of sullen rock fans who were waiting to buy tickets for the evening's concert by the Pretenders studiously ignored Gano, Ritchie, and De Lorenzo—even when the nineteen-year-old Gano glared at them and sang, at the top of his lungs, "Why can't I get just one screw? Believe me, I'd know what to do, but *something won't let me make love to you...*"

Just around the corner from the group of Pretenders fans, the Pretenders themselves were watching the street-corner trio, and they were impressed. "Do we have an opening act tonight?" guitarist James Honeyman-Scott wanted

to know. "Nope," said lead singer Chrissie Hynde. They looked at each other and back across the street, and then Honeyman-Scott sauntered over. The crowd paid scant attention. "Hey, do you guys want a gig tonight?" the guitarist asked. Gordon Gano nodded. "What do you guys call yourself?" asked Honeyman-Scott. Gano lit up with a lopsided grin. "We're the **Violent Femmes.**"

That was more than a year ago. James Honeyman-Scott, who gave the Violent Femmes their first real break in their own hometown, is dead, another rock 'n' roll casualty. And the Violent Femmes are one of the most talked-about new bands in the country, with a splendid album, *Violent Femmes*, on Slash/Warner Brothers Records and a coterie of admirers who think they could be the most important pop group of the 1980s.

The Femmes are the sort of band legends spring up around. Gano says it all started when he met Brian Ritchie in a Milwaukee rock club. Gordon was graduating with honors from his high school, and he enlisted Brian to back him

in a performance at an upcoming school assembly.

It was 9:00 A.M. and the auditorium was packed with students. Gordon was wearing a neat three-piece suit; Ritchie was wearing jeans and his thatch of carrot-blond hair was in disarray. School officials had heard Gordon sing his song "Give Me the Car" and told him not to do it at the assembly. So he started another of his songs, a quiet, harmless one, but after eight bars he signaled Ritchie to shift gears and sang: "Come on, Dad, give me the car/ Come on, Dad, I ain't no runt/ Come on, girl, give me your..." The auditorium exploded in cheers. Gordon was summarily booted out of the honor society, but he didn't really care. For the first time in his life, he was a hero.

Soon Gordon and Brian ran into Victor De Lorenzo, who was a few years older and had worked professionally as a drummer. They began performing, mostly on street corners and occasionally in a jazz coffee shop, and called themselves the Violent Femmes, a "femme" being Milwaukee high-

school slang for a wimp. Nobody knew what to make of them. They were a mostly acoustic folk-punk trio that sometimes careened full tilt, and without warning, into anarchic free improvisation.

And Gordon's songs and his choirboy-sweet good looks just didn't quite match up. One song seemed to be about smoking pot with and lusting after his mother; another was basically a long, disturbing confession that began, "Last night I was reminded of just how bad it had gotten and just how sick I had become." Several evoked sexual desire in language plain enough to give a radio programmer fits: "Words to memorize, words hypnotize, words make my mouth exercise/Nothing I can say when I'm in your thighs." And as if that weren't enough, the songs were fiendishly, irresistibly catchy. People walked out of Violent Femmes performances humming and whistling the tunes in spite of themselves or nonchalantly singing, "I look at your pants and I need a kiss."

The Violent Femmes still play in front of theaters and delicatessens, but now that they've made an album and performed at prestigious clubs, even Milwaukee is beginning to warm to them.

Well, almost. Gordon's father is a Baptist preacher there, Gordon himself attends a mostly black Milwaukee Baptist church, and there are those who feel that his songs are not the sort of thing a Christian should be singing. Gordon, who is about to turn twenty, just grins that grin of his when the subject comes up. The Violent Femmes' music has its spiritual side, he explains, and "the spiritual side of things" is what really intrigues him: "That's the only thing that really lasts." A comment like that would sound suspect coming from a seasoned pop star, but when Gordon Gano says it, you can't help believing him.—Robert Palmer



Gordon, Brian, and Victor of the Violent Femmes: the kind of band legends spring up around.



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This war criminal's odyssey
from German death camps to a California hospital
is a journey through the
murky shadows of cold-war spying—a world where
genocide may be forgiven
and years of loyal service betrayed.

NOT JUST ANOTHER NAZI

BY CHRISTOPHER SIMPSON

By the time he died in March of 1982, Otto Albrecht von Bolschwing had felt the immutable hand of retribution reach out to him from countless graves. He lay in a California hospital, his body ravaged by disease; his skin hung in flaccid folds off his arms and face, the classic image of a concentration camp prisoner. He was shrunk-en and emaciated, staring with listless yellow eyes at an approaching and certain death.

Some say the terrible form of his death

was appropriate, for Otto von Bolschwing was a Nazi war criminal, one of the men responsible for Nazi Germany's greatest crimes, the concentration camps and the Holocaust.

In a narrow sense, he had escaped justice: he never served a single day in jail for the crimes that sent his former associate, Adolf Eichmann, to the gallows. In the larger sense, his agonizing death exacted a form of justice the victims could never obtain for the past forty years.

PAINTING BY RICK McCOLLUM



The question of justice in Bolschwing's case is of some interest, for it was the United States that protected him from any prosecution. And that was because Bolschwing, despite his stature as a major war criminal, went to work for the CIA. In the end, the agency would betray him.

By then, Bolschwing had outlived his usefulness to American intelligence. But during the days when he worked for American intelligence, Bolschwing was an important part of post-World War II U.S. intelligence operations in Europe. In retrospect, these operations today seem overly dramatic, since they involved crash programs to develop a large secret guerrilla army to fight the Russians and the emergency dropping of agents by parachute into the Soviet Union. But the judgment was different at that time, when the Soviet domination of Eastern Europe, the Berlin blockade, and other events convinced the United States that war with the Soviet Union was imminent. That context is necessary to understand why this country would take the drastic step of recruiting and protecting a man with the odious reputation of Otto von Bolschwing.

Bolschwing, before his illness a tall, handsome man, came from an aristocratic Prussian family that traces its ancestry to the fourteenth century. In this country, he became a top executive with multinational companies, a man with easy access to the corridors of power in Europe and the United States.

Otto von Bolschwing used senior officers of the Chase Manhattan Bank as personal references, partied with international diplomats, and lunched regularly with ranking Republican Party figures, including a former New Jersey governor who watched over and encouraged Bolschwing's career at several key junctures. He eventually emerged as president of a California electronics firm engaged in classified research for the U.S. military.

Otto von Bolschwing was born a baron in 1909, and was trained to exhibit the formal gentility characteristic of Prussian nobility. He could be warm on occasion, but preferred to present a cool aloofness in both business and family relations. Many women found him charming, for a time. He had four marriages: one ended in suicide, three in divorce.

He was, more than anything else, a survivor. Supremely opportunistic, he profited from the Nazi extermination of Jews, then from the defeat of Nazi Germany itself. He survived a Gestapo prison, the postwar hunt for fugitive Nazis, and a string of traumas that would have broken most men. He was also a consummate secret agent who knew how to lie and how to keep his mouth shut—the two cardinal virtues of the professional spy. The CIA recognized his skills and after World War II put him to work on some of the most sensitive operations the agency has ever undertaken.

In the end, Bolschwing was laid low by a degenerative brain disease, prosecuted

by the U.S. Department of Justice for concealing his Nazi past, and—at least as he saw it—betrayed by the CIA, which he believed had promised to protect him from prosecution for his Nazi activities. It was a perfectly reasonable assumption. Bolschwing was one of a larger crew of Nazi intelligence agents and collaborators who had entered this country with the blessing of the CIA during the early 1950s. Some went to work for CIA-funded Radio Free Europe, some for the State Department, and some for the Pentagon, where they trained anti-Communist guerrilla units that were among the progenitors of the Green Berets. His case is similar in some respects to that of notorious Gestapo leader Klaus Barbie, the "Butcher of Lyon," who aided U.S. intelligence after the war in exchange for years of protection from prosecution as a war criminal.

Otto von Bolschwing told a lot of lies during his lifetime, including a number under sworn oath. Finding out the truth about

Bolschwing's first
brush with espionage was a
role in an amazing
secret alliance between
the underground
Zionist organization
Haganah and the Nazi SS.

his life is no easy matter. But he could also tell the truth, particularly when it was in his interest to do so. The stories told in this article, some of which come from Bolschwing himself, have been confirmed through records in his personal papers, documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, captured German war records, and scores of interviews with Bolschwing's intelligence colleagues, business associates, and family.

Otto von Bolschwing joined the Nazi Party in his native East Prussia on April 1, 1932, at the age of twenty-two. It was a logical decision, as he saw it. "I had land and property in Upper Silesia. I felt that there were only two choices open to me," he was to relate later. "One, either I lose my holdings through a Communist takeover, or two, I join the Nazi Party and hope that the Communist effort would be thwarted."

His first known brush with espionage was a role in the creation of an amazing secret alliance between the underground Zionist organization Haganah in Palestine and the Nazi SS, a pact that flourished for several years during the 1930s. Bolschwing was an importer in Jerusalem, spe-

cializing in trade under the Ha'avara agreements, which were special contracts between the Nazi government and the Jewish Agency for Palestine. Rich Jews were permitted to emigrate or to trade with Palestine (a British protectorate at the time) on the condition that the trade be conducted with authorized German companies and that valuable foreign currencies be exchanged for German marks. The Nazis enjoyed the added benefit, in their eyes, of getting rid of undesirable Jews and creating problems for the British, who were attempting unsuccessfully to head off Jewish emigration to Palestine.

Bolschwing befriended Theodor von Mildenstein, a key Nazi intelligence agent operating under cover as a journalist, who was in charge of anti-Jewish affairs for the Nazis in the entire Middle East. It was Mildenstein who was to induct Bolschwing into the secret cult of intelligence. In turn, Bolschwing later introduced Mildenstein to Feivel Polkes, a commander of the Haganah. The two men soon engineered a covert agreement under which the Haganah was permitted to run recruiting and training camps for Jewish youth inside of Germany. These young people, as well as certain other Jews driven out of Germany by the Nazis, were encouraged to immigrate to Palestine. Polkes and the Haganah, in return, agreed to provide the Nazis with intelligence information about the British in the Middle East. Captured German intelligence records claim that Polkes believed the Nazi persecution of the Jews could be turned to Zionist advantage by increasing Jewish immigration to Palestine.

Mildenstein then introduced Bolschwing to Adolf Eichmann. The relationship was apparently more than a casual one, for Bolschwing was to play a key role in arranging conferences between Eichmann and Polkes in Vienna and Cairo, contacts that established Eichmann as a "Jewish affairs expert" and laid the foundation for his later career as chief architect of the extermination of European Jewry. Bolschwing advised Eichmann on improved methods for the systematic expropriation of Jewish assets, recommending a program of government-sponsored terror to force Jews to flee from the Reich. (After the war, an advisory report written by Bolschwing for Eichmann fell into the hands of the East German government, which later turned over copies to the U.S. government to aid in Bolschwing's prosecution. Both governments refuse to make it public today. An expert source who has reviewed the documents, however, describes them as "a cold-blooded report of the sort one seldom reads even among Nazi documents. It bluntly recommended that terror be used to force Jews to leave" the Reich.)

Bolschwing was personally to test his anti-Jewish strategy a few years later, when he was appointed Nazi intelligence chief for Romania. In November 1939, Bolschwing accompanied several senior

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

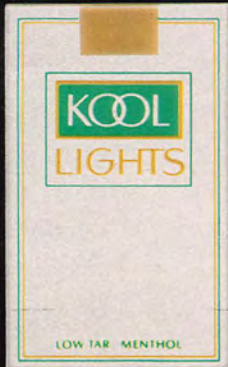
Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings,
9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar",
1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.

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the taste is Kool. At any 'tar' level, there's
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Original



Low 'tar'



2 mg.



DARKNESS AT NOON

I

am the aspiration unto the higher;
I am the love of the unknown; I am the blind ache within the heart of man. I am
the minister of the sacrament of pain....Let me die the death of the Righteous
....For one kiss wilt thou then be willing to give all. (Aleister Crowley)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHOVIL





In the final analysis...
she had loved
him only to learn how
to give herself,
enslaved and sur-
feited....(Pauline
Reage, *The Story of O*)







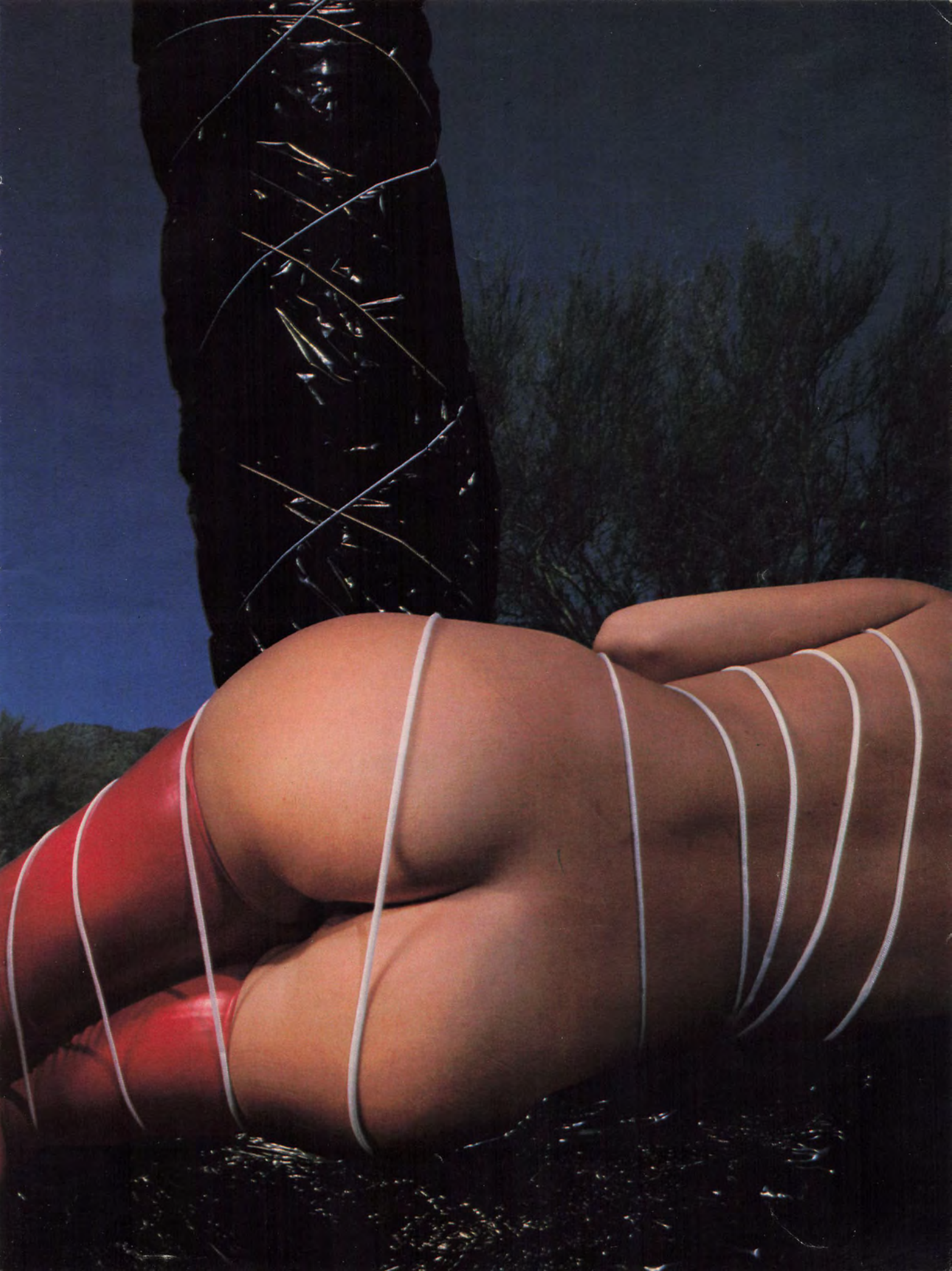
Rubber garments by Centurian, Garden Grove, Calif.



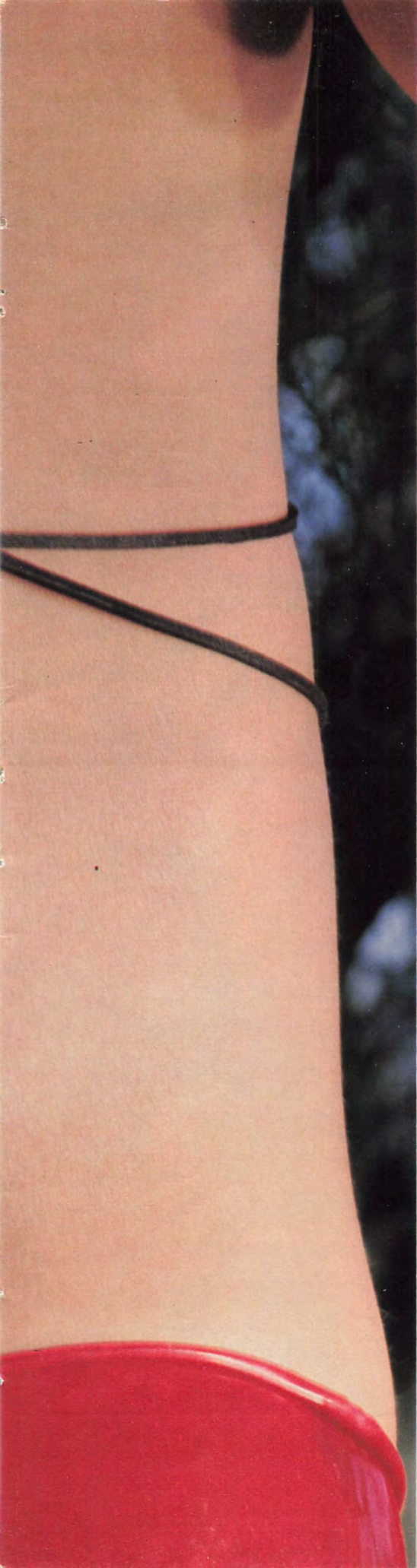
First make sure to brand me with your mark...let the whole world know I am yours. As long as I am beaten and ravished on your behalf, I am naught but the thought

of you, the desire of you, the obsession of you. That, I believe, is what you wanted. Well, I love you, and that is what I want, too. (Pauline Reage, *The Story of O*)









The perfume of Pan pervading, the taste of him
utterly filling my mouth....The embrace of him intense
on every center of pain and pleasure...flung
down the precipice of being....An end to loneliness
as to all. (Aleister Crowley) ○✚



PART TWO

Yoko Ono's psychic
and tarot card reader recalls the terrorist threats, outrageous
investment schemes,
and sour memories of Paul McCartney that plagued rock music's
most famous marriage.

JOHN AND YOKO: THE FINAL YEARS

BY JOHN GREEN

John Lennon faced a hard challenge from the fates as Christmas '77 arrived. This time the test came in an extremely personal form: pure terror. I heard of the situation during a morning phone call from John.

"I'm not sure we should be telling you this, because we were in fact instructed not to tell anyone. However, you are the adviser and I need your advice, Charles." (John always called me Charles. It was the name Yoko gave me; John was suspicious of people who shared his given name.)

"Shoot," I said.

"Your expression is singularly ill-cho-

sen because that is exactly what we are talking about. Shooting or kidnapping or worse."

"You want to explain that?"

"We, or should I say Yoko, got a call. It was from a . . . I really don't know what to call him . . . a crank . . . a crazy . . . he called himself a terrorist. He wants money and he wants it fast. The joke is that at the moment I don't have it to give him, because he wants \$200,000 and I would have to do some rather fast selling to get it by the time he calls tonight."

"What did this person say?"

"Yoko spoke to him, I didn't. She's the

PAINTING BY BURT SILVERMAN

one who should be telling you this, and I suppose that she will in her own sweet time. She told the nanny first, of course, because she could tell her in Japanese, and if the place were bugged then she couldn't be understood. I tell you that so you will understand the tension that has been in this household for the last several hours. Yoko is in the bedroom right now. She is too upset to talk about it. She also feels that it is dangerous to talk about it because we might be being watched or bugged.

"Anyway, she got a call last night at about ten or a little after and the voice asks for her and she does her usual Japanese accent routine and says, 'So sorry, they not here.' But the guy says he knows that it's her and that really scares the shit out of her. He tells her to shut up and listen. He apparently had a Spanish accent but that's only what Yoko thought and she was frightened and she really doesn't have that good an ear for accents. Anyway, he says, 'We want \$200,000 or we will do something terrible to your family,' and she says, 'Who is this? Who is it on the phone, please?' And he says, 'We are a group of professional terrorists. Do not call the police or the FBI. We will know if you do. Many famous people have already been contacted by our group and paid the money. The police can only protect you for so long—a week, two weeks, maybe a month—then they go away. We will watch and we will wait, and we can wait for a year or two years. Then we will be back. We will kill you. Maybe we could kidnap your son. This we must do so that others will pay. We want \$200,000. This is not a lot of money for you very rich people. We will call you tomorrow.'

"And that was it. I was in the bedroom and didn't have any idea of what had happened. She said that she just stood there awhile in the kitchen and finally had to tell someone, so she told Masako. Then she came in to see me and one look told me something had happened. My first thought was 'Oh, God, the baby.' She told me the story and I'm telling you. I want to know if it is a crank or not."

There was no way around the interpretation of the cards in the spread.

"John, you're in trouble."

"Christ! I hoped it was a stupid prank. We get them, you know. The last remnants of the Charles Manson cult send us letters with blood on them sometimes..."

"I know, I've heard."

"Sometimes I wait for 'IT.' That revolutionary that we gave money to and then cut him off, Michael X. After he was executed I thought, 'Oh, my God, here it comes. They'll get me for this.' I was checking the halls about sixty times a day during some of those lawsuits because Yoko had me convinced that there were hitmen on their way to kill us. The logic being that a contract on us would have been cheaper than a settlement. But now it's really happening. I have to think about this. I really have to think about what I'm

going to do about all this."

"I'm your adviser. Here's my advice: Call the police. And to make it even easier for you, if you don't, I will."

"You wouldn't... You really would, wouldn't you?"

"You bet! You call the cops and the FBI and then call the Pinkertons or some other agency and you get yourself a private cop in your apartment and you listen to what he tells you."

John called the police and the FBI and several other organizations he thought would be helpful. There was a tap put on their phones and careful instructions to keep the caller talking as long as possible. A curious group of short-haired Con Ed workers stationed themselves outside the Dakota and watched the seventh floor with unveiled intensity. The second call came.

By this time, however, John had his reactions well in hand. Taking safety measures was one thing but giving in to fear was quite another, as he told me over the

"Paul went behind my back...," said John. "And for that I am never going to forgive him. We all have limits and Paul passed mine and I just wrote him off."

phone the following evening.

"Well, they can't be very good terrorists, I'll tell you that." John's voice held a note of triumph. "This guy didn't even mention that there is a small army hanging around outside, and if I can spot them one would think that any self-respecting terrorist would."

"What did he say?"

"More of the same, threats and threats and leave the money in a package at the desk and their agent will pick it up and don't try to have him followed because he is only a flunky and the real bad guys will come back and get us. The cops said to give 'em new paper, which sounds like something out of a TV rerun, and I told 'em they were the cops and they could do whatever they thought was best with my blessing. You see, I figured out what I am going to do."

"Careful. What are you planning?"

"These people are terrorists, right? Their job is to terrorize people. Well, they are doing a great job, because I'm terrified and so is my family. What I would really like to do is kick the sons-of-bitches' teeth down their throats, but I can't do that, because I don't know who and where. That's

the first rule of a terrorist: make the victim feel impotent and then he will feel vulnerable and helpless and do what he's told. Well, I am vulnerable and helpless and I'm still not going to do what they tell me, because that's the only way I have to resist and this is the sort of thing that one ought to resist. If I let these bastards do this to me, I'll be living not only in a goldfish bowl but in a cage as well, and that is not for me! I could get killed anytime. I don't like to say it, I don't like to think it, but that's what is real.

"I should thank this terrorist, really. He's given me an excellent lesson in why I really ought to live my life one day at a time and each day as the last, because it just might be. Every celebrity has to deal with that."

"Now just to set your security-conscious soul at rest, Charles, I'm going to let you know that I'm getting out of town for a while. We're going down to Florida for the Christmas holidays and having Julian [Lennon's son by a previous marriage] over and having a try at being a family. Do I surprise you?"

"Constantly, John. That's one of the things that makes the job interesting. But thank your terrorist for two things. The second is, he made you conscious of security."

The Lennons prepared for their trip while police prowled the Dakota. There was a package of newspaper left. There was a man followed. The police lost the suspect but the calls indicated that "they" didn't know he had been followed. They offered another chance but never showed up for the package. Nor did they call again.

It was a confident John and a shattered Yoko who headed south to meet Julian. It was an outraged John who returned.

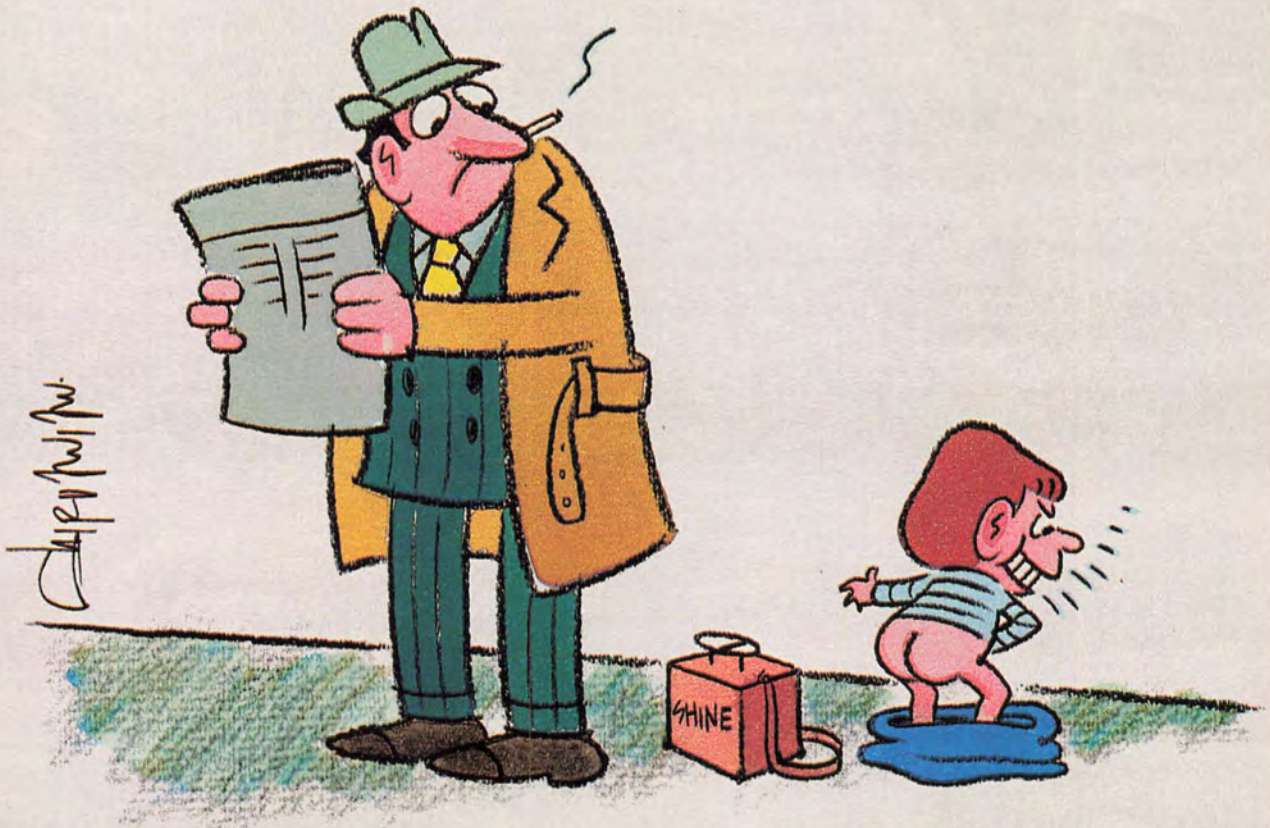
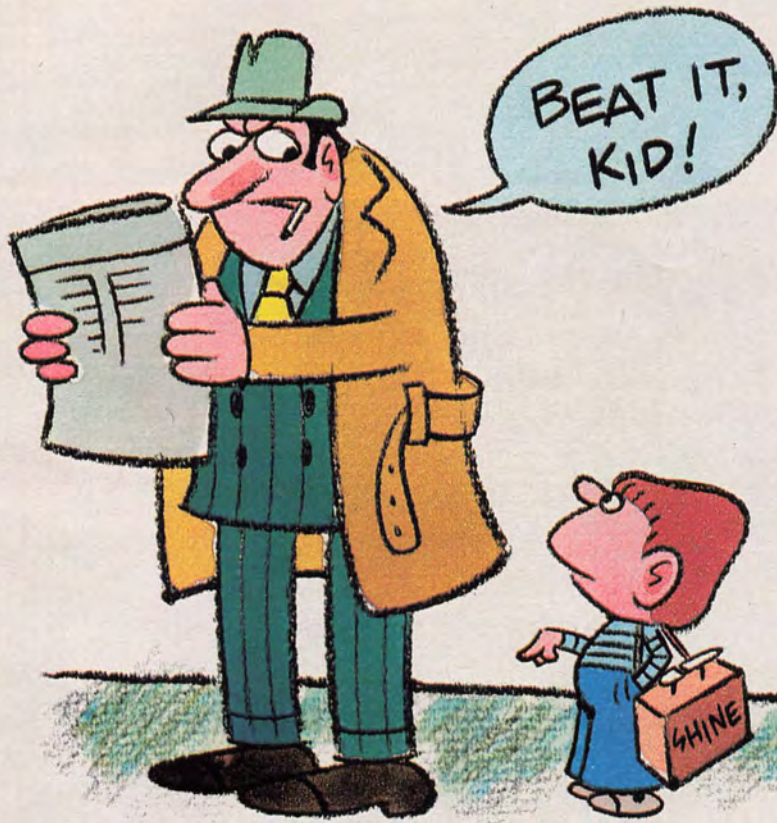
"Did I ask so much? I wanted to be myself. I was challenged to jump into the money-earner role, the savior role, and the coward role, but I resisted. I thought I had it. I thought that I could preserve myself from becoming a stereotype of me. But the greatest test is the one I failed. I failed family, Charles."

They had been home only hours, and with January outside the window John stormed about in summer clothes.

"I've given them enough, don't you think? I could have, should have, given more of myself to Julian but I'm trying to correct that. Then here's this fuckin' kid, my eldest, and he's looking at me all wonder and innocence, and I'm trying to let down the fuckin' wall to let my son in. I tell him, 'This Christmas is going to be different. This Christmas we are going to give each other to each other for gifts. There's been enough of the material.' Now, Christ, the kid is old enough to understand that. And in fact he says he understands, and maybe he did and all too well."

"Some family I'm trying to bring together. Yoko thinks Julian is trying to spy for his mother. Sean is toddling around in a daze because all the signals he's being

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162





ADULT RUNAWAYS

BY BILL LAWREN



Every year more than
one million Americans attempt to
escape from their past
lives by searching for new ones.

PAINTING BY CRISTOBAL TORAL

Maybe it's the spring that does it: the soaring of the spirit with the new leaves, the senses sharpened by the smell of the fresh start. Or maybe it's the coming of winter, the curtain's slow closing over the mind's window. Maybe it's fear of failure, fear of success, fear of injury at someone else's hands. Maybe it's as simple as the grass in the farther field grown unbearably green.

Whatever the reasons, it is becoming apparent that teenagers have no corner on the American runaway market. A great many grown-ups (no one knows exactly how many, but police like to throw around numbers like one million a year) are now going on the run. With appalling regularity—and sometimes with surprising finality—these supposedly established adults are packing their bags, pulling up stakes buried more or less deeply in family, career, and society, and taking off for parts unknown, shedding the skins of their present lives as they go.

Since no one has yet outlawed voluntary absenteeism, much of this flight is perfectly legal. So as long as no law has been broken and no court order violated, the grown-up runaway has little to fear from the police. Oh, the police may look a bit, but their real interest is in proving that no death or injury has taken place; beyond that, the voluntary runaway is simply kept on the books as a missing person. In fact, if the police should happen to stumble

across the deserter, the Privacy Act may constrain them from telling family or friends where he is—"We've found him, and he's in good health" is all they're allowed to say.

Few runaways are so hard-core that they want to stay away forever. The vast majority are much more interested in temporary flight than in permanent disappearance. As one professional tracer puts it, "They want to run away, but they don't want to do such a good job of it that no-body will find them."

Some of these runaways are neglected wives, like the suburban *belle de jour* who left her plush home in New York to go work in downtown Baltimore—in a black whorehouse. "At least," says the investigator who found her, "she was being noticed." Others are running from what they see as their own failures; for example, the unsuccessful heir who took \$90,000 and went to live in a tent in a Florida campground.

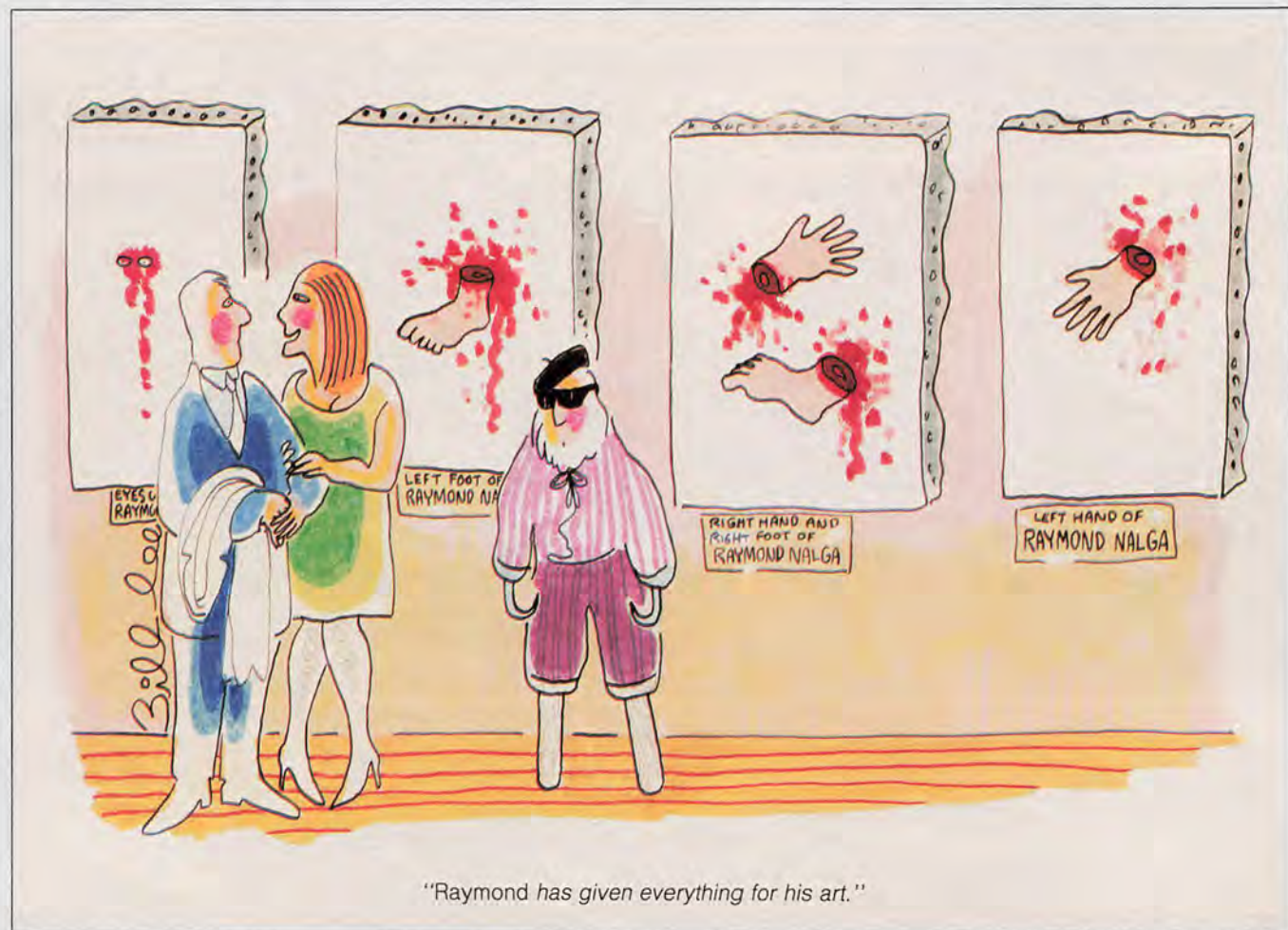
If some runaways are fleeing the frying pan of their own failures, others run from the fire of their own success. One New York doctor left a flourishing practice to become a bodyguard in Los Angeles. "All he's got now," says a friend, "is a little station wagon, an emergency kit, and a gun." Another doctor, a well-known orthopedic surgeon, took off with his nurse-lover to work for almost nothing on an Indian reservation in New Mexico. A high-powered

commercial real estate executive left the caldron of New York to open a doughnut shop in San Francisco. The list goes on.

Some runaways leave for love, like the middle-aged man who flew to the arms of a suddenly widowed ex-girl friend, taking with him nothing but the green pajamas he'd been wearing during his midnight flight. Others, like the Nebraska machinist who ran away to a guerrilla training camp in Georgia (and was subsequently shot in Algeria), are running for the sheer adventure of it.

For some, it's a simple matter of a life gone distressingly flat. One Los Angeles man left a production-line job, where he never saw the final product of his labors, for the new satisfaction of being a Texas oil-field roustabout. Harry Berman took his wife and ran from their successful ceramics factory, leaving the IRS to auction it off for back taxes. (Berman's wife later took all their money and ran away herself.)

For some runaways, the present life has become so unbearable that they "commit suicide" when they leave. Ohioan Lawrence Bader caused himself to "drown" in a boat on Lake Erie. Years later, long after he'd been declared legally dead, he was discovered alive in the identity of a radio announcer named Fritz Johnson. Even then, Bader refused to admit who he was, despite the conclusive evidence of fingerprints, and he died (for real, this time) still swearing by his false identity.



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In essence, most of these runaways—the neglected, the strapped, the pressured, the lovelorn—are taking vacations from the normal rounds of their lives. On some level they expect to return; and sooner or later most of them do. But there are other runaways whose circumstances have become so desperate, so harrowing, that escape is seen as the only way out. For these people, for the dedicated runaways, flight is all but a matter of life and death.

The Beaten Women. Liz Fulton was terrified. Her sweet and loving husband had turned out to be a drunk, a womanizer, and a wife beater to boot. The last straw came when he put one of their children in the oven and threatened to cook him alive. The next day Liz packed a suitcase, cashed in her life-insurance policy, took the kids, and disappeared. She changed her name and hired a private detective to supply new documentation. "We even put rusty paper clips on my new birth certificate to make it look old," she says. Now, two years later, she has a new job and a new life to go with her new set of papers. But she still wears a wig when she leaves the house, and she still has nightmares in which her husband comes to kill them all. "I think I'll have those nightmares for the rest of my life," she sighs.

Liz is one of a growing breed of runaways, a breed that has captured much public attention of late. These are the women who are fleeing a husband who is not merely neglectful but physically abusive. A few years ago the beaten woman would simply have stayed with her man and taken her lumps, hiding her bruises in shame when she went out of the house. Now, encouraged by publicity and public support, the abused woman is much more likely to run.

Anita Douglas was one such woman. During their twelve years of marriage, her husband had habitually slapped her, twisted her arms and legs until she couldn't stand up, and rolled her on the floor. One night he broke a glass over the bed where their children were sleeping, and threatened to kill them all. "I never told my family about any of this," Anita said. "I felt like it was my fault, that I must be doing something wrong." On the night of the glass-breaking incident, she waited until her husband had passed out, then bundled her five sleeping children into their car and drove off into the night.

She drove around town (San Antonio, Tex.) all that night, stopping only to call family and friends, all of whom refused to help. Finally she found a women's shelter, which took her and the children in, gave her emotional support, and ultimately trained her to work in the shelter itself. Now Anita is on her own, working in a bakery and living in public housing. She still works three days a week as a volunteer at the shelter. "I know I'm helping other people by working here," she says, "but at the same time I'm helping myself."

The Kidnappers. Laura Benitez was having her problems. In the midst of a particularly nasty divorce, she had lost her job, gotten involved with drugs, and taken up with a man who had a criminal record. As a final degradation, the judge in her divorce case awarded custody of her two children to her ex-husband. At the first opportunity, during the first of her court-endorsed visits, she took the children and ran. Joining her lover, who had stolen money from the till at his job, she took off for Puerto Rico.

Laura was typical of another mushrooming category of runaways: the divorced parent who is on the losing end of a custody decision. California investigator Dennis O'Keefe estimates that up to 30 percent of his cases involve "someone who grabbed their kid and ran away." If the runaway is a man, which is usually the case, he has frequently both lost custody and been ordered to pay child support. "A lot of times," O'Keefe says, "that guy

Some runaways are neglected wives, like the *belle de jour* who left her home to work in a whorehouse. "At least," says the investigator who found her, "she was noticed."

says, 'Hey, you're taking everything I'm making.' He says to hell with you, he takes the kids, and he just leaves."

These cases can be difficult to the point of heartbreak. In most states, parents who take their own children cannot be prosecuted for kidnapping, which means the police make little effort to find them. The parent who has been left behind has to marshal his or her own resources, so that if one is able to locate the kidnapper the only recourse may be to kidnap the children in return. This can often set up a vicious and destructive cycle of parental child-stealing. In fact, one Indiana boy was stolen back and forth by his father and mother no fewer than four times!

Vengeance and Victims. Some runaways flee because they have somehow managed to make powerful and dangerous enemies. "They've made somebody angry at them," as one investigator puts it, "and now they're afraid someone is going to put little bumps all over their body." One such case involved a Los Angeles flower vendor who had offered to testify in a complicated lawsuit, which involved both a civil and a criminal action. Just before the trial

started, the flower vendor—who was described as a "hardworking, everyday sort of person"—got a telephone call. The caller, presumably the defendant in the case, let the potential witness know that if he testified he'd be sorry. Frightened, the flower vendor dropped from sight.

Fugitives From Justice. Probably the highest profile of all the runaway types, this category includes such famous fugitives as high-finance swindler Robert Vesco (now somewhere in Central America), British train robber Ronald Biggs (Brazil), and Italian financier Michele Sindona, who apparently staged his own kidnapping to avoid bank-fraud charges in excess of \$225 million (Sindona was eventually captured and is now serving twenty-five years in federal prison).

Although not all these fugitives are involved in multimillion-dollar crimes, their attempts at subterfuge can be just as ingenious. Bert Tarker of San Jose, Calif., had his sister and brother report him missing off the municipal pier in nearby Santa Cruz. When neither Tarker nor his body showed up for a week, police began to get suspicious. "Obviously," said the Santa Cruz PD's Rick Lofvendahl, "a whale didn't eat him." When Lofvendahl checked Tarker's dental charts with the Justice Department, he found that Tarker was wanted for forgery. A year later, he was found in Salt Lake City and arrested.

One of the most interesting of the fugitive cases is that of Rob Sake. An antiwar activist in the sixties, Sake was serving a three-year term in a minimum-security Baltimore prison for his political activities. One day Sake simply walked away from the prison swimming pool.

This marked the beginning of nine full years on the run. During the first year, Sake's travels took him from New York's Lower East Side to a commune in New Mexico. In between, he never stopped at one address for more than a month at a time. At one point, he even asked for political asylum at the Chinese Embassy in Canada.

Over the next eight years, Sake says, he used so many different names that at times he almost forgot who he really was. He visited his parents only under cover of darkness and always left by morning. He even went so far as to smoke his nonfilter cigarettes from the wrong end so as to burn off the brand name—a tactic he learned from a spy novel. In fact, he says he lifted many of his stratagems straight from such TV shows as "The F.B.I." and "The Fugitive."

After nine years on the run, Sake finally grew weary and turned himself in to federal authorities. But by then the Justice Department had lost interest in Vietnam-era cases, and authorities declined to prosecute. The bemused Sake, no longer a fugitive, found an apartment in San Francisco, took a job as a waiter in a North Beach restaurant, and began studying English literature.



SHANA

●Posing here is a secret thrill, like playing around with thousands of men on the sly...●



“I know I don't deserve full credit for the outer me; that's why I've worked so hard to make the inner me the best it can be.”



Mural by Lenny Barrin; makeup by John Maldonado; hair by Darlene Defrictas.



THE EYE OF THE HURRICANE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Shana Ross, our August Pet of the Month, was an absolutely peerless beauty from the day she was born—and she even has the name to prove it (seems Shana means "beautiful" in Yiddish). Being adored by a houseful of older brothers didn't spoil Shana at all; it did make our terrific twenty-one-year-old adore all men in return. Also caused our outwardly feminine fatale to grow up a bona fide tomboy. Inside that petite and delicate 35-24-34-inch form beats the heart of a natural athlete.







"I water-ski, hang-glide, and play tennis," Shana affirms. And, though she disclaims any psychokinetic powers, her effect is like the eye of a hurricane: even sitting perfectly still, this knockout often creates a cyclone.

Though her beauty hasn't turned her head, it has turned a handsome profit. A former Ivory Snow baby, Shana was starring in television ads by the age of six. Ironically, the lovely little girl who once appeared in a Barbie doll commercial has not grown up in that image. "All that early attention made me wary of the trappings of glamour..."







"I know I don't
deserve full
credit for the
outer me;
that's why I've
worked
so hard to make
the inner
me the best it
can be."





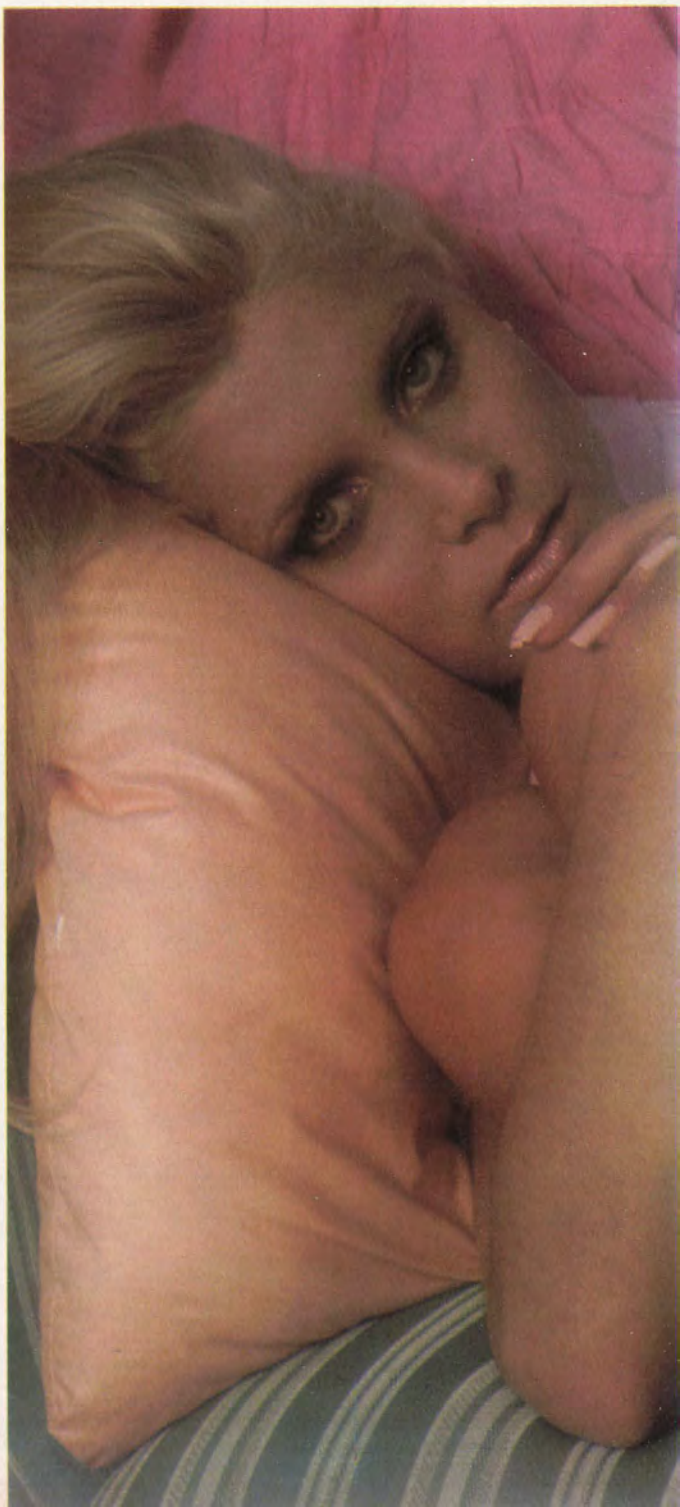


Though possessing the sumptuous sex-kitten aura of movie queens from Harlow to Bardot, our pouty platinum blonde has no desire to be an actress. "That's not the real world to me—making believe you're someone else. Besides, that would make me a very public figure, and I value my privacy too much..."



"As it is, I only model part-time. So I can still pursue my other interests, like the counseling work I do at a hospital. This way, I expand my creativity and also open my heart. And still have time left over for my special mate." Seems like with everything else in her life, Shana discovered true love at a very early age...





"I've basically been with one man since the age of sixteen. He's almost twice my age, but he's incredibly young at heart—and wonderfully firm of body," she adds. "Also—and maybe this is vain—I love the way we look together. He's tall and dark, I'm slight and fair."



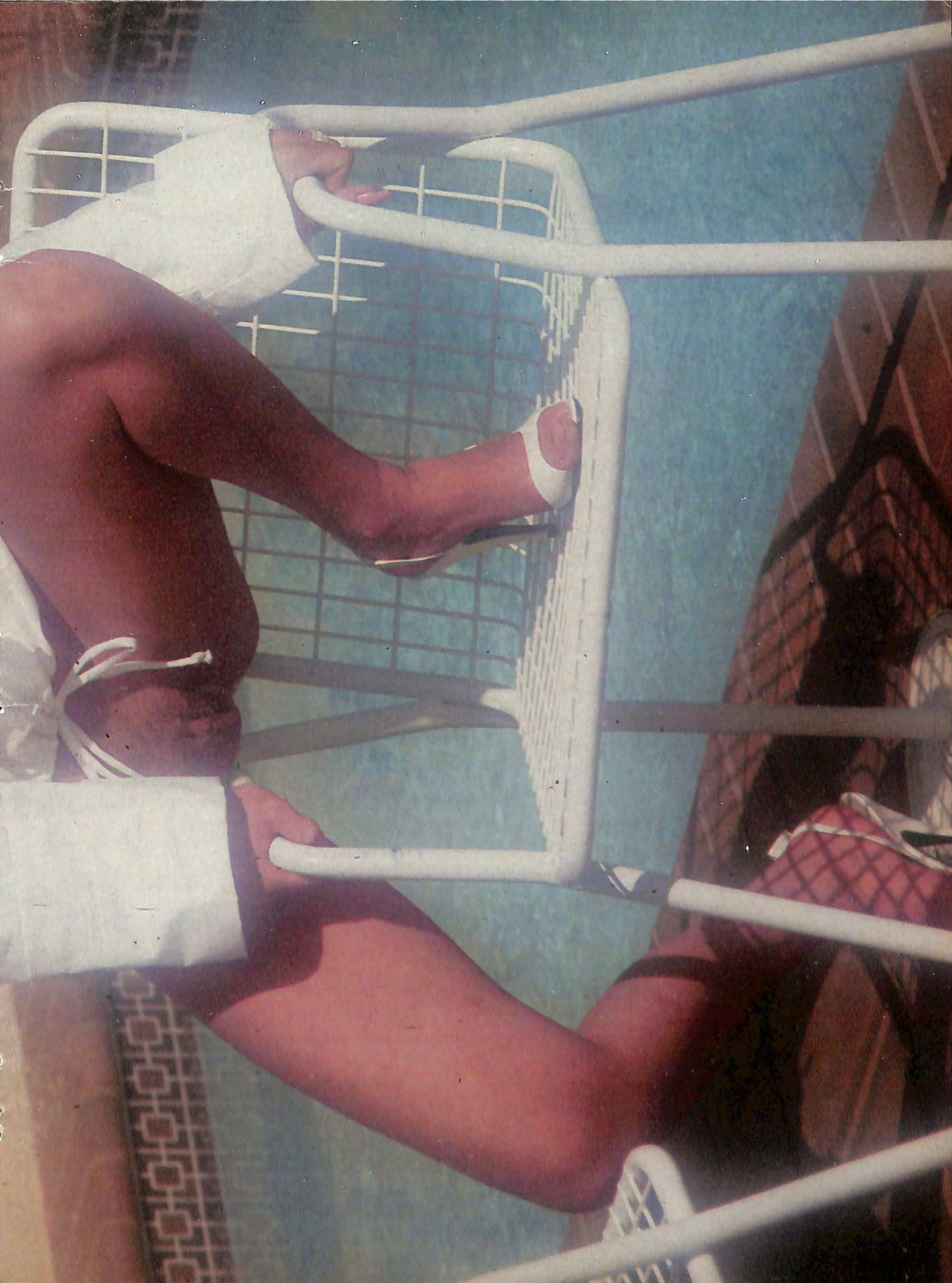




"We're like a Renaissance chiaroscuro painting..." Fighting envy, we get the picture.
"Mostly," she goes on, "I'm monogamous. But posing here is a secret thrill, like playing around with thousands of men on the sly..." An appropriate move, we'd say, for a sly fox like Shana.



MISS SHANA ROSS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Though the majority of Vietnam veterans have successfully made the transition to productive civilian life, there are far too many who suffer from unresolved problems. For those who were deeply wounded in body or spirit, readjustment to civilian life has been painful and incomplete.

There has been much public confusion as to the nature of these problems. But the government also misunderstands and invariably asks the question: What do these veterans want? It would be much more to the point to ask them what they need.

Ever since Vietnam veterans began returning to the U.S., they have been plagued by the lack of an adequate GI Bill for education and a workplace that says, "No machine gunners need apply." Splashy job programs for Vietnam veterans have been announced by successive administrations from Nixon's on, but all that these produced was publicity for the celebrity figures who lent their names to the effort. Today, after two years of Reaganomics, the issue of jobs for Vietnam veterans is more than a problem—it is a national tragedy.

According to Stanley E. Zwalk, national commander of the Jewish War Veterans of the U.S.A., "One thing we already know about Vietnam era veterans is that they are over-represented in unemployment statistics." In speaking before the Joint House-Senate Committee on Veterans Affairs on March 17, 1983, Zwalk noted:

"The Department of Labor's January 1983 figures say 883,000 Vietnam era veterans are unemployed and looking for work; among twenty-five-to-twenty-nine-year-olds, 21.8 percent of Vietnam era veterans are unemployed, compared with 13.7 percent of their nonveteran peers. As many as 217,000 Vietnam era veterans between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four have been unemployed for four months or longer." Even more disturbing is a Labor Department estimate that in December, 1982, an additional 513,000 Vietnam era veterans were neither employed nor seeking employment—they were just too discouraged to look for work. The number of unemployed Vietnam veterans is close to 1.4 million, out of a total of 8.7 million who served during that era.

These statistics have shown little change in the first half of

1983. As such, they constitute the logical outcome of almost two decades of bureaucratic ineptitude and of casual denigration of the Vietnam veteran's potential and desire to become a productive member of America's work force. What we all must remember is that the nation has been paying dearly for this oversight by wasting a valuable human resource.

Somewhat belatedly, Congress and the Reagan administration have begun to focus on the need to do something about Vietnam veterans' unemployment. The problem is, at least, on the agenda now.

One effort involves transferring the authority and moneys appropriated to operate the Veterans Employment Service (VES) from the Department of Labor to the Veterans Administration. Another involves an attempt to get the Small Business Administration (SBA) to begin enforcing the law, passed in 1974, that calls for special efforts to help Vietnam veterans to go into business for themselves. Both the VES and the SBA experiences are shameful reminders of the positive discrimination that Vietnam veterans have faced.

Some very serious issues are involved in the problem of Vietnam veterans' unemployment besides that of equity and fairness. They include coming to grips with the fact that the ever burgeoning flow of illegal aliens into the U.S. has exacerbated our overall national un-

employment problem. The inescapable conclusion is that the one problem can't be solved without solving the other. Today, although the government refuses to confirm the numbers, it is estimated by officials that there are at least 12 million illegal aliens in the United States; and owing to the worsening political situation in Central America and to Mexico's shaky economic situation, the number is growing at an alarming rate.

Maybe things will change, but we'll continue watching and reporting in later columns whether these most recent actions are anything more than sound and fury signifying nothing. Much can be done to alleviate the problem of Vietnam veterans' unemployment. Yet it's far from certain that the Congress and the White House are genuinely committed to that end.—
William R. Corson

Splashy job programs for
Vietnam veterans have been announced by
successive administrations.
But after two years of Reaganomics, this
issue is more than a
problem—it is a national tragedy.

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY WILLIAM URSCHER

The author is a California-based writer who has traveled extensively in Latin America. He was in Nicaragua in early 1983, filming a television documentary.

NICARAGUA: A REVOLUTION BETRAYED

San Fernando is a loose cluster of farmhouses along the seventy-kilometer dirt road connecting Ocotol and Jalapa in Nueva Segovia Province, Nicaragua. One day, we sat on José and Esteban's patio surrounded by their wives and children. The view from their patio is dominated by a long ridge of mountains less than twelve kilometers to the north. That is the border between Nicaragua and Honduras.

José and Esteban are farmers. They have a Ford truck, a large house, and about eighty acres of land, on which they grow beans and coffee and raise a few cattle. By Nicaraguan standards they have done very well. But this day Esteban says, "No, there is no other way. I will have to leave too. Go across, over the mountains, and come back with a gun." José and Esteban will join the Contras, the counterrevolutionary guerrilla force trying to overthrow the Sandinista government in Managua.

We here in the United States have been hearing very little about life inside Nicaragua, about the pressure put on the farmers, about midnight conscriptions, about the keen-eyed Sandinista vigilantes, or about the attack on the Catholic church. But the Contra guerrilla force has grown from a couple of thousand a year and a half ago to perhaps 10,000 today. What is making so many men and women, in a country with only 2.7 million inhabitants, ready to fight so soon after the "people's" victory three years ago?

What is happening to the Sandinistas in Nicaragua is similar to what happened almost twenty-five years ago in Cuba. Left-wing guerrillas with genuine popular support overthrew a repressive, right-wing regime. But being made up of just one party, the new government became increasingly fascistic and dictatorial to maintain its control.

I haven't always felt this way. I first visited Nicaragua, briefly, in 1979, just before the repressive dictatorship of Gen. Anastasio Somoza was overthrown. I cheered the guerrillas' victory. I was happy to support any sane alternative to right-wing repression—as were most Nicaraguans. But today virtually all of the farmers I spoke to in the northwestern provinces say the Sandinistas, who were so popular only four years ago, have failed the people—and have even become the enemies of the people.

The Sandinista government forces farmers to sell their crops to the state at very low, fixed prices. The government arbitrarily confiscates their land and commandeers their cars, their trucks, and their sons for the military. Those who complain or refuse to go (or are simply denounced by a local party member) are sent to La Barranca prison near Estelí. They sit, month after month without trial, accused of "antipatriotic" sentiments. A Sandinista vigilante said La Barranca probably holds more than 350 men and women.

Not all anti-Sandinista sentiment resides in the areas of Managua or the hilly agricultural northwest. For a year and a half now, on the Atlantic side, in the vast, flat jungle lowlands, the Sandinistas have been crudely relocating the Miskito Indians

● The farmers I spoke to say the Sandinistas, who were so popular only four years ago, have failed the people—and have even become the enemies of the people. ●

to keep them from linking up with the Contras. The Sandinistas have forced them farther into Nicaragua, killing or beating anyone who resists. The Miskitos have never been known to wage war, but when a starving band of Miskito refugees fled, under fire, across the border into Honduras, one could see that they were all old men, women, and children. The young men, having gotten their families to the border, had gone back to fight.

On Good Friday, I was in a crowd of perhaps 50,000 people walking in the religious procession led by Archbishop Miguel Obando y Bravo. All morning long people came up to me, in the presumed safety of the crowd, saying they welcomed the "free American press," because "what is happening has to be told." One man, his scared wife trying to quiet him, said, "Tell the world the Nicaraguan people are Catholics. We are not Communists. They will never take our church from us." They told us the "popular church" being promoted by the Sandinistas was an abomination.

Of course, not everyone in Nicaragua is a counterrevolutionary. The Sandinistas have recruited teenage boys and girls, many of whom sit in brush-covered holes with their own Russian-made AK-47 automatic rifles, waiting for the Contras to attack. One has to wonder how effective these children would be against the aggressors when they recognize them as their friends and schoolmates who disappeared and crossed the mountains last year, last month, or perhaps last week.

A visit to the Colegio Rigoberto Lopez Perez, a model Sandinista junior-high and high school in Managua, reveals the kind of ideological pressure that's being brought to bear on Nicaraguan youth. The school is named after the man who assassinated Somoza, and portraits of Augusto Sandino, Che Guevara, and modern Sandinista "martyrs" are stenciled on the walls of the classrooms. Under the portraits there are slogans, such as "A free Nicaragua is a Sandinista Nicaragua." In fact, there are slogans posted, stenciled, and scribbled everywhere—on the walls, on the blackboards, on the floors. How many times can a boy or girl hear, "Sandinism equals a free Nicaragua" before accepting the argument that any criticism of the party is a criticism of the country itself?

These beliefs are already strongly held and firmly entrenched. A fifteen-year-old boy explained that there are only three classes of people in Nicaragua: Sandinista party members, Contras, and reactionaries. Reactionaries would be finding it increasingly difficult to get jobs, buy food, and find houses or even shacks to live in; but this is their own fault—for not joining the party, for being bourgeois and uninvolved. There is still hope for them, he said: they can be educated. Contras, however, those criminally ignorant few who actually resist the Sandinistas—those you just have to kill.

One wonders why the American media haven't been reporting about the metamorphosis of the Sandinistas—about the violence, the abductions, the limits on basic rights. One reason is that it's hard to believe that a regime that came in with such popular support could become so repressive so quickly. And

too, since the dictatorship of Somoza was so unarguably evil, we are eager to give the benefit of the doubt to any halfway reasonable alternative. Unfortunately, those of us who should be most alert to Nicaraguan realities aren't. In the restaurant of the Hotel Intercontinental in Managua, a correspondent for one of our major news magazines could be overheard saying that the Sandinistas weren't so bad. "I mean, look at the new roads, and the hospitals they've put in. And there's nowhere near as much torture." This man had taken the government bus tour to Matagalpa and Nueva Segovia, where most of the fighting had occurred. He never left the "protective company" of his Sandinista guides to go door-to-door, asking people, in the relative freedom of their patios and tobacco fields, what was really going on.

But the main reason we've heard so little about life inside Nicaragua is that the big media story in America is whether or not the CIA is illegally helping to overthrow the Nicaraguan government. There is, without a doubt, an American hand in Honduras, helping the Contras in various ways. But it's *nothing* in comparison with the Russian, Cuban, and Bulgarian military and economic aid to bolster the Sandinistas in opposing "American imperialism" and, not so incidentally, against the Nicaraguan people.

Americans tend to ask the theoretical question of whether the CIA should ever try to influence the affairs of another country. But in reality we can't assume the Nicaraguans will work things out on their own, because they aren't on their own right now—and this especially applies to the Sandinistas.

It is difficult to say who is going to win in Nicaragua. Someone will have to; the polarization is too complete for an amicable solution. The Contras could very well prevail, for exactly the same reason the Sandinistas defeated Somoza: they have popular support. What's more, the Contras now have a second front with the Miskito Indians in the eastern jungles. Before long, they may even have a third front, led by a former Sandinista hero, Eden Pastora, also known as Commander Zero.

Whatever the outcome, the counterrevolutionary force is not yet an ideological entity like the Sandinistas. If the Contras win, it will be with the help of the Miskitos, Eden Pastora, and other factions within their organization. Hopefully, they will transfer that basic plurality to their government. It's this plurality, this necessary accommodation of different interests and ideologies, that leads me to believe that the Contras will govern their country, not rule it.

By the time you read these words, José and Esteban will have gone over the mountains, and may well be back, armed and fighting in their home territory—just like Augusto Sandino, the patron saint of the Sandinistas. In 1927 Sandino led a guerrilla army of local farmers and woodcutters in a fight against an oppressive regime backed by a foreign power. He fought in these very same canyons and valleys—in Ocotal, San Fernando, Santa Clara, and Jalapa. José is aware of the irony. "Who," he asks, "is following Sandino now?" ○

RUNAWAYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

Despite the obvious overkill and the ultimate irony of his runaway years, Sake has no regrets. "It was a period of intense living," he told a reporter. "I was going on pure adrenaline." Even now, the habits of the fugitive die hard. His co-workers in the San Francisco restaurant know Sake only as "Joe." He talks about disappearing as a "survival tool," and recalls his life on the run with fondness. "Even now," he admits, "I'm dying to take off again."

Sake is not the only runaway who's constantly dying to take off. There is a large group of fugitives who seem to live their lives in a constant state of addiction to flight. There are no national figures for these runaways, but in the city of Denver alone church officials say they see 300 new ones a week.

In the old days these runaways were called by different names. They were hoboes, drifters, transients, and back then they might have included people like Woody Guthrie and the young Bob Dylan. But now these romantic bums of the past are known by another, and probably more accurate, name: chronic runaways.

The Chronics. It's fall now, and starting to get cold in the Denver railroad yard. But Jim Fitzgerald is better set up than most chronics to avoid the hazards of weather and the invasions of the "yard bulls," the railroad detectives who are in perpetual warfare with the drifters who cluster there. Fitzgerald has burrowed himself in the basement of a washed-out building and has fixed it into a "little pad," stocked with health foods and fitted with a "shower" made out of an old insecticide sprayer.

Fitzgerald has been on the move for at least a year and a half, since he left his job in a potato factory in Pocatello, Idaho. Since then he has "docked in" at Evansville, St. Louis, and Chicago before landing in Denver, where he now hustles up about \$15 a day selling scrap metal and aluminum cans. He'd like to go get a steady job and settle down, he says, but things just aren't going his way. "I'm trying to work out a lot of bad karma," he explains to a reporter, "but I don't have anywhere to go to find my place."

Fitzgerald's apologia amounts to a national anthem for chronic runaways. Few will own up to their addiction. Says Ernie Eskin, director of casework for the Philadelphia office of the Travelers' Aid Society, "We get a lot of people who say that they're just down on their luck and they've come to the city because there are supposed to be more jobs. But when we get into it with them we find that these guys have already burned their bridges. They have spotty work records, and they've alienated their families and friends by asking for too much help."

Such a case is Donald, who shows up at the Travelers' Aid booth in Philadelphia's

Thirty-second Street station late one night. He's just been kicked out of a nearby halfway house, and he's just looking for a place to spend the night before he heads out for his grandmother's house in Connecticut. The staffer on duty checks his file and finds that he made a similar request at the same station a year ago. Alerted, the staffer begins to question Donald, and quickly finds out that in the last year he has floated from Connecticut to Florida to California to Pennsylvania. Now he wants to complete the cycle. "What are you going to do when you get back to Connecticut?" the staffer asks. "I dunno," says Donald. "Go to my grandmother's, maybe get a job." Against his better judgment, the staffer gives him a voucher for a transient hotel, and Donald disappears.

Donald is a typical Travelers' Aid client—broke, without resources, and on the run. According to director F. Stowe Hull, Travelers' Aid sees about 6,000 of these runaways a year in Philadelphia alone.

“Most people still need contact with the past,” says one tracer of runaways. “And they still need love. In the end, that becomes their Achilles’ heel.”

“They’re running away from personal problems,” he says. “Family problems, situational problems . . . they just don’t want a relationship—with anything.”

Travelers' Aid tries to get these runaways to slow down, to stop spinning their wheels and take a hard look at themselves and their addiction. But it's tough. "Most of these guys," says Eskin, "are just trying to con us out of a meal and a place to stay." Hull agrees. "These people," he says, "will be on the run forever."

But not all chronic runaways are hopeless drifters with no way to go but down. John Nyman was an ex-GI from New York who had married a German girl while stationed in Europe. When he and his wife returned to the States, Nyman decided to finish college. His wife cheerfully agreed to work to support him. But soon after finishing his degree, Nyman disappeared. "Now that he was a college graduate," explains investigator Ed Goldfader, who took up the case, "she wasn't good enough for him anymore."

Nyman was eventually found in Florida: footloose, fancy-free, and enjoying his new life. His excuse when found was that he had simply been "sowing some wild

oats." Satisfied that his flight had been a temporary fling, his wife took him back. Nyman entered law school and apparently settled down.

Three years later, shortly after finishing law school, Nyman took off again. Again he was found—in California this time—again his wife took him back, and again Nyman settled into cheerful domesticity.

Three years later, Goldfader got another call from Nyman's wife. "He's gone again," she said. "Same price?" But this time it was Nyman who provided the twist. While still on the run, he called Goldfader to tell him he thought his wife was fooling around and was anticipating a divorce. Would Goldfader, Nyman wondered, be interested in assembling a dossier on his wife? "I nearly fell out of my chair," Goldfader says, "because we were still looking for the guy at the time. I couldn't take his case, of course, but his phone call out of the blue had solved hers."

If the dedicated runaway is to succeed, it is usually essential that he establish a new identity—a viable new persona armed with new papers, new credit, a new job, and even new looks. The experts seem to agree that there is nothing particularly difficult about any of this. A birth certificate, for example, can be purchased from a forger, a professional "paperhanger." For those who can't afford it, a new birth certificate can be obtained from a hospital with a little petty larceny: the runaway need only go through the death records in a given locality to find the name of someone who died in infancy at roughly the same time (but *not* the exact date) as the runaway himself was born. He then calls or writes the hospital for a birth certificate in the name of the dead infant. Since birth and death records are rarely cross-checked, the hospital processes this as a routine request, and the machinery spits out a brand-new birth certificate.

With the record of birth in hand, the runaway can get a Social Security card, although anyone over twenty-two or so will have to have a personal interview to explain why he hasn't been working up to then. (As far as job applications are concerned, any Social Security number will do—it's just that Social Security deductions will be paid into the account of the person who really "owns" the number. As one investigator says, "I hope someone's using mine.") The rest of the package comes even more easily. In many states, a driver's license will be issued to anyone who claims never to have had one before, while a valid U.S. passport is a snap for anyone with a birth certificate.

Credit can be built up by starting with small purchases. Northern California investigator Tom Davis advises starting with a furniture store. "Give them \$100 and some bogus information," he says, "and you have credit. Then all you have to do is make the payments." For job, apartment, or credit applications, a history of "self-employment" can be constructed in a

Ballbortends

BY ART CUMINGS



"Have you ever stopped to think just why people kick you around?"

matter of minutes. And for the truly desperate, wigs, hair dye, and even plastic surgery can give one a new appearance to go with the new name.

With so much going for him, in fact—the new identity, the low profile, and the very vastness of American society, which renders the runaway an extremely tiny needle in an enormous haystack—it would seem a wonder that the dedicated runaway ever gets found at all. That he does is attributable to the other side of the Great Runaway Hunt: the hunter himself. Except in those cases where crime is involved, the hunter is usually not a cop. He is rather that noble descendant of Sherlock Holmes, of Sam Spade and Nero Wolfe, and most recently of Roger Simon's Moses Wine; the cop's nemesis and the client's friend, the gumshoe, the dick, the investigator—the private eye.

Tracking the Runaway. Among the hunters, it is hard to imagine two more contrasting stylists than Ed Goldfader and Dennis O'Keefe. Goldfader is president of Tracers Company of America, the oldest and probably the best-known private organization for finding the missing. He is a round, balding man whose speech is almost professorial and who looks as if he'd be more comfortable in a corporate boardroom. His New York office is dotted with maps and lined with a collection of directories of every sort—phone books for every city in the U.S. for every year they were printed, voters' lists, professional directories, and social registers. All in all, he claims to have information on 50 million Americans. "If you were to disappear tomorrow," he tells a reporter, "somewhere in my office, I would find you."

If Goldfader is the New York scholar, O'Keefe is pure flamboyant California. Handsome and articulate, he drives a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud, works with his beautiful Japanese wife, and has been known to solve cases simply by sitting by a Palm Springs swimming pool. Working in the field, he has passed himself off as a professional photographer, a television producer, and a multimillionaire corporate investor. His style is so dashing, so novelistic, that he and his wife, Sadako, have been called "the real-life Hart to Hart."

But both Goldfader and O'Keefe start their work on a runaway case the same way: by carefully selecting the client who asks them to do the looking. "If we find out there's a criminal element," says Goldfader, "we withdraw. We don't want to work at cross-purposes with law enforcement." O'Keefe is more graphic. "I had four Chinese guys walk into my office once," he says. "They all looked like leftovers from the Tong wars. No way I was going to take their case." O'Keefe learned his caution from the experience of a colleague. "He was at the point of finding a runaway," O'Keefe recalls, "when he discovered that the guy who wanted the runaway found was working for organized crime. When he found out, he backed out

of the case. Well, he wound up having to shoot one of his clients in self-defense—after they shot him."

Once the client is checked out and a fee established (Goldfader charges flat rates of \$100 to \$5,000, O'Keefe works on an hourly rate with a maximum of about \$1,000), they take up the search in earnest. They begin by assuming that on some level most runaways ultimately want to be found. Even those who don't are rarely successful in covering all the tracks of their previous lives.

"Anybody can disappear," O'Keefe says. "With a little luck and a lot of determination, you can disappear in such a way that nobody's going to find you. But to do that you have to be so dedicated to going underground that you give up everything—your parents, your friends, your family, your job. You can never take work that requires fingerprinting or security checks. You can't even keep the same hobbies. Well, most people can't do all

A few years ago
the beaten woman would
have stayed with her
man and taken her lumps.
Now, encouraged by publicity
and public support, she
is much more likely to run.

that. Most people still need contact with the past, and they still need love. In the end, that becomes their Achilles' heel."

O'Keefe finds many runaways by following the trails of their past relationships. "Eventually," he says, "almost everyone is going to make contact with someone who was important to him. As a first clue, I'd much rather have a girl friend than a Social Security number." Goldfader starts with an almost mystical identification with his quarry. "Once I get acquainted with a runaway's history," he says, "I have the facility to become that runaway." For example, Goldfader found one runaway by somehow intuiting that he would head for California. ("When many people run," he says, "the first thing they think of is distance.") When he checked California traffic records, he immediately found a sequence of new tickets in the runaway's name. With the tickets came a current address in Newport Beach, and the case was solved.

Both investigators know that at some point in most cases they will have to dive into the bureaucracy to see if they can pick up a paper trail. That trail can begin with something as simple as a fifteen-year-old

address. "I find people," Goldfader says, "by finding out who they were. If I know you lived at a certain address in Boston in 1968, then I can find other people who lived there at the same time. Among those people, someone is going to know where you went from there, or who you worked for." From that information, Goldfader can often follow the trail right up to the present.

There are other tip-offs. If investigators see a Social Security number that is far too high for a person's age, all the alarm bells go off in his head. Any kidnapper who subsequently sends his child to school—as almost all of them do—can easily be found through state attendance lists. Similar clues can pop up in motor-vehicle records, voter registrations, property tax lists, and the like.

But these clues can be astonishingly thin. Goldfader found one runaway because he knew she was a roller-derby fanatic. "She couldn't live without her roller-derby fan magazines," he says. "So it was simply a matter of checking the subscription lists of those magazines for people who had changed their addresses. We found her right away." O'Keefe was able to find one runaway only because he knew he was a bowler. By checking with national bowling associations, he found that the runaway had joined a league in Los Angeles. Case solved.

Both Goldfader and O'Keefe agree that almost all runaways will eventually be found, and both claim success records ranging from 80 to 90 percent. "It might be a little lower in runaway wife cases," says Goldfader, "because there you have less history to exploit." Those runaways who do remain at large often do so simply because the people looking for them run out of money. "I like to think that with enough time and money, we can find anybody," says O'Keefe. "If we can't find someone within ninety days," says Goldfader, "we're probably not going to find them at all. We're never outsmarted, but we're sometimes outwaited."

When the runaway is found, his reaction is often surprisingly low-key. "You rarely see the kind of histrionics that TV would have you believe," says Goldfader. "In fact, many runaways seem to expect someone to find them." When the man who had run to Newport Beach walked into his apartment to find his wife sitting in the living room, his first reaction was, "What took you so long?" There was a similar reaction when the man with \$90,000 was found in a Florida campground.

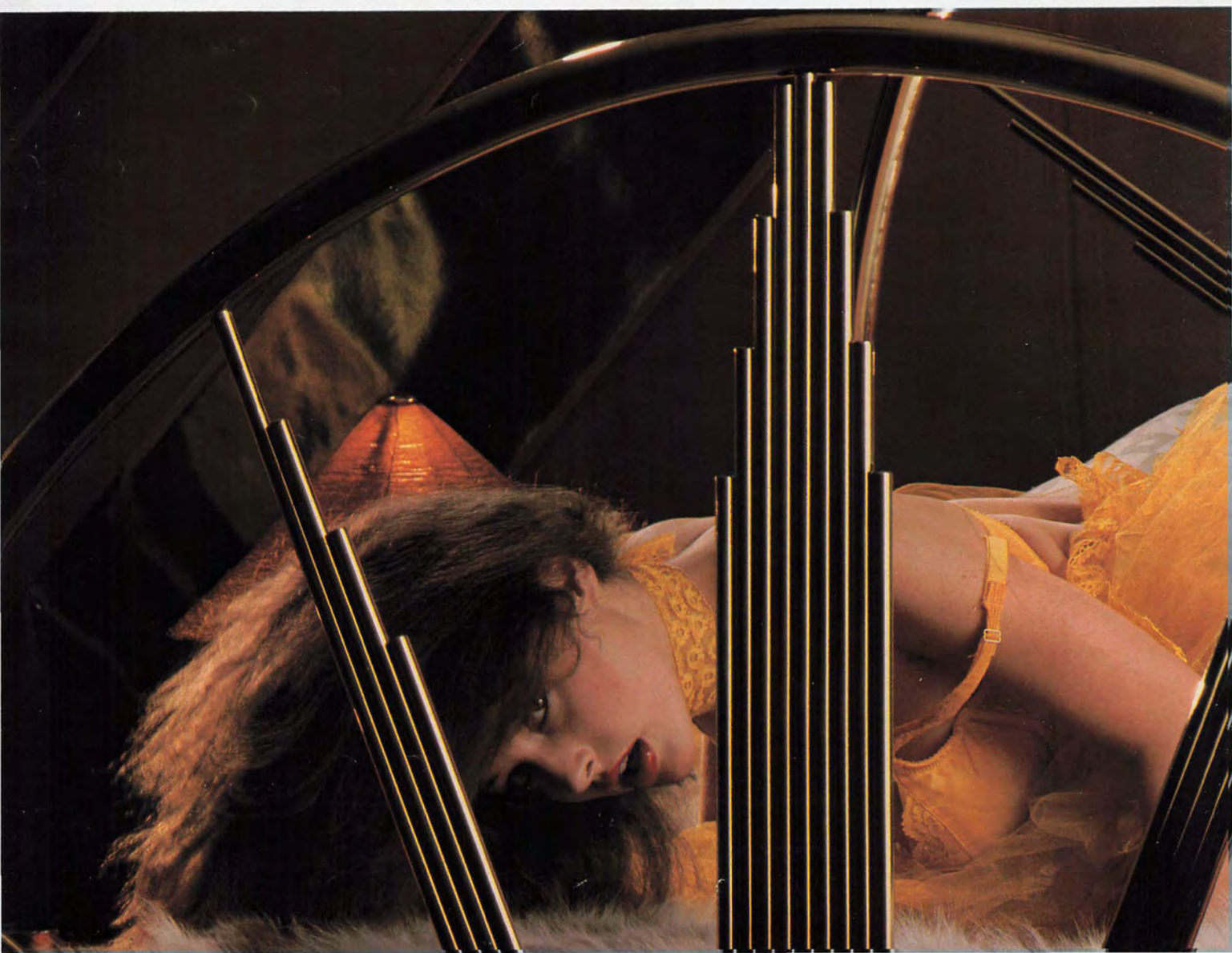
But the champ of the underreactors has to be the commercial real-estate exec who fled to open a San Francisco doughnut shop. When an investigator found him, he notified the man's wife without tipping off the runaway himself. She flew from New York to San Francisco, and out of the blue showed up at the shop and took a seat. When her runaway husband turned and saw her, his only reaction was "What kind of doughnut you want? I've got chocolate, cinnamon, maple..." O'Keefe

Six sexy years ago, voluptuous Valerie Rae Clark sizzled as our May 1977 centerfold. Four years ago she appeared in ripe resplendence in Bob Guccione's epic film *Caligula*, proving herself a moving target any man would sit still for. More recently, she graced the pages of our book *The Girls of Caligula*. "That," she says, "gave film buffs who admired me at a distance the chance to enjoy me close up—and all to themselves." If she sounds like an exhibitionist, our pretty Pet pleads guilty. "I've always loved attention! Compliments, whistles, kissing, loving, strokes." Though she likes all kinds of men, the 36-23-36-inch actress/model insists they all must have the ability to juggle figures—especially hers.

REPRISE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL





She freely admits she's no feminist. Accordingly, Valerie feels men should do most of the work in bed. "I'll play dress-up and strut. But after I've stripped, I expect my man to be in gear!"



So far, her lusty
demands have been
met. "One partner told
me that I could melt the
ice off Mount Everest
just by mooning it,"
said she. And who are
we to disagree?







PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

•From the moment I touched heroin,
I felt as if I'd joined forces
with the devil. I went from being unbeatably
lucky to becoming
a powerful foe—my own worst enemy.
I had opted for self-destruction. •

PETE TOWNSHEND

Throughout the winter and spring of 1981, British music circles reverberated with news of Pete Townshend's repeated transgressions. The lead guitarist and chief composer for the Who rock band was said to be drinking his breakfast and popping pills as if they were children's gumdrops. After gaining international recognition for his pioneering rock operas *Tommy* and *Quadrophenia*, Townshend now seemed to be sinking ever deeper into drugged oblivion. At London's trendy Soho clubs, he became the instigator of countless shouting matches and fights. Then there was the disastrous concert that March at the Rainbow, where the musician incensed the rest of the band by launching into long discordant codas and improvising on the spur of the moment. By the fall, gossip columnists had begun spreading rumors about his flirtations with heroin. There was even talk about one sordid night at the Club for Heroes, a New Romantic venue, where Townshend collapsed on the verge of death.

Pete Townshend's close associates watched his metamorphosis from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde with both confusion and concern. Why should the voice that had belted out such fiery teenage anthems as "My Generation" and "Won't Get Fooled Again" suddenly falter? How could the fist that had banged out electrifying guitar riffs become the perpetrator of senseless barroom brawls? Why had rock's spiritual leader become so dispirited?

Whatever personal horrors had triggered this crisis, Townshend was unquestionably back in form by the time the Who began its final farewell tour of North America last autumn. For the 1.2 million fans who attended the forty concerts, the wayward rock star appeared to have been restored to all his former glory. Stirring the crowds to a frenzy, Townshend bunny-hopped across the stage and, without missing a beat, executed one dazzling leap after another. Flailing his guitar in the dizzying, whirligig strokes that had become his trademark, the thirty-eight-year-old musician

displayed the same gusto that marked his early performances at the Marquee Club, that steamy dance hall where the Who first captured the hearts of a generation nearly two decades ago. Only this time around, there was none of the sloppiness—the bad notes or ill-timed overtures—that had so often marred their youthful deliverance. The band was tight, demonstrating a flawless virtuosity almost unprecedented in its eighteen-year career.

Back at the hotel room after the concert, Townshend confirmed that he was off drugs. He looked trim and fit. Only his jade blue eyes, windows on a frazzled soul, hinted that some scars remained. Despite the dramatic upswing in his life, it was clear that the turbulent past continued to weigh on his conscience. Having only narrowly escaped the same fate as the Who's late drummer Keith Moon, who died of a drug overdose in 1978, Townshend was grateful to be alive. And so he spoke at great length about his miraculous salvation.

Miraculous, in this instance, may be an understatement, for the cure Townshend underwent seems to have reversed two years of dissipation in ten days. The secret behind his startling rebound, he divulged, is NeuroElectric Therapy (NET)—a novel method of detoxification that is currently awaiting clinical approval by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. This unusual treatment involves a Walkmanlike device that transmits a tiny electrical signal to the brain via electrodes taped behind either ear. Townshend wore this portable gadget—or the "black box," as he nicknamed it—day and night during the initial phases of treatment. He claims that it rapidly cleansed his body of drugs without the painful withdrawal symptoms that usually make going "cold turkey" such an unbearable ordeal.

The black box is the brainchild of a middle-aged Scottish surgeon, Dr. Meg Patterson. Her explanation of its scientific rationale provides insight into the experience of her celebrity patient. According to Patterson, who is something of a

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIES AND STARR

celebrity herself among the higher echelons of rock management, the black box quickly redresses chemical imbalances in the addict's brain. She believes the weak current stimulates the production of various neurotransmitters, notably the brain's own opiate-like painkillers, the endorphins (for "morphine within"). Because the frequency of the electrical current appears to determine which chemical reactions will occur, Patterson has to fine-tune the signal for each type of addiction. With Townshend, who suffered from multiple addictions, she applied several different frequencies over the course of treatment.

Her remedy appears to have worked, for the disheartened musician experienced what can only be described as a rebirth. And his case is by no means unique. Townshend himself first learned of NET through blues guitarist Eric Clapton,

whom Patterson weaned from heroin in 1974. Since then, she has successfully reformed over a dozen top recording stars, including such notorious drug abusers as Keith Richards of the Rolling Stones. Townshend felt compelled to speak out about Patterson's work both to repay a personal debt and to draw attention to her enormous behind-the-scenes contribution to the music industry as a whole.

Of course, some psychological problems remained, and in the interview that follows, Townshend talks with disarming candor about the difficulty of facing up to his own failings and the even greater challenge of healing badly strained relationships with his family, friends, and members of the band—bassist John Entwistle, vocalist Roger Daltrey, and drummer Kenney Jones. But for the most part, the nightmare had ended by the time

he talked with *Omni* magazine editor Kathleen McAuliffe in the fall of 1982.

McAuliffe told us: "Certainly in the artistic arena, there were abundant signs that his life had come together. Not only had the Who's final tour received rave reviews in the music press, but their latest album, *It's Hard*, had been hailed as their most powerful work since *Who's Next*. Townshend's two solo albums, *Empty Glass* and *All the Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes*, released two years later, had also won broad critical acclaim.

"These recent successes, however, seemed less important to Townshend than the need to put his past in perspective. Yet his frank disclosures, he later confided, served no cathartic purpose. He was trying to share, not shed, his immediate past, presumably so that others might learn from his experience."

Penthouse: What do you think led you to seek refuge in drugs in the early eighties?

Townshend: Some of my problems were rooted in my inability to deal with the band. I felt that the band wasn't facing up to reality. I should have said to the band, "I'm leaving. I've had enough of rock 'n' roll. Good-bye." But I didn't. I couldn't deal with that emotionally at the time.

I had money problems as well. Through incredible mismanagement of my companies in Britain, I became very deeply in debt to several banks—about one million dollars in debt. When I realized that I couldn't earn a million dollars after tax in a year, I started to go round and round in circles, getting very upset at the idea of having to sack people.

What made things even worse was the long period of sustained touring that the band did immediately after my first solo album, *Empty Glass*, came out in 1980. We did about four months' work spread out through a year. I wasn't home very much, and when I was, I hit the bottle heavily. My wife and I grew more and more estranged until eventually there was nothing really there, apart from my relationship with my children, which I maintained as much as I could.

We decided it would be best if I went to live in a hotel or in my club in London. I did that and soon I became involved in a much higher level of promiscuity than ever before. It was not through any increase in appetite. I was just so socially demented all the time that I didn't realize what I was doing. I was very gullible. When I was on the road, I would often wake up in the morning with a roomful of girls whom I'd never seen before, simply because I had been so drunk the night before that I didn't throw them out or politely ask them to leave or whatever it is that you do.

Penthouse: At what point did you find yourself turning more and more to drugs?

Townshend: About midway through 1980 I made the mistake of starting to use cocaine. I became immediately dependent upon it because I loved the feeling of it so much. I'm very much a stimulants kind of

character. It also helped me cut through the drunken haze. You sober up when you have a toot, drink more, have another toot, sober up, and of course you repeat the cycle until you're too wrecked at the end of the day to go on.

I got used to behaving very badly. Once I was so completely out of my brain that I actually humiliated the band in public. We were playing at the Rainbow in London—this was early '81—and I kept stopping songs and making speeches to the audience. I kept playing long, drawn-out guitar solos of distorted, bad notes. I'd alter the act, making up songs as I went along. And I knew it was London, and I knew that everybody's friends and family were there, and I deliberately picked that day to fuck up the show. I just ceased to care. I threw my dignity away.

Everything got increasingly worse until about June or July of 1981, when I was making my second solo album. I had to stop making it, because I literally couldn't work. I was becoming exhausted through being in a recording studio.

This really got to me, because rock 'n' roll should be all fun, all pleasure. There's quite a lot of guff talked about the pressures and the rigors of the road, but if people don't like it they shouldn't do it. It's not happiness that you're seeking. It's pleasure. Pleasure through music, highs, euphoric feelings—all these extremes. I couldn't stand this fucking feeling of being wrecked all the time, and feeling that I was going to be sick.

Penthouse: Did you seek professional help?

Townshend: I went to this doctor and he prescribed some sleeping tablets, some high-power vitamins, and an anti-depressant, or tranquilizer of sorts, called Ativan. [Ativan is chemically a close relative to Valium and Librium.] Now these Ativans were really the business. They made me feel incredibly good. I felt as if I could cope with everything. So about a month before Christmas, I decided to go back into the studio again. And there was this French woman hanging around all the time, and

she asked me, "Have you got any junk?" And I said, "No." And she said, "Well, how the hell are you managing?" So I said, "Managing what?" I suddenly cast my mind back and I remembered a series of events that had happened to me throughout the year. The most notable incident was being carried out of a nightclub and taken to a hospital with a drug overdose. I had not been able to remember the circumstances except that, when I got to the hospital, a nurse found needle holes in my arm.

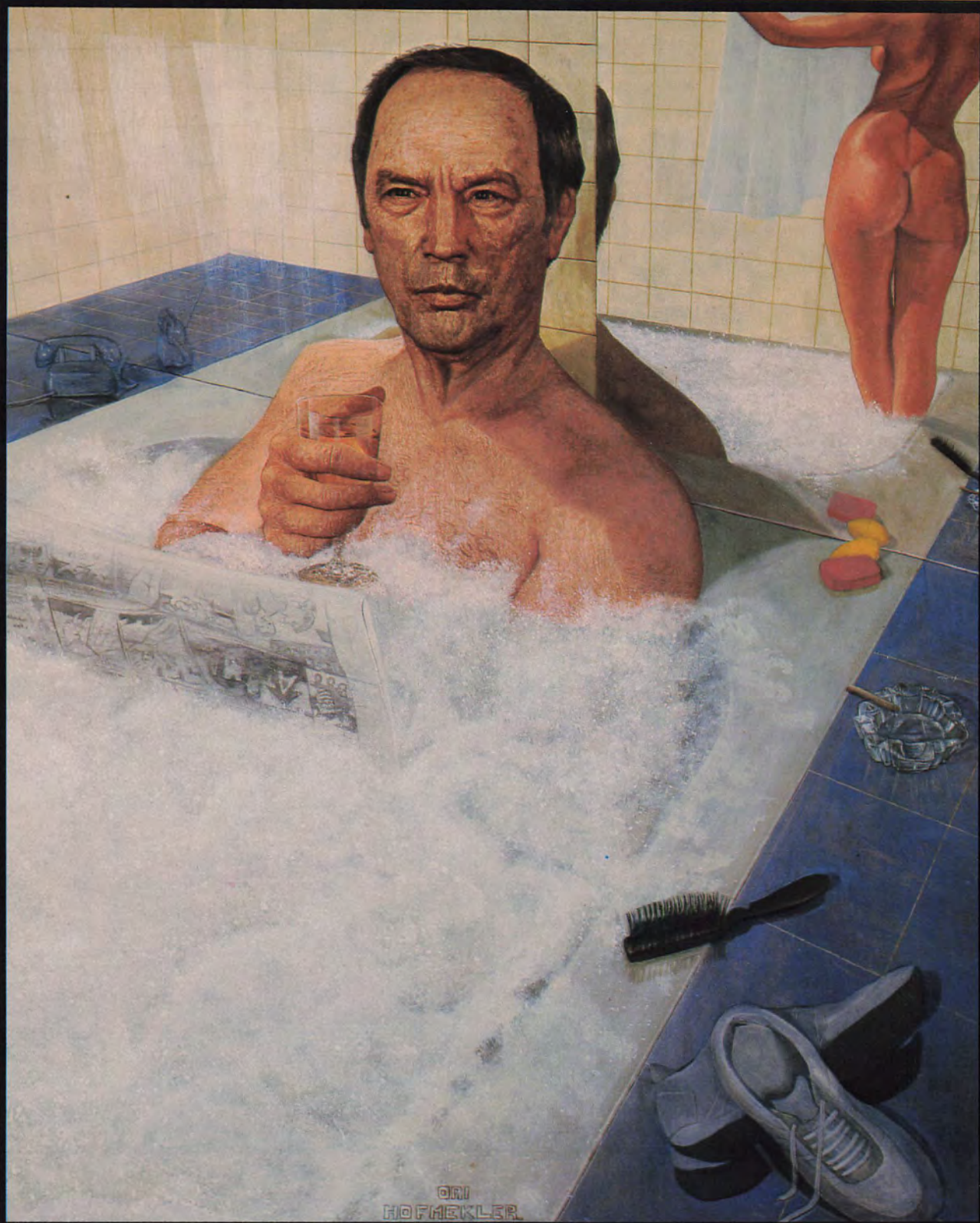
After this happened, I rang up a friend of mine who was a dealer in cocaine. Incidentally, he is now dead at twenty-six years of age. He died of an OD last week, just before I came away. Anyway, I rang him up and asked him, "Have we been doing any, you know, smack?" And he said, "Yeah. Sometimes I put a bit in with the coke, but not enough to cause any problems." But you see we'd been doing a lot of freebasing. . . . So when the Ativan stopped working, and I turned to heroin, it did not take long for me to become well and truly hooked. I just sort of topped off a habit, I guess.

Penthouse: But why the track marks?

Townshend: I only later discovered the significance of that. In the nightclub that evening, a so-called friend of mine in the music business said to me, "You look really smashed." I said, "Yeah, I am." He said, "I've got something for you." And he took me in a toilet and gave me an injection of heroin. Apparently, I had used heroin in front of a few gossips one night, and word had gotten around that I was a heroin addict. So this guy thought I was suffering from withdrawal and that he was doing me a favor, when in fact I'd simply had too much to drink. Anyway, the shot of heroin temporarily killed me—my heart stopped. When they carried me into the hospital, I was dark blue. The nurse actually had to rip off my shirt outside the hospital and beat me back to life.

Penthouse: You certainly managed to pack a lot of drama into those years.

Townshend: Yeah. And it's only recently



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 4

A politician whose name is Pierre
Had a wife with a flair for affairs;
So one day with a sigh
He said, "Ma Cherie, good-bye . . .
Our marriage, it is not laissez-faire."





"Just call me Ben," he said the moment they met. "Sure...if you'll call me tonight," she replied. Taking Isabel at her word, he took her in his arms that evening, letting night fall softly to the rhythms of their love. "I'm usually an old-fashioned girl," she remarked the next morning.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

ISABEL AND BENJAMIN

"Pretty well-fashioned, anyway," said he, holding firm against his prize despite the running water.

Later, as she slid her hand to his groin, she softly noted, "You're fairly well fashioned yourself..."



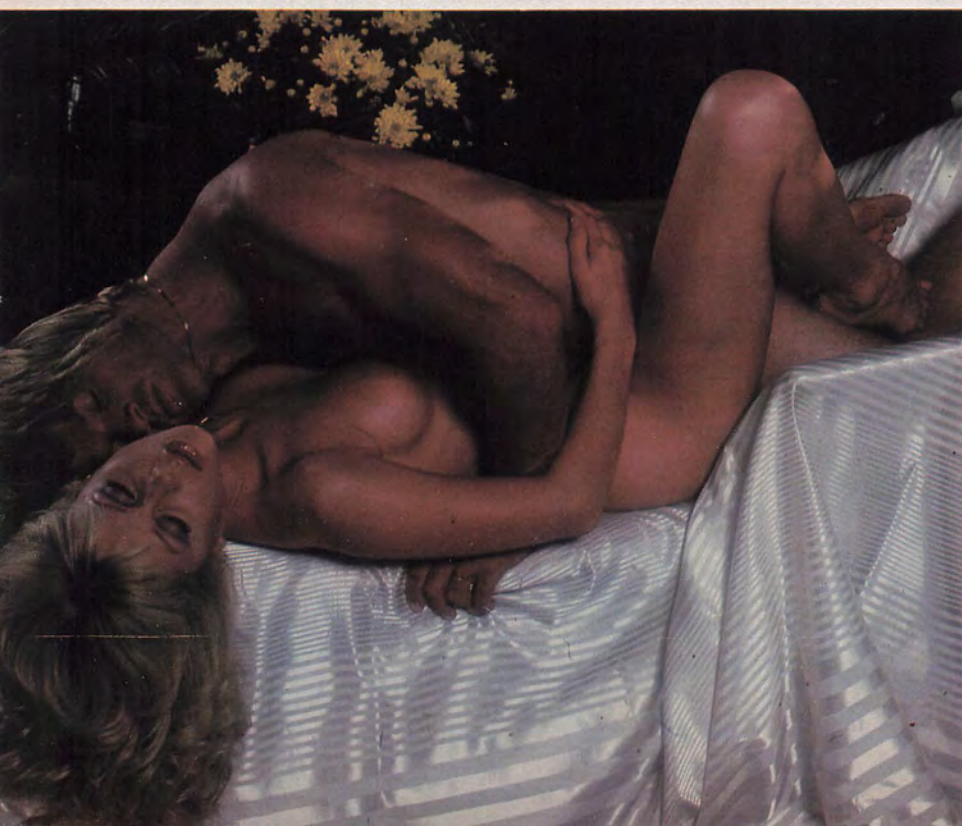




He shared with
her that miracle
of the flesh she'd
just admired,
then eagerly
bestowed upon
her own the kiss
of life, bringing
her once again
to that tiny deliri-
ous death...



Her feminine aura entranced him—the fresh-cut flowers, the delicate papered walls of their private love nest, the satiny white sheets. Clasp- ing her softly swelling hips, he rose within her and eventually surfaced, a man renewed... 









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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

that I've gotten all the details. I was doing all these things that were completely at odds with everything about me and what I stand for. Yet at the same time, everything somehow seemed comfortable and normal to me. It's strange, but when I'm in league with God, I'm incredibly lucky, blessed, graced. From the moment I touched heroin, though, I felt as if I'd joined forces with the devil. I went from being unbeatably lucky to becoming a powerful foe—my own worst enemy. It was as if I had opted for my self-destruction. It finally dawned on me that heroin was a very bloody adversary, and that I had to be prepared to lose my life in order to gain it again. It was at this point that I got the idea to ring up Meg [Patterson] in California and ask her what I should do. She insisted that I fly out the next day, which I did, and three days later I was straight.

Penthouse: I have to confess to being a little confused. What precisely were you addicted to at this stage? Was heroin your primary addiction?

Townshend: I suppose a month before I got NET, I'd been freebasing two or three grams of coke, which required about half an ounce of coke to produce; I was smoking about one gram, sometimes more, of heroin; and on top of that I was usually taking about eight to ten Ativan tablets plus two or three sleeping tablets to get to sleep at night—I was a walking pillbox. Yet somehow I managed to come through all of this with my brain still intact, with enough common sense and dignity to reestablish my family. And by reestablish my family, I mean I was allowed back, as it were. I had to acknowledge everything that was wrong with my life. What had gotten me into so much trouble to begin with was my refusal to face up to various problems. So one of the first things I did after getting back was deal with the bank.

Penthouse: How did you manage that?

Townshend: I gave them my record contract and said, "Listen, hold on to that. Don't charge me any interest. I'll get on with delivering the record and you just take the lot. I'll pay you over three or four years." I also sold a lot of assets. I closed my bookshop and sound-equipment company. I sacked a few people. I raised the rates at my recording studios. I cut down on personal spending. I sold my Ferrari and my boat.

I also managed to convince the guys in the band that I would stay alive if they allowed me to work with them again. After the Rainbow fiasco, I had difficulty proving to Roger in particular that I was going to enjoy working with the Who, and that it was important to me that the band end properly, rather than end because of my fucking mental demise. I love the group. What I couldn't stand was the tension of not knowing when it was going to end. I just had to know when it would finish—I

couldn't stand the indecision. So we agreed to wind everything down between eighteen months and two years from that time.

Penthouse: Have you repaired your relationship with the other band members?

Townshend: As much as it's possible. They're probably not overdelighted that the band will stop working because it suits me and Roger—I don't know about John and Kenney. To maintain my own stability, however, I know I've got to face up to things. Before I wanted to be popular with people, and I'd try to do whatever they wanted me to. But I now realize that it's sometimes necessary to be ruthless with money, with business, and about how I spend my spare time. In particular, I have to be very careful about my tendency to overwork. I really know how much I'm capable of now.

Penthouse: That treatment seems to have worked wonders for you. How does it work?

I think possibly the only reason why I managed to achieve anything at all was because the people around me were being very, very well paid to put up with it.

Townshend: I think NET is a fairly simple thing. It restimulates the brain to produce endorphins. The theory is that the brain stops making its own opiates if you take heroin. You see, drugs literally barge their way in and grab hold of the receptors [active sites on brain cells that the endorphins normally occupy]. Drugs wreak havoc where there was once peace and harmony. So with NET, you use an electrical frequency that will restimulate the problem area.

Penthouse: Could you describe the treatment, starting from the first day?

Townshend: I took a massive dose of heroin to get to California, and the Pattersons met me at the airport in a van and they hooked me up to the machine as soon as I got in. The first frequencies they gave me were low ones for heroin. I think it was kept on that setting for about eight hours.

Penthouse: Did the electrical stimulation give you a euphoric buzz?

Townshend: No. I just got this sense of a natural energy flowing into my body. It was as if all sorts of dormant feelings were being rekindled. The inner joy of recovery, and becoming independent from drugs, produced this tremendous feeling of reju-

vation. By the second day, in fact, I knew I was on the home stretch. And on the third day, I started to look and feel human again. I started to read newspapers and to write about the way I felt. I remember writing things like, "I want to go out for a walk. I don't believe it." I could really feel my passion for life returning.

Another thing was that I'd had traces of returning sexuality. Initially, that was quite troubling for me, because I'd put down a lot of my problems in relationships to an abnormally dynamic sexual appetite—and a confused sexual appetite. I'd talked to close friends about it and they'd said, "Oh yeah, well, you know, that's pretty much normal if you're an aggressive, high-strung individual. After all, half the people who are successful in business or acting are sex crazy." But I suppose that for about a month, maybe two months, before being treated I'd felt no sexual feelings whatsoever, so the treatment definitely had a rekindling effect.

I think I also wrote that I was still feeling somewhat bitter, or betrayed. But then on the fourth day, I woke up with this aggressive, angry attitude toward life. No, arrogant is perhaps a better word. I believed that I could take on the world. Later on, though—on the fifth day, I believe—I started to get depressed. Meg would then turn the machine up to a high frequency for an hour or so to stimulate the cocaine-type receptors in the brain. And if it was left on too long at this setting, I would start babbling away and everything in the room would start to go wooooooooo.

Penthouse: Like acid?

Townshend: The intensification of color and sound, often in a very pretty way, was just like acid. But there was no confusion of sense channels—that didn't happen. I really felt up until the next day, when I woke up nauseous and achy. A lot of the withdrawal symptoms had actually returned in their own shape.

Penthouse: So the treatment did not totally suppress your withdrawal symptoms?

Townshend: It cushioned some more rapidly than others. On the second day, the battery of the bloody machine ran out, or something went wrong. We were totally unaware of this until it became clear that I was going into steep withdrawals. I got the full belt of the symptoms back—the panic, the nose-running, and fantastic cramps, particularly in my arms and legs. When they got the machine working again, I got only some of the symptoms—and they were far less severe. I got a runny nose and I did have muscle cramps. I had a certain amount of difficulty sleeping, but it wasn't too bad, really. I felt fairly warm. But most important of all, I got back the ability to act.

Before, when I tried to stop using heroin unaided, I not only suffered severe withdrawal but was completely unable to get out of bed, even to carry out the most minute task. If the phone rang next to my bed, it might take me ten hours to pick up the receiver. I'd be so far gone I hardly knew

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168





Lambert had spent his life taking risks, but they all paled before this challenge: planning and executing the biggest bank heist in French history.

THE DANGEROUS EDGE

BY ROBERT DALEY

Lambert, the would-be playwright, the ex-war hero, the expatriate, stepped back to admire his handiwork. Once again it dazzled him. Once again he saw it in terms of drama, one written, produced, directed by and starring himself. His stage setting was this ravaged bank vault and it was perfection. He noted the gaping doors to safes, the piles of wrecked lockboxes, and the refuse on the floor—papers out of the boxes—that came up over the insteps of his rubber boots, over all their rubber boots. Costumes and makeup seemed to him equally brilliant. Casting, too. The eye doubted nothing. A dozen actors working hard. Bare, sweaty torsos. Gloves. Grimy faces.

It was the middle of the third night without sleep and Lambert, being high on triumph, exhaustion, and Dexedrine, no longer saw the world clearly. He did know where he was, underneath the Banque de Nice et de la Côte d'Azur, which made him laugh. Just another American making a name for himself on the French Riviera. In his euphoria it seemed to him almost normal to be there. The American century had begun. America, having saved the world, owned it. The green passport opened any door, permitted any excess, dominated Europe as guns never had, and even bank vaults couldn't stop it.

PAINTING BY GRAHAM DEAN

Courtesy Nicholas Treadwell Gallery, London

He glanced around at the characters he had assembled—those he could see, for there were three interconnected strong rooms and he could not see everybody. There were two teams working, six French mobsters brought to Nice from Marseille and six English-speaking soldiers of fortune.

Such casting, in Lambert's opinion, made for great theater. Although some of the actors were identified only by stage names, these were bizarre: St. Jean, Frère Jacques, The Enforcer, Freddie the Jeweler, The Walrus, Henry the Welder. Jean was no saint; he ran stables of hookers from Marseille to Toulon. Freddie was a jeweler and a fence, Brother Jacques was a loan shark, and The Enforcer just that. Henry, also known as The Torch, was truly a welder by trade, or had been; Lambert understood him to be the foremost hit man and torturer in Marseille, and for weeks had been slightly afraid of him. The Walrus in real life was an ex-wrestler; his mashed face and puffed-up ears proved it. A seventh Frenchman, known as The Pope, watched the bank from an apartment across the street. He played the role of lookout, a walk-on.

The soldier-of-fortune roles had been carefully cast also, though the choice was large. Lambert had selected only men he knew well, had worked with before, and trusted absolutely: two Australians, a Lebanese Arab, a former RAF fighter pilot, and an American army deserter known as Roy LeRoy. The sixth soldier of fortune was Lambert himself, and he had a nickname too: Le Cerveau—The Brain.

There was no curtain, no audience, no play. Real men had been ravaging the vault all weekend, and the loot was piling up on the tables. Real sweat ran into their eyes and down their backs, for the heat was real, too, and it was cooking them. In the close, unventilated vault, body heat alone would have driven the temperature to unsupportable levels, but blowtorches had been operating around the clock too. Safes had become ovens too hot to touch. The air was almost unbreathable. The vault's multiple odors, its stench, its cloying gases, had become as oppressive as horse blankets. One wore them, one could not take them off. Worst was the No. 3 strong room, where the communal toilets, employed by twelve men during an entire weekend, were ranged against the massive vault doors: open buckets they had brought in with them, plus several silver soup tureens—family heirlooms, no doubt—they had discovered in one of the safes. The stench of steaming urine, of liquefying feces, was now so intense that it had emptied No. 3 of everyone but the Walrus, whose nose was so flat it perhaps no longer worked.

It was The Walrus who now dug into the box containing the pornographic pictures. Behind him ran a table, bolted to the floor, and he turned and upended the box. What fell out made no noise—no jewelry, rare coins, or gold bars. Only paper, and paper

baffled him. His gloved hand stirred it around and the packet of pictures fell onto the floor. They were postcard size, bound with a rubber band, and he bent to pick them up.

Lambert, in the middle strong room, worked a different lode: tall French safes on wheels that lined all the walls, that stood shoulder to shoulder like a regiment of World War I tanks. Lambert's giddiness, his heady contemplation of his "play," came and went. The safes remained there. Every one had to be opened, and he was doing it. He worked beside Roy LeRoy, and it was the hardest work he had ever done.

Also, he kept an eye on The Walrus through the door. He kept an eye on everyone as best he could. Between spates of euphoria he was as watchful as a museum guard, for this was "his" vault, "his" treasure. It was as if he feared the vandal who might try to desecrate them.

"What have we here?" chortled The

“My agreement with
Faletta was no paper,” Lambert
said carefully.
“Cash, gold bars, unset stones
only. We take
nothing that can be traced.”

Walrus in French, and he shuffled the photos through huge gloved thumbs.

Lambert dropped what he was doing and went in there. He was followed by Roy LeRoy and, after a moment, by the two Australians and the fighter pilot. The other Frenchmen remained in No. 1.

"What boobs on this one!" said The Walrus. "Admirable. Formidable."

"Yeah," said Roy LeRoy, looking over his shoulder.

The Walrus giggled with mirth.

Lambert took the pictures and examined them.

Scenes lit by flashbulbs. Lots of flesh. Participants in grotesque poses. Jeweled masks and grinning mouths. They were playing to the camera, and to each other. In the background stood a row of what could only be called cheerleaders. Also masked. Also nude. Nudes cheering. But the setting here was somebody's parlor. Paintings on the walls. Expensive furniture.

"Prominent local citizens at play," said Roy LeRoy in English.

"Yeah." In better light than here, Lambert decided, it might be possible to recognize faces.

"Those are worth money," said Roy LeRoy.

This idea was about to occur to The Walrus too, and Lambert glanced at him.

"Put them in your pocket," said Roy LeRoy.

"He said something about me," said The Walrus, and his eyes flicked from Lambert to LeRoy and back again.

"He was admiring your photos," said Lambert. He spoke French because he had a French wife. He was also the only man in the vault whose home base was Nice. He thought of all of the others as being more foreign than himself.

"These I keep," said The Walrus, snatching the photos back. He rammed the packet down into his boot.

"If anybody is keeping those pictures," said Roy LeRoy in English, "we are." He had lifted a sledgehammer off the floor. His muscles had tensed, and he looked eager to swing it. He said to Lambert: "Say the word, and I lay him out."

"He weighs three hundred pounds."

"The hammer don't care how much he weighs."

"Oh, for Christ's sake," said Lambert, "there are five more of them in the other room. Are you going to lay out all five simultaneously?"

"What did he say?" demanded The Walrus.

Criminals are predators, Lambert realized. It was a dramatist's insight. He would work it into a play. Every one of them is a free lance. They have no more notion of teamwork than sharks.

"I said something to you," said The Walrus menacingly.

They were incendiary photos and had to be got out of the wrestler's boot. This was clear to Lambert. They must be kept away from Roy LeRoy also, for once outside this vault they would start a conflagration. They would light a trail for the police to follow to Lambert's door. To everybody's door.

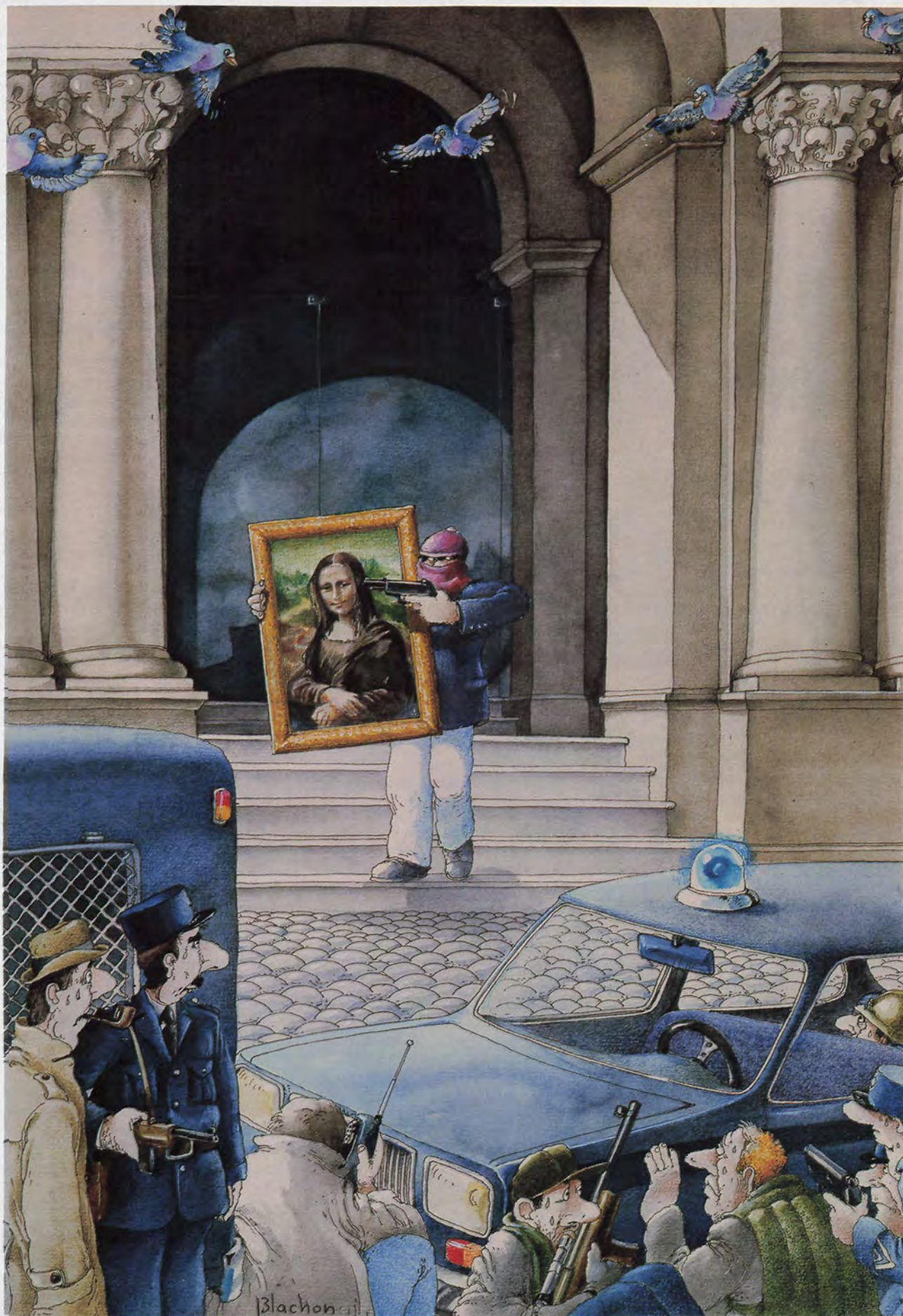
"He said he wishes to regard again her with the big tits," said Lambert, and he forced a grin that was not successful. Sweat ran down its cracks, so that he both looked and felt like a man crying. "Me too, as a matter of fact."

Mollified, The Walrus handed them over. "How would you like to precipitate yourself onto those boobies there?" he asked, pointing. His ruined face was closer to the photos than Lambert's. "Formidable," he said.

"I was going to give them to Faletta," The Walrus explained. But he began to look doubtful. "He's got a collection."

"My agreement with Faletta was no paper," Lambert said carefully. "Cash, gold bars, unset stones only. We take nothing that can be traced."

Faletta was a Corsican. Most of French organized crime—the so-called *Milieu*—was Corsican, and its headquarters was Marseille. Faletta had agreed to provide the financing, the gear, and the additional manpower Lambert's scheme required.



"Paper means if it's got writing on it," said The Walrus. "This is dirty pictures. Dirty pictures aren't the same."

"Photos count as paper," Lambert told him. "Faletta will get mad. Those are not professional pictures. Those are amateur pictures. Let us paste them upon the wall." There was a caulking tube on the floor for caulking vents against escaping smoke and noise. Lambert had thought of everything in advance, though not this. He grabbed it up and squeezed the compound off against the wall. Dabs spattered like bullets.

The Walrus did not protest. Instead he started again to giggle, even as Lambert pressed the final photo to the wall. There—the caulking tube was empty. As was Lambert.

The Walrus looked proud, like an art collector gazing up at his hanging Rembrandts. "It's the first thing they'll see when they come in here," he said in French.

"They'll laugh their heads off," said Roy LeRoy in English. Though he stared covetously at the photos, the sledge was back on the floor against his leg, and the crisis was past.

It was nearly dawn. At Lambert's order hammers and torches stopped.

They would go out under mountaineer's packs, taking only loot, leaving everything else behind to mock the police: their tanks, tools, and cables, their remaining food and wine. Proof that they had been there. The Brain had planned it this way in advance. Mementos of a luxurious weekend at public expense. The *flics* would be livid. As a small boy Lambert had learned that it was a mistake to make authority figures angry, but he would disregard the lesson. As an adult he would indulge himself.

The Brain marched Henry the Welder—The Torch—into No. 3 and up to the great vault doors.

"Weld the door shut," Lambert told him. "What for? It's a time lock. It can't open until it's time."

This was the final detail of The Brain's grand plan. "Suppose today it can't open at all?"

The Torch was about forty, Medium height. Heavily muscled. Broad, flat face with an almost Oriental cast to it. Green eyes spotted with flecks of yellow. Now he grinned, disclosing bad teeth. "I get it. An extra day's start on the *flics*." He pulled his visor down and set to work.

The tunnel entrance was in No. 1, high up on the outside wall. Crouched under their packs, the men waited for Lambert's signal. Though they had not believed in him at the beginning, they were all disciples now, and they waited for the word.

With the exception of Freddie the Jeweler, who carried only a satchel of jewels, they were carrying up to 100 pounds per man. Most of this weight was gold. The boxes had contained hundreds of gold ingots, thousands of gold coins, a dozen or

more gold dinner services. The French were gold hoarders, always had been, for only gold was proof against invasion, occupation, inflation, devaluation, war—all of the recurring natural disasters of Europe. But not even gold was proof against The Brain, who now sent his men up the ladder one by one.

But as he waited his turn he decided he wanted to leave some message for the authorities to find. Make them madder. He could scrawl it on the wall. A message to the world from the dramatist, who was also The Brain.

Lambert picked up a blowtorch and, lighting a match, ignited it. This flame was his pen. He would burn his words into history, and he waited for them to occur to him.

Adjusting his flame, he printed out the words *LA COMÉDIE HUMAINE CONTINUE*.

He stepped back and studied what he had written. Probably the most famous line he would ever write. It seemed to him both

Lambert looked down
at the corpse. This crime he
had concocted was
being lifted up into a wholly
new category and he
was powerless to stop it.

profound and hysterically funny. It would do. He was satisfied. It was a line guaranteed to increase the size of tomorrow's headlines, thereby increasing the pressure on the police to find him and lock him up. He did not care. He laughed. The police would mobilize every resource. The Brain was too smart for his own good, and theirs. They would not stop until they had him.

The last of the queue had climbed the ladder and disappeared into the hole. Lambert, imagining himself alone in the vault, prepared to say good-bye to it.

However, he was not alone. The Walrus had decided to leave a signature behind also, and several minutes previously had dropped back into the No. 3 strong room to prepare it. While Lambert was composing prose with a blowtorch, The Walrus was systematically and carefully tossing the contents of the latrine buckets and soup tureens onto the paper that littered the floors—people's stocks and bonds, their insurance policies and marriage certificates, their love letters, the titles to their houses—showing contempt for all they stood for, after which he was just as carefully wading and stomping through the

stew he had made, stirring the gravy, turning it into glue.

Lambert smelt this before he heard it, the acidic perfume, the wafting fecal gusts, and he rushed in there.

The Walrus was enjoying himself. His mashed face wore a beatific grin.

"What are you doing?" demanded Lambert.

"We had to wade in shit to get in here," explained The Walrus. "It's their turn now." He had a soup tureen in each glove and as Lambert watched he sloshed the contents right and left. His boots plastered it down.

Lambert said carefully: "It's your turn on the ladder."

"I haven't finished yet."

"You've done enough. They'll get your idea."

When The Walrus, still grinning hugely, had gone forward, Lambert's toe stirred some documents. He felt stunned, as if from a blow. A mindless vandal had besmirched the only perfect work of art that Lambert had so far conceived—might ever conceive. But there was nothing he could do. The Walrus's work was as irreversible as his own.

In the No. 1 strong room he shouldered the final pack, switched off the lights, and began to climb.

The tunnel was about twenty feet long, well buttressed, a work of art in itself, safe as a mine. He crawled along it. When he came out into the sewer he was hit by a column of cold air which, however fetid in actual fact, smelled amazingly pure and fresh to him, and he stepped down into the fast flowing current and went forward. The sewer here was an oval-shaped culvert only about four feet high. Bent nearly double, his pack sometimes scraping the ceiling, his face only a few inches above the water, he moved along under the rue De-loye.

Ahead he could perceive the lights of the others, they were not moving, and he guessed before he got there that the rue Chauvain sewer, the major trunk line, must be in flood.

It was. Roy LeRoy was standing down in it. The flow was up to his crotch, and it was flooding past him. He was hanging on to a pipe. He had all he could do to hang on.

The men were fanned out on a ledge and Freddie the Jeweler had begun to whimper.

"We'll be drowned like rats."

In English Roy called up to Lambert: "We can't wade it carrying these heavy packs. We'll all go under."

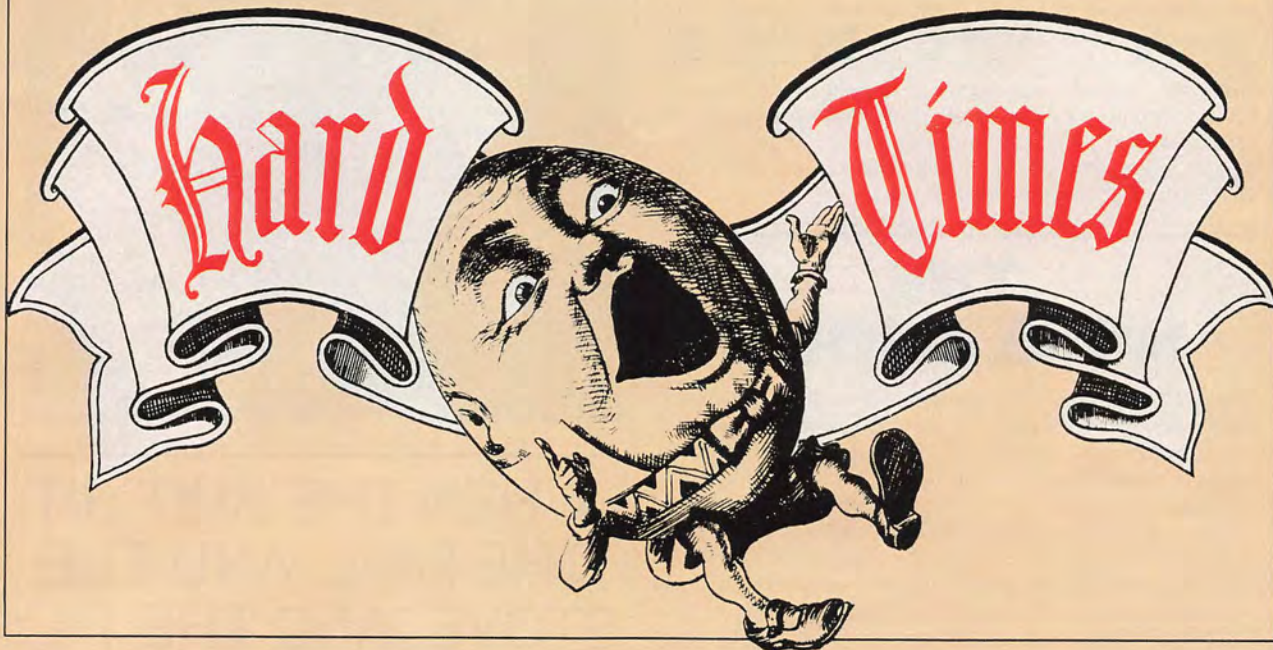
In their exhaustion the men had become panicky. It was not so much fear that paralyzed them, Lambert saw, as the conflict between fear and greed. The only way out, it seemed, was to abandon the plunder they had worked so hard for.

But Lambert spoke soothingly in English, in French. He calmed them down. He explained how they would rig a lifeline. Someone had to go back to the bank for a rope. When there were no volunteers, The

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and oftentimes witless dribblets of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 2, NO. 7

MAN BULLDOZES HIS OWN HOUSE



WIDE WORLD

Brady Way of Hamburg, N. Y. moves houses for a living. So in a fit of pique over an upcoming divorce, Way did what came naturally to him—he got into his bulldozer and shoved his own home

three feet off of its foundation. Way's wife was "out shopping" at the time. (*Rapid City Journal*—submitted by James Berry)
We hope she found a new house.—Editor

DUTCH TREAT?

This lovely couple are Holland's first "legally" married lesbians. Both women were dressed casually for the most important day in their lives. Hermanna Kalsbeek wore a corsage in her lapel and Ria Bultena emerged from the church clasping a bouquet of roses, which we suppose makes her the blushing bride. However, since Roman Catholic rules prohibit marriage between two people of the same sex, the lesbian wedding may cause Rev. A. C. Heymans, the priest who performed the ceremony, some problems, said a church spokesman. (New York Daily News—submitted by Jon Beerman)

THE NOSE KNOWS

Florida Highway Patrol Trooper Barney "The Nose" Stallworth has an unusual talent. He claims that he can smell marijuana hidden in the cars he stops for traffic violations. Statistics back him up: he's made 12 drug arrests in the past 18 months. His infallible nose has led him to discover hundreds of pounds of pot wrapped in burlap and plastic inside closed car trunks. Aspersions have been cast on Stallworth's olfactory abilities. One defense attorney argued—unsuccessfully—that Stallworth should be ordered to smell out marijuana hidden in a lineup of cars. Stallworth's famed nose has already prompted drug dealers to take special precautions. Stallworth stopped one suspicious-looking car, started sniffing the air, and got a whiff of bathroom deodorizer. Upon opening the trunk of the car, he discovered 100 pounds of marijuana—and dozens of cakes of bathroom deodorizer which the unlucky suspect had used to mask the marijuana odor. (Orlando Sentinel—submitted by Gary Meiseles) *If he became an investigator, would he be Barney Stallworth, Private Nose?—Editor*



WIDE WORLD



UPI

WHEN THE SHIT HIT THE FAN...AND THE STOVE, AND THE TV...

Mark O'Guin was at work when a neighbor noticed a strange seepage coming from his home's exterior siding and doors. The neighbor called O'Guin's mother-in-law, who came over to check things out. When she opened the carport door, raw sewage rushed out in a wave knee-deep and almost knocked her over. Inside the house, the sewage was eight inches deep. Bits of toilet paper clung along his walls. Sewage was flowing through the walls and coming out around the foundation of

the house. "It filled up like a swimming pool," said O'Guin. It turned out that a Memphis sanitation crew trying to clear a blocked sewer line evidently hooked up a pump the wrong way. O'Guin said his homeowner's insurance policy does not apply to damage from sewer problems. "It's almost a standard exclusion; we're in a real fix." (Chicago Tribune—submitted by Bruce Mistarz) *Another case of being stuck up shit creek without an insurance policy.—Editor*

THIEF SAVED BY GARBAGE

A man suspected of shoplifting at Macy's Herald Square store fell seven floors down a trash disposal shaft as he fled from security guards, police said. He suffered several broken bones but was expected to live.

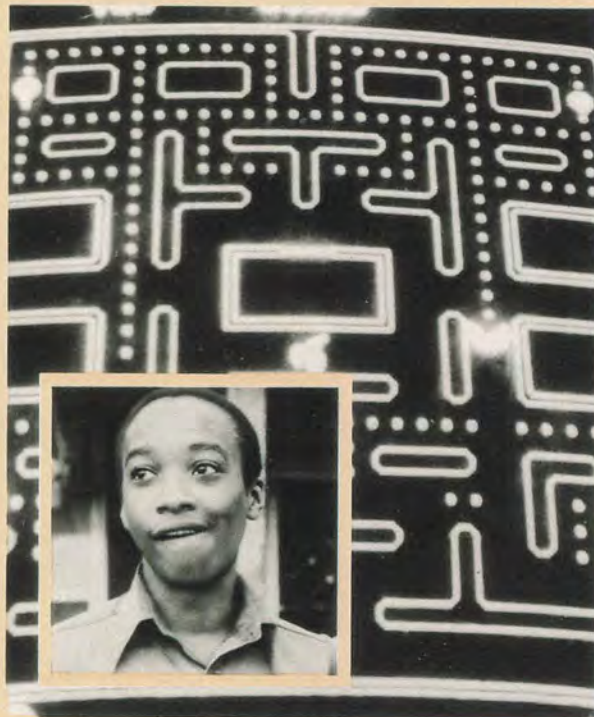
Police of the Midtown South Precinct said that at about 6:30 P.M. Monday the man was spotted by security guards after he allegedly grabbed a \$79 dress.

While the man was being chased by guards, he saw an opening in the wall that turned out to be a disposal chute. He jumped in, police said, apparently thinking he had found a good place to hide.

The man, whose name was not known, broke both legs and his jaw in the 70-foot fall. His landing was cushioned by the compacted garbage at the bottom of the chute, police said. (Newsday)

PAC-MAN FEVER

Teenager Eric McGill was so addicted to video games that he dropped out of school to spend all of his time in the arcades. But when his family planned to move to the country, away from the Pac-Men, Eric freaked out. His solution was to burn down the family's new home to force them to move back to town—so he could go back to his video games. When Eric was caught, the probation officer had a hard time getting any information from him—till he brought up the subject of video games. Then the whole story came out. Eric's terms of probation were that he enroll in an adult learning center, get a job, pay for the damage he caused—and stay out of video game parlors for 10 years. (*National Enquirer*—submitted by John Armstrong).

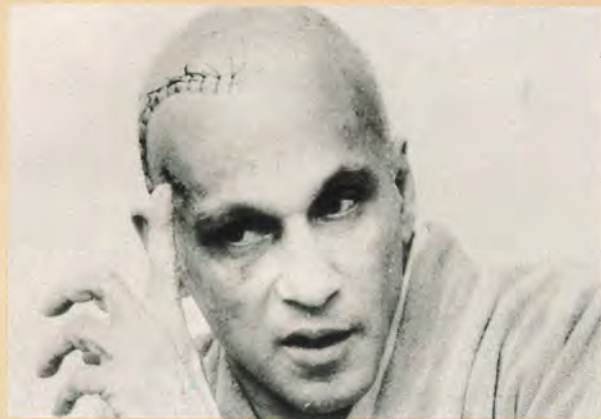


He Put the Kid in Kidnapper

Russell Maguire, Jr., 57, heir to the Thompson submachine-gun fortune, claimed that he was a cultural philanthropist who travels with young girls to enrich their lives. An 8-year-old Utah girl who travelled with Maguire, however, had a very odd description of the way he "enriched" her life. The third-grader said that the eccentric Seattle multimillionaire had her tie him up, spank him with a belt, feed him milk through a baby bottle, and lie on top of him in bed. Maguire is charged with sexually molesting the girl and taking her across state lines for immoral purposes. (*New York Daily News*—submitted by Joseph Lee)

The rich are different from you and me.—Editor

THE DRILL OF IT ALL



Donald Wright may now have a bald head, but his keeping a cool head saved his life. Wright, a building contractor, was working on a ladder when he toppled onto a 3/8-inch drill bit that was pointing upwards. Wright fainted, and then when he came to he realized the drill bit was stuck in his skull. Holding the five-pound drill, Wright went into a bathroom and checked out the situation in the mirror. "I tried to pull it out but it wouldn't come out. So I knew the only way to get it out was by restarting it. I looked into the mirror and I restarted the drill and pulled it out of my head. Blood spurted from my head. I thought my brains were pouring out with the blood. But I felt no pain." The level-headed Mr. Wright then left the apartment he was working in and returned to his home, where his wife called an ambulance. Doctors say the drill bit was imbedded 2.9 inches into his skull. (*Detroit Free Press*—submitted by E. T. Benjamin)

And we thought going to the dentist was bad!—Editor

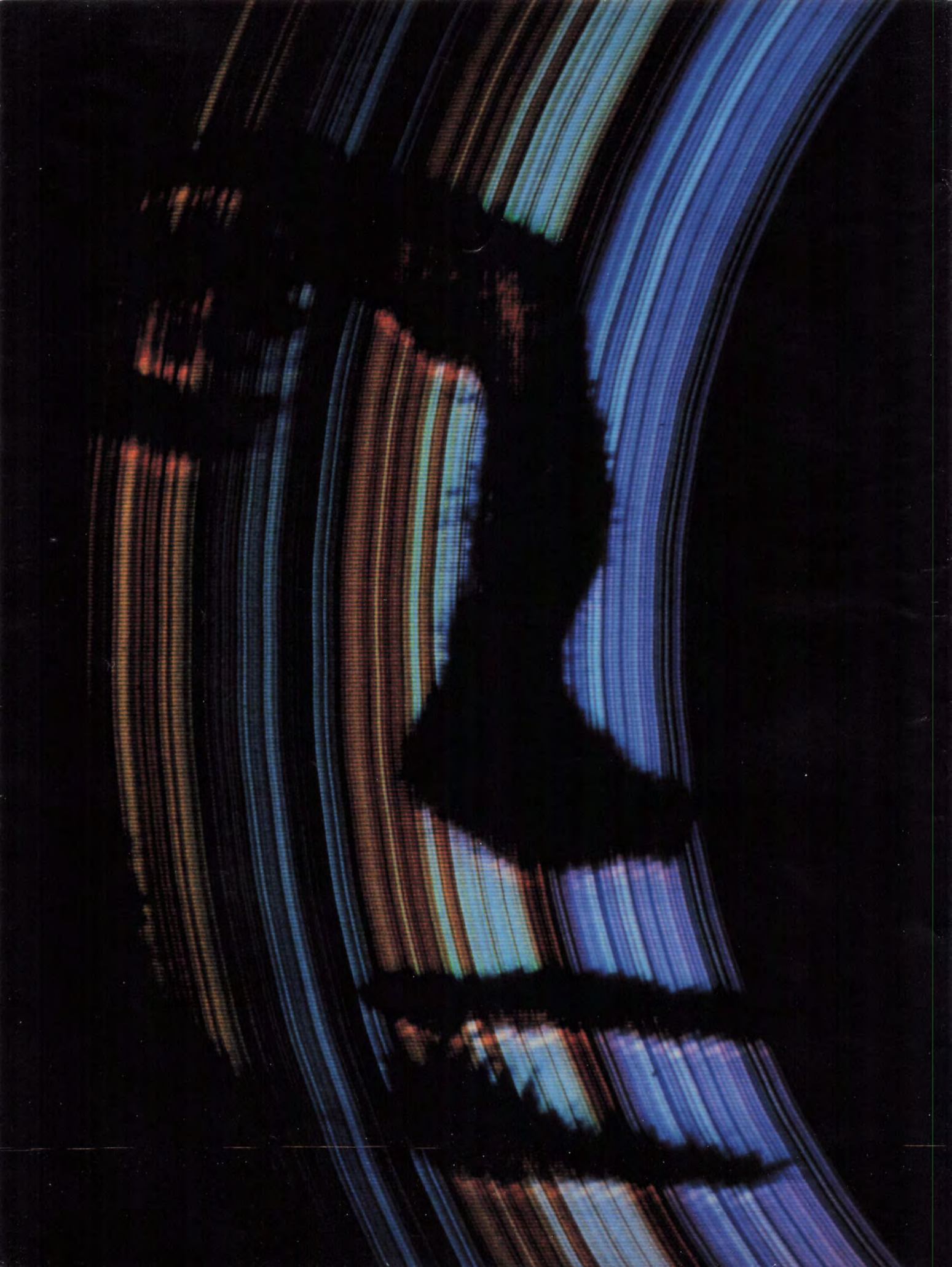
A HARD DAY'S KNIGHT

Hard times all over. The general who led the Royal Marines in the Falkland Islands war and accepted surrender of the Argentine occupation forces cannot find a job. Maj. Gen. Sir Jeremy Moore said: "I've got no home and need to find a job. Everyone told me getting a job wouldn't be a problem, but so far no company has offered me one." After the war ended, Moore returned to England where he was given a hero's welcome and was knighted. Because he had retired from the Marines, however, he was evicted from his service house in Plymouth. "I have to find something to pay my children's school fees," said the general, who now spends his spare time making models of cars and ships. (*The Stars and Stripes*—submitted by PFC Chris Campbell, 558 M.P. Company, APO, New York)

Seems the English care as much about their war vets as we do.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.



GIVING GOOD TAPE: THE BRAVE NEW WORLD OF VIDEO DATING

If you're tired of looking
for love in all the wrong places,
these state-of-the-art
matchmakers may be the answer.

BY ELLEN SHERMAN

"He's a real hunk," a petite young woman in a miniskirt whispers to her girl friend as they eye a lean urban-cowboy type lounging in the lobby of a luxurious New York skyscraper. Only problem is, his attention seems fixed on Donna, a smartly dressed, thirtyish brunette. Although feigning disinterest, she is very much aware of the "hot property" casually reading his *Times*. Suddenly a sleek lady in suede runs up to him, and, arms entwined, they whisk out into the street. The two girls are ticked off. "Wouldn't you know it, the good ones are always taken," one moans. "Not necessarily," Donna comments to the disappointed duo, and briskly enters the elevator. Once inside, she drops her professional air and scrutinizes her image in the mirrored panels. Her crisp suit and silk blouse state this is a lady who might be on her way to an important board meeting. Exiting the elevator, she strides up to a pair of heavy wooden doors. She hesitates. She's excited. And why not? Inside might lie true love, and even today that's still very

serious business.

Donna enters the tastefully decorated suite. The mood is just right. It's almost as if the place has been "dressed for romance." Corridors glow with a soft lighting designed to make practically anyone look good. The sandy carpet is thick and lush. Delicate floral arrangements emit a heady scent as Donna approaches the site of her rendezvous. You'd think she'd be more nervous, since she's about to encounter a prospective eligible man whom she's never seen. But she's surprisingly at ease as she settles into a burgundy velvet chair. Suddenly, Jim, a sandy-haired, fashionably attired CPA appears before her. He's nervous, but Donna is totally at ease. She doesn't have to make idle chatter. He's the one who's got to prove himself. See, Donna is viewing Jim's pitch on videotape in the elegant offices of one of New York's more prestigious dating services. The suite may look like a law firm, but it's the nerve center for 1,500 hopeful members who've cataloged

themselves on film and in print, hoping for anything from just a date for Saturday night to a permanent partner for Sunday brunch. But this is no pot-luck lonely hearts club. It's state-of-the-art matchmaking—the video dating service.

In a private cubicle, complete with video screen and headphones, Donna waits for that special feeling that says "chemistry." Jim desperately tries to act casual as he answers his interviewer's questions from a preselected list of topics. Donna smiles as Jim discusses the Rockies (question 19: "What's your favorite vacation spot?"). She listens to his views on Mayor Koch (question 2: "What are your political views?"). The smile fades. Things aren't looking good. Question #10 clinches it. It seems that if Jim could meet any person, living or dead, he'd opt for an hour with Bob Hope. The "eject" button is pushed and "Jim—member #268, tape #1098"—gets the heave-ho. "I don't even think Bob Hope's funny!" Donna states,

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER ANGELO SIMON

inserting a tape of another hopeful. "God, I've been looking for the 'Jim' tape," a young blonde says, eagerly scooping up the discarded cassette. Donna shrugs. Maybe the blonde loves Bob Hope. Maybe she and Jim would be a perfect couple and live happily ever after. That's no easy feat today, which is why this service's members have forked over anywhere from \$150 to \$350 to give the course of true love a push in the right direction.

There are over 55 million single people in the United States, yet the complaint "It's hard to meet people" echoes from sea to shining sea. At one time, people trusted fate to bring the perfect stranger around any corner. Star-crossed eyes would meet and an impulsive date would follow. Accepting such an offer today holds the romantic promise of getting yourself herpes or hurt. Anyone over eighteen knows that singles bars means being shoved in a smoky room while paying \$4.50 a white wine for the pleasure. Computer dating was once all the rage, but the advent of video has made such places obsolete. Now you can prescreen whom you'd like to meet as well as the people who have asked to meet you, by privately viewing them in living, breathing color. It does lessen the odds of paying to get a date with a contemporary Rasputin. Unless, of course, he's your type. In which case you'd be out of luck, because he probably wouldn't have made it into this club's human encyclopedia. Management is choosy about which people may join. They're trying to attract a tremendous, formerly untapped clientele... the successful, personable single. Just the kind who never used to use such a service. Attracting new members to an alleged storehouse of "quality people" means "quality control" from the start. No membership gained by filling out a matchbook cover.

Prospective clients are first interviewed. Their professional and, of course, financial status is checked. If you prove to be who and what you say you are, which in most members' cases means one of the teeming mass of the upwardly mobile, you stand a good chance of acceptance. That is, after your check has cleared. A lengthy questionnaire trying to capture the "youness" of you is given to new members. On the back will go the all-important two complimentary Polaroids and any pictures of your choosing. Giving first name only, these bios are alphabetically filed in the burgundy albums composing the reference room's "living library." Next comes the all-important video interview, which joins the many cassettes above the receptionist's desk. Now the comparison shopping begins. Each bio hopes to whet the viewer's appetite enough to have him or her request the member's tape. These cassettes are the acid test. Someone who looked good on paper may in action leave you cold. Of course, you could stumble on Prince Charming. There's one hitch—he may not want to stumble onto you. The "selected" member receives an em-

bossed invitation in the mail requesting that he or she come into the offices and give the selectee's bio and tape the once-over. In private. Only if the selected wants to see the real thing, in person, do the joyous "mutual selection" cards, providing both parties with each other's last name and phone number, get issued. The magic of technology is trying to take one small step for the blind date.

The selection escape clause is some small comfort, because research on these clubs is leading me to become a very reluctant member #1,786. The slick, glossy ad brochure attempts to reassure me that its membership are my kind of folk: "... people between 21 and 81. Exceptional people. Discerning. Witty. Sincere. Hardworking. Complicated... Real people. Like you..." Like me? Well, at least I'm between twenty-one and eighty-one. It comforts the prospective client that "people with low self-esteem are usually not attracted to a visual and verbal medium." In

Chris eagerly
flips through the pictures. "I
couldn't believe the
women were this good!" he
exclaims. "I wanted
to date everyone. I was like a
kid in a candy store!"

other words, if you're an inarticulate, unfortunate-looking loser, you're not right for a video service. And of course there's the \$350 fee. Right there you screen out the average delivery boy. Classy though it may seem, it still feels like going on the block at a yearling auction.

As I wait for my taping, an older woman passes, bio books in hand, flashing a smile of camaraderie. After all, anyone here shares the admission of "looking for love in all the wrong places." So I'm one of them. I know I'm entering the dating sweepstakes on assignment, but no one else here does. It's humiliating that anyone would think I'd actually joined of my own accord. Let's face it—resorting to a lonely hearts club, even a modern one, just isn't something one admits to in polite company. Classy promo or not, the membership has got to be a pretty sorry lot. Yet the few people seated in the reception area are a highly presentable group. Everyone here could have had a date for the senior prom. Why would seemingly successful, "upscale" people actually shell out hard-earned cash? Can't they get dates for free?

"Getting dates isn't the problem," com-

ments Chris, a dapper lawyer. "Getting quality companionship is. If you're successful, you're moving fast and you don't have time or energy to waste. I'd have been the last guy to join a place like this. But then again, I'd have been the last guy to think I'd be back on the market at thirty-eight." Chris pauses. "And let me tell you, even for supposedly eligible guys like me, the dating thing can be a bitch."

Like so many, Chris had married his childhood sweetheart, but after fourteen years of marriage he found himself divorced and thrown into the chaotic, unfamiliar world of the single. "I moved into the city and found myself a thirty-eight-year-old one-man virgin from suburbia," he admits. Chris felt an off-heard wariness about dating co-workers, so his first "single" year was spent in bars scoring one-night stands. For him, a dating club has been, at the very least, a smart financial move. "It's pure economy. In time and money," Chris proclaims. "I probably could spend this \$350 in two months just buying drinks looking for a date. And even if you do meet someone who seems nice and you ask her out, you can turn out to have absolutely nothing in common. You've wasted a whole night, to say nothing of the sixty-five-buck dinner." Chris eagerly flips through the bios of the "Female-R" binder. "I couldn't believe the women were actually this good! At first I was like a kid in a candy store," he says. "I wanted to date everyone. New women meant new kinds of experiences." And experiences Chris got. His first date was a travel agent who was charming company until, entering a restaurant with Chris, she spotted her ex-husband and his new wife in a cab. "Next thing I knew, she'd downed three martinis and was standing on the table belting out 'Fly Me to the Moon.' I practically carried her home," Chris recalls. "This service can't reveal everything about someone, but I must have had a chance for thirty dates already." More important, Chris vehemently insists romance can bloom even when it's planted with rather artificial seeds. He actually fell in love with his sixth video date and lived with her for two years. Back in circulation now, Chris explains he views the service not as the answer to, but adjunct for, a social life. "You never know who's going to be joining tomorrow," he says optimistically.

Maybe it's because it's a weekday afternoon, but there are disappointingly few customers to share Chris's optimism. It seems like the office has more staff than members. The decked-out suite is like a fancy date with nowhere to go. In the spacious reference room, two women sit at opposite ends of a large table covered with bio books. They may be cruising for a date, but they look like they're reading the *Wall Street Journal*. Eyes discreetly check Chris as he enters the silent room. "Anybody here wanna mud-wrestle?" he gaily challenges. No one laughs. To some people this dating stuff is no joke. Which is



maybe why another girl waiting for her taping has been to the bathroom five times, changing her hairdo with each trip. "They say looks aren't all that's important in the books and tapes, but who are we kidding?" she confides. I find myself checking my own makeup as I'm called to the video room. "Don't be nervous," a staff member says, sounding for all the world like a priest walking me down the last mile.

But the taping goes smoothly and my interviewer indicates I've gone over well. This isn't so bad. "By the way, what are you doing Saturday night?" he casually asks. Even the staff is up for grabs? It's official now. I'm fair game. I decline.

"Too fat," I hear a new member comment. It seems Dave, a bearded young dentist, has been through his first dating go-round and he, like everyone else, does check photos first. "The women mostly look all right and I've had a few nice dates, but I'm getting a little exhausted. You get your hopes up and then, whammo!" David's last date was the kind of "whammo" he means. "Someone who really had me thinking I was going to meet a nice, quiet, normal girl. I mean, I said in my bio how conservative I was and so did she." It seems Dave had picked up a pretty, shy schoolteacher at her apartment. "I thought, Here's one who isn't going to come on aggressive or strange. Then she disappeared into her bedroom, saying

she was preparing something fun to do. Already I thought, Watch out. She called me in, and there was shy, little Leslie hanging upside down from a pair of gravity boots. And she wanted me to jump into the extra pair next to her!" David softly groans as the two women at the reference table discreetly look him over. Both race for the "D" book.

You can't blame their unabashed eagerness. In the club, as everywhere else, women outnumber the men. Staff personnel reveal that men of any age have a greater selection available. They can acceptably be a good catch for women younger or older than themselves. Women between twenty-seven and thirty-eight are also good bets. However, "the most impossible person for us to satisfy is a woman over fifty." Unfortunately that comes as no surprise. But for most other members, is there really a chance of striking the love jackpot? "Well, we've had no marriages so far," one official admits.

Yet squeals of delight indicate limited success. A redhead in her twenties is putting herself on "hold." In video-dating land that's heady stuff. If a member, whether dating a nonmember or another club participant, feels there's a steady romance, they're allowed to withdraw their tapes and files from the human smorgasbord for a three-month trial run. "Of course," the secretary reminds her, "if it doesn't work out, there's no extra charge

to put yourself back in the library." The starry-eyed woman sighs with relief. Being in love in 1983 means always keeping your options open.

"But to get success here, you have to spend time choosing people," the secretary reminds me. "To get good results you have to really go for it." The nearly empty reference library is a disappointing sign there might be a helluva lot of "holds" dropping from the ranks. Or everybody's out of town.

Wrong. It figures that if you cater to professionals, you cater to their hours. On Saturday the library is packed with men and women as they busily flick through the folders. There's an air of expectancy here. And urgency. The organized mayhem evokes visions of a university dorm the day before midterms.

"I'll trade you the 'S's' for the 'T's'," Barbara, a pert gamine, blurts as another woman's hand lands on the "S" book. The woman looks suspicious. Everyone's in competition here. Maybe the blonde's got inside info on a great "Tim" or "Thomas." "Hey," Barbara explains, "I'm a veteran. I've been through the 'S's' already." The switch is made.

The cabinet's almost bare and I wind up with "Men-C's." I quickly learn the cardinal rule. Definitely check the photo and age first. I get all excited about Carl, who shares my enthusiasm for skiing and Brazilian food, only to find his photo reveals him as a great catch for my grandmother.

Most member occupations are indeed impressive executive positions. Most. Just my luck that a very attractive Chip turns out to be a bail bondsman whose heroes include Buddy Rich and Idi Amin. He wants a girl with "fire in her soul." A sure clue to instant disaster. Maybe I'm being too choosy. I have to pick some guys to come in here and screen me. I write down a likely-looking Charles.

"No way, Jose," Barbara states bluntly. "I went out with him." Another woman huddles closer. Firsthand data are valuable. It saves time. "Well," Barbara confides, "Charles gives 'great bio,' 'great tape,' and even 'great phone.' I met him for drinks, sat down, he said hello, then, nada. Boring isn't even the word for it. I literally fell asleep." Though Barbara reveals she's never had big sparks fanned through the club, she's still an avid club supporter.

It's especially hard to believe someone like Barbara could be found here. Sure, the other people in the room are fairly attractive, but this woman, a stockbroker, is extraordinarily charming and pretty enough actually to have modeled for a club ad. You'd think she wouldn't have any trouble getting men to ask her out. "Oh sure," she laughs. "Only problem is, first you have to meet them. God," she sighs, "I did all of it . . . Hunan cooking at the New School, Postimpressionist seminars at the Museum of Modern Art. I was fed up. I mean, there's just so many hours you can spend in the men's department at



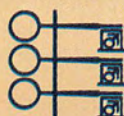
PSYCHOGRAPHIC

SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

KEEPING IT UP

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions to see how long you'll be active sexually.



PSYCHOGRAPH

Some sage once said that the best way to die is to be shot by a jealous husband at the age of 100. Take this psychograph and you might get an idea of just how likely you are to make such a satisfying exit.

Males, as you've probably heard, reach their peak sexual capacity in their late teens. During those years they are capable of more sexual activity than they ever will be thereafter. Physiologically speaking, it's all downhill after that. But just how *much* downhill, of course, varies enormously from one individual to another. Some men pursue active sex lives into ripe old age, while others pretty much peter out (pardon the pun) during their mid-40s.

Solid statistical evidence in this area is not voluminous. Sex researchers have found that it's a lot more difficult to round up data about the sexual experiences of elderly folks than about the erotic behavior of younger people. It's not that the elderly don't have sex lives; nor are they necessarily reluctant to talk about them. It's the families of these people who are frequently a major impediment to research. When older people volunteer for sex studies, their sons, daughters, and other relatives display a marked tendency to go apeshit with embarrassment and often harass their elders into dropping out of research projects.

Despite such obstacles, a firm foundation of data in this area has gradually been built up. The renowned sex researchers William Masters and Virginia Johnson, for example, have found (along with other researchers) that one's early life has an important impact on the durability of one's sex life. In their book, *Human Sexual Response*, they say, "The sociosexual environment within which a male lives during his sexually formative years" is a major factor in determining the extent of his sexuality in later life. Masters and Johnson have isolated more than a half-dozen factors that tend to differentiate men who have long, active sex lives from those who do not. We've relied on data such as these to construct the questions for this psychograph.

While no psychological test can absolutely predict the future, this one may at least give you some clues about what to

expect sexually as you get older. Remember, women often maintain peak sexuality for decades; answer these questions honestly and you may find out whether or not you'll be able to keep up with them.

1. Would you consider the following statement true or false? "If you have a lot of sex when you're young, it decreases your capacity to have sex as you get older. You'll literally wear yourself out and have nothing left."
 - (a) true
 - (b) false
2. Would you say the career you've chosen for yourself is a highly competitive one, with much stress?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) somewhat
 - (c) no
3. How many hours a week do you devote to your job? (If you are not currently working, estimate the time you would expect to be spending on a job you feel qualified for.)
 - (a) fewer than 40 hours per week
 - (b) 40 to 45 hours
 - (c) 46 to 52 hours
 - (d) 53 or more hours
4. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "Old people who engage in sex regularly are disgusting."
 - (a) agree
 - (b) disagree
5. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "Old people who engage in sex regularly are immoral."
 - (a) agree
 - (b) disagree
6. When you work do you feel mentally worn out by the end of the day?
 - (a) yes, most of the time
 - (b) frequently
 - (c) occasionally, but not too often
 - (d) rarely or never
7. How would you rate your sex life up till now?
 - (a) far above average
 - (b) somewhat above average
 - (c) about average
 - (d) somewhat below average
 - (e) far below average
8. Do you worry a lot?
 - (a) yes, very much
 - (b) quite a bit
 - (c) sometimes, but probably no more than most people
 - (d) I rarely worry about things
9. During your mid-twenties approximately how many times per week did you experience orgasm? Include in your estimate orgasms from all sources—intercourse or otherwise. (If you have not yet reached this age group, estimate your average weekly orgasmic output over the last two years.)
 - (a) six times a week or more
 - (b) two to five times a week
 - (c) less than twice a week
10. When you spend the night with a woman for the first time, do you generally experience orgasm with her more than once in the course of the night? (This question applies only to instances taking place before your thirty-fifth year. If you are above that age, use only your earlier experiences to guide you in answering.)
 - (a) yes, almost always
 - (b) yes, frequently
 - (c) sometimes
 - (d) rarely
 - (e) I've never spent the night with a woman.
11. How often do you feel bored?
 - (a) much of the time
 - (b) frequently
 - (c) occasionally
 - (d) rarely or never
12. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing the way you'd be most likely to react if you felt bored?
 - (a) If I felt bored, I'd probably sit around not doing much and wait for things to get better.

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PSYCHOGRAPH

- (b) Turn on the TV.
 - (c) Turn on the radio or stereo.
 - (d) Take drugs.
 - (e) Read a book.
 - (f) Go out and do something active, like playing tennis or basketball or running.
 - (g) Turn to some hobby that I pursue regularly.
13. How would you describe your physical appearance?
- (a) I'm good-looking.
 - (b) I look okay; I guess I'm about average.
 - (c) I'm ugly.
14. How would you describe your intelligence?
- (a) I'm far above average.
 - (b) I'm somewhat above average.
 - (c) I'm about average.
 - (d) I'm somewhat below average.
 - (e) I'm far below average.
15. How's your health?
- (a) very good
 - (b) quite good
 - (c) fair
 - (d) poor
16. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "Any man who has suffered a heart attack should no longer engage in sex."
- (a) agree
 - (b) disagree
17. Are you usually successful at whatever you attempt to do?
- (a) yes, almost always
 - (b) much of the time
 - (c) sometimes yes, sometimes no
 - (d) occasionally
 - (e) rarely or never
18. Do you drink to excess?
- (a) yes, very frequently
 - (b) often
 - (c) once in a while
 - (d) rarely or never
19. How often do you overeat?
- (a) very frequently
 - (b) often

- (c) once in a while
- (d) rarely or never

20. How often do you use marijuana, cocaine, or any other drug to excess?
- (a) very frequently
 - (b) often
 - (c) once in a while
 - (d) rarely or never

SCORING

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 100; the lowest, 20.

1. a-1, b-5
2. a-1, b-3, c-5
3. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
4. a-1, b-5
5. a-1, b-5
6. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
7. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
8. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
9. a-5, b-3, c-1
10. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1, e-1
11. a-1, b-1, c-3, d-5
12. a-1, b-2, c-2, d-1, e-3, f-5, g-4
13. a-5, b-3, c-1
14. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
15. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
16. a-1, b-5
17. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
18. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
19. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
20. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5

If you scored 84 to 100 points:

You show every sign of being a robust sexual athlete well into old age. In his book *Aging and Behavior*, psychologist Jack Botwinick (who has worked at Washington University along with Masters and Johnson) says, "For a large number of elderly men and women, sexual relations end only with death." Your prospects for numbering among this group are strong indeed. You're likely to die with a smile on your face.

68 to 83 points:

Your score indicates that you have an above-average chance of enjoying active sexuality throughout your life. When you

reach an advanced age, you may not be quite as spry as you were as a young buck, but you'll be able to get the job done—and enjoy doing it.

52 to 67 points:

Your score appears to place you in the average category. This is not necessarily something to feel bad about, since, sexually speaking, "average" is pretty good. Kinsey, for instance, found that 95 percent of men over sixty years of age continue to be sexually active. At the age of seventy, a full 70 percent of all men are still sexually active. In other words, the "average" man is likely to have a sex life that is at least five, six, or seven decades long. You can have a lot of fun in that amount of time.

36 to 51 points:

Your score suggests that your sexual interest may wane somewhat earlier than that of many other men. Men who score at this level and below are more likely to number among that 30 percent who cease sexual activity after the age of seventy. But when it comes to one's sex life, nothing is preordained. *Wanting* to remain sexually active can play a major role in actually *being* sexually active. In addition, learning more about mature sex may enable you to shed some misconceptions and enjoy sex for longer than you otherwise would.

20 to 35 points:

A score in this category may indicate that one's sexual longevity will be considerably below average. However, as we indicated earlier, a short psychological questionnaire like this one is not foolproof. Your sexual fate is never sealed so long as you have a desire to exercise your sexuality. You may never be a superstud, but that doesn't mean you can't enjoy a warm, fulfilling sex life well into advanced age. The actual mechanics of the sex act may come somewhat slowly, but that doesn't stop sex from being pleasurable. Some men in this category, of course, have low sex drives to begin with. Such men sometimes experience little distress over the gradual waning of their sexual powers. They devote their time to other things and often find that they can be extremely productive in other areas of their lives. 



Kam·chat'ka.

The ice breaker.



HEADY EXPERIENCES

BY JIMMY BRESLIN

For a real beer drinker, nothing
can ever take the place of
his favorite brew. Take it from
one who knows.

The first thing I remember is cold beer in the morning spilling out of Kraft cheese glasses that had blue flowers on them, the beer forming puddles on the oilcloth on the kitchen table, where my uncle sat with his beer after working at night on the Job, as people in Queens always referred to being on the payroll as a policeman. He kept one hand on the glass, and the other brushed at the puddle to keep it from reaching the .38 and the blackjack he had on the table. He never would walk over to

PHOTOGRAPH
BY ANDREW UNANGST



the sink for a rag that would sop up the beer, for that would mean he would have to leave the beer and this he would not do even if the table were to burst into flame.

I sat across from him at the table and had cereal in the smell of the beer on the oilcloth on the table. The smell didn't bother me. I ate cereal and read the life story of the baseball player on the back of the box and watched my uncle drink beer in the sun coming through the kitchen window. Then I picked up my books and went to school. My uncle stayed at the table.

When I came back in the afternoon, my grandmother handed me the family growler, a pot big enough to hold stew for a line company, and I would coat the inside of it with butter and take the money from her—I don't know what it was then, forty-five cents, I think—and go up to the Dunton Barn, a saloon whose smell spread for a half-block. Ernie, the owner, would fill the growler with tap beer. The butter inside kept any head from forming, which meant that the beer appeared flat, but there was more of it. My grandmother was interested in swallowing beer, not examining the lovely foam that now, years later, is the feature of all television beer commercials.

Some years later, I was out of school and working in a newspaper sports department from midnight until 8:00 A.M., and I found myself in a bar in the morning with the first of the day, a cold tap beer turned into shining gold by the sun streaming through the saloon window. I am my uncle with a pencil, I said to myself.

It was always tap beer. I didn't understand bottled beer then. And it was always New York beer; an imported beer was something that came from Milwaukee or St. Louis. My knowledge of beer was that it was cold and high and was a marvelous social tool. Stand at the bar on weekend nights and drink beer and at 2:00 A.M. turn around and push a girl up against the jukebox.

I was thinking of this one day when I was in Farrell's, on Prospect Park in Brooklyn, which is accepted as one of the four or five best bars in the city, and thus the nation. I was sitting in the back room, drinking a beer at the table, because the bar area had been rented out for the day for the filming of a television beer commercial. It was an out-of-state beer and they were making the commercial in Brooklyn and having trouble. The beer did not form the fine white froth needed for the camera.

"I'm doing all I can," the actor posing as bartender said. His name was Eddie Bitz, I believe, and he was from Hollywood, and was horrified at this moment. He was being used in commercials all over the country, flown first-class and paid \$1,500 for a one-day shot, because he was the only actor with good hands for the camera who still could coax beer foam until the sight of it pleased the cameraman and director. And now at this bar he suddenly couldn't get anywhere.

"Want me to try?" Danny Mills, the Brooklyn bartender, said.

The actor gulped air as if suffering an attack. If Danny Mills, bartender, could fill his job, then Danny Mills might ask for the \$1,500. The actor shook his head and went grimly about trying to get a foamy head on the beer.

I was thinking that my grandmother would come around and put butter in the glasses and the cameras would have to go home.

While actor and crew worked on the commercial, Mills kept sneaking up to the taps and filling containers of beer, a full quart, which guys were buying for \$1.75 and taking out to the sidewalk at the back door or over to Prospect Park to drink. Filling containers, which are simply unbuttered replacements for the family growler. Here was something from far in the past, and it was being done under the cold, insolent eyelashes of the newest videotaping cameras. It showed me that of a lifetime, leaves deaden and fall and new ones appear, buildings are razed and new

6

Leaves deaden and
fall and new ones appear, but
the oldest American
institution, a drink of cold
beer, goes on,
no matter what changes in
daily living.

,

ones erected, clothes change, the hair is long and the hair is short, the senator retires and his replacement promises, the growler becomes a container. And the oldest American institution, a drink of cold beer, goes on, no matter what changes in daily living.

The New York breweries whose beer I once drank are gone. People now drink many other beers—among them a St. Louis domestic beer and a beer from Holland. Then there are German beers and Canadian beers. And a Milwaukee beer that is supposed to keep you slim, and it has made television stars out of some of the performers, nearly all of whom are ex-athletes who are so fat from drinking beer that they cannot button their jackets.

When I drink a foreign beer, I sit and imagine the brewmaster walking to work each morning in a little European town that has cobblestone streets and canals. I like the notion of these breweries being in the same place for generations and making so much out of their particular method of brewing. There certainly are enough brands: 100 imported beers sell 60 million cases a year. This is an ancient mixture, beer, once controlled by kings and popes,

with ingredients of barley, yeast, and hops, the alcoholic content held at about 5 percent.

Some of these foreign beers have really distinctive tastes. But any differences in beers, whether from Amsterdam or St. Louis, often are not important after the first cold glass of any brand. From then on, for nearly all beer drinkers, one beer tastes as fine as another and any difference is in the packaging and advertising.

No. The brands of beer are usually known to the tongue for one or two cold glasses, and after that you can hide the bottles and nobody knows what he's drinking, except that it is beer and it is cold and good to swallow and fun to be around.

As for differences in taste, there is my friend Eddie, a customs guard in New York. For too long, some customs people were appropriating cases of beer from Van Munching and Company, the importers of Heineken beer from Holland. Two years ago, a couple of them were caught taking \$47,000 worth of the beer. One man finally took the fall for all. And my friend Eddie breathed easier as he went to work.

At a bar the other day, I asked Eddie why, with a wife and two kids, he risked jail, job, medical coverage, and pension for a few bottles of beer.

"It's the best beer ever made," he said. "Nobody could stay away from it when we saw all those cases stacked up."

I ordered another Heineken, and then, when Eddie got up to make a phone call, had the bartender swing in with a Pennsylvania beer.

"Here you go," I said to Eddie, holding up my glass.

"Great." He grabbed his and threw it down.

"What do you think of it?" I asked.

"I told you. The greatest."

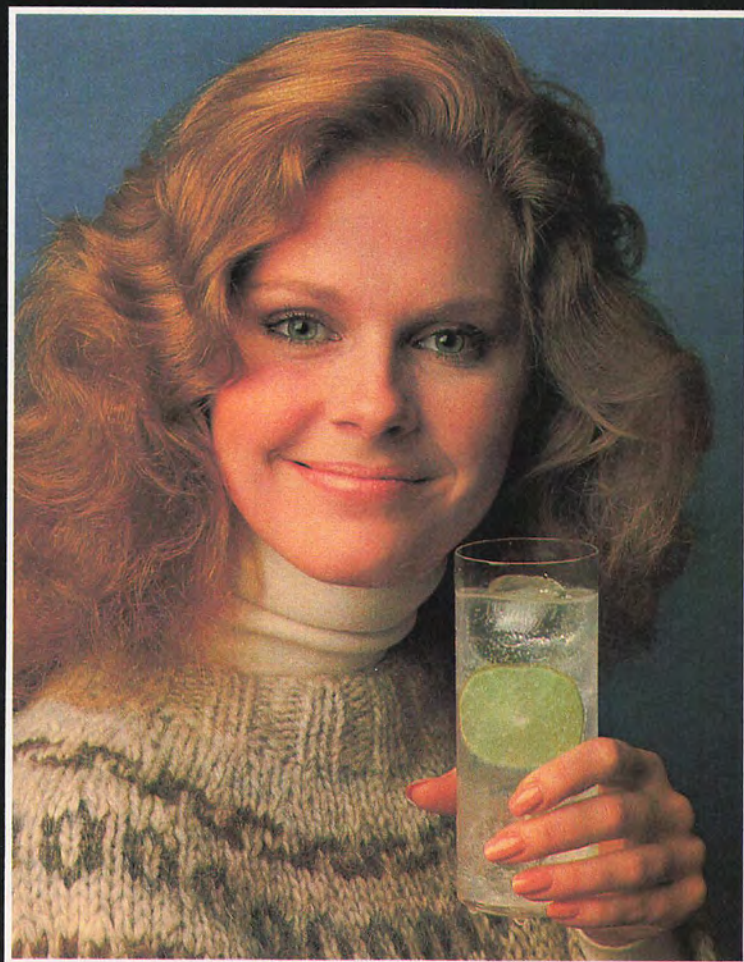
"Is it worth going to jail for?"

"I tell you. Almost."

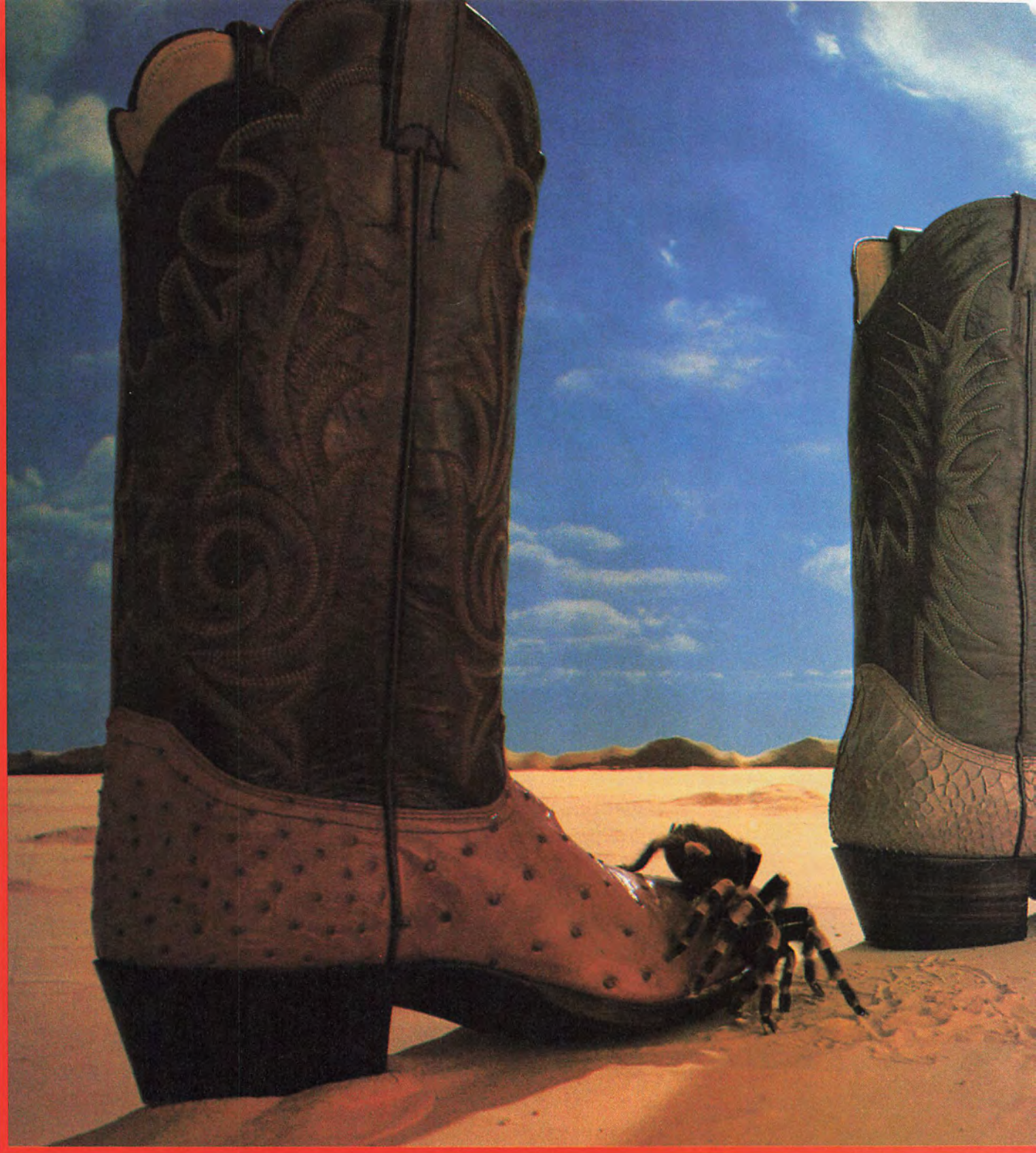
"Why don't you call up the brewery and tell them that right now?" I said. "You're drinking beer from Pennsylvania."

But as Eddie believes in that green bottle with a windmill on it and likes that first taste, which seems so different to him, he remains with his beer from Holland. No barroom treachery can make him change. Nor should he. For I remember at home that my uncle never drank beer out of anything but the cheese glass with the blue flowers, and my grandmother, long after bottled beer had replaced the growler almost everywhere, still had me carrying it up the avenue to the Dunton Barn, with enough butter on the bottom of the can to ensure there never being a head. Myself, I'll take anything you pour, for I have yet to drink a beer I didn't like, whether it came from Bamberg, in Bavaria, where they dry malt over a fire of moist beechwood logs, or from St. Louis, where they say their beer is clarified with porous beechwood chips. To me, all of it tastes the same and stands for something so important: a smile on a day in your life. 

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FOOT FETISHES

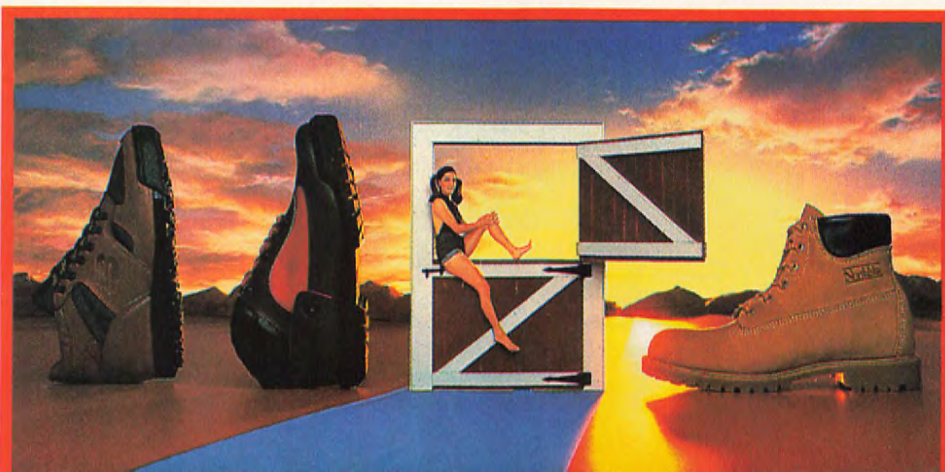
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

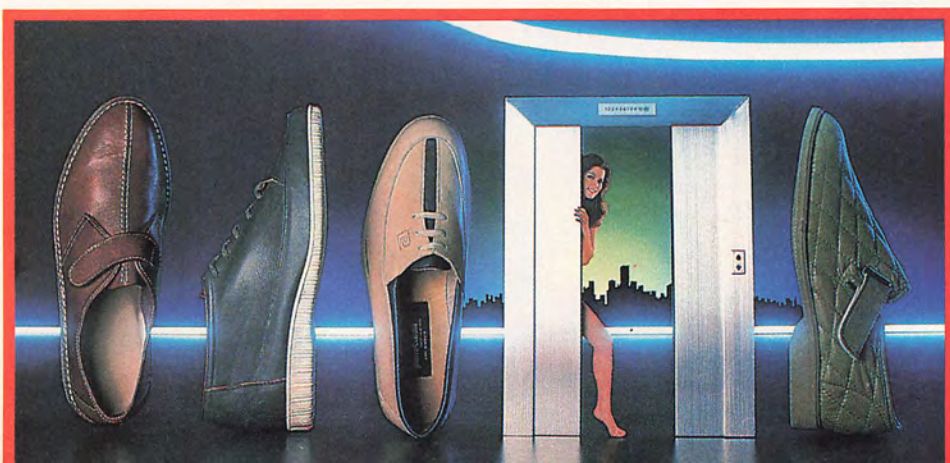
(Above, from left) Goatskin boot by Justin Boot Co. (\$450); kidskin top boot by Nocona Boot (\$285); burnished cowhide boot by Dingo/Acme Boot Co. (\$80); cowboy boot by John A. Frye Shoe Co. (\$125); and ladies' hat and boots at Billy Martin's Western Wear, New York City. (Next page, from left) Waterproof running shoe by New Balance (\$79); leather boot by Timberland (\$80); and boot with leather collar by Northlake/Georgia Boot (\$62).

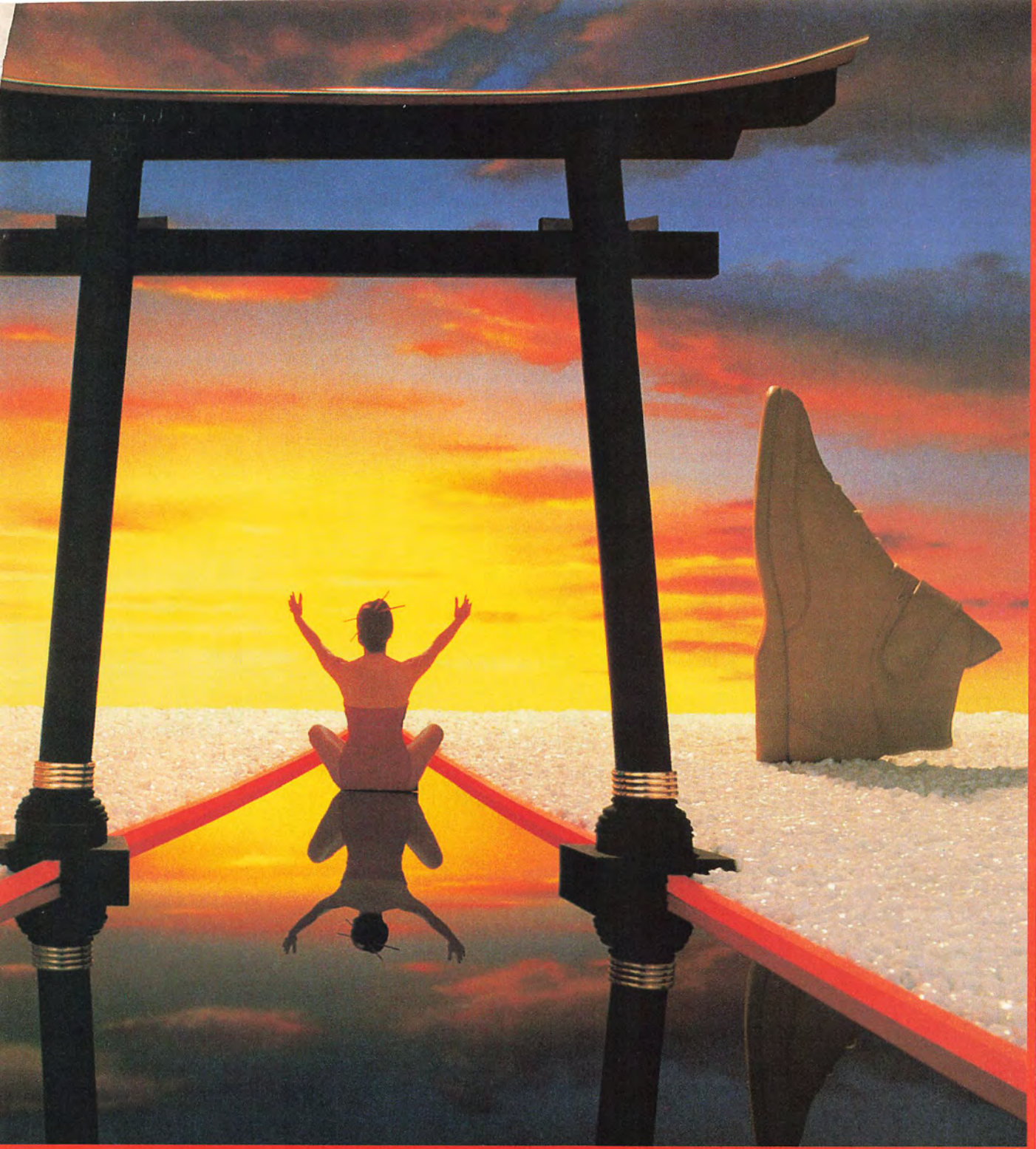
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL TCHEREVKOFF



Backdrops by Sandro LaFeria. Doors by George Sell







Hair and Make-up by Quietfire

(Above) Wrestler-style demi-boot by HipOppoTamus (\$40); all-leather boot exclusively available at To Boot in New York City (\$75); nylon high sneaker by Giorgio Brutini's Turtles (\$22); and lace-up boot by Sweats bī ebe (\$68). (Opposite page, from left) Antique leather shoe by Jordache Footwear (\$48); leather lace-up available exclusively at To Boot in New York City (\$75); oxford lace-up by Pierre Cardin/Smerling Imports (\$60); and quilted shoe by Giorgio Brutini's Turtles (\$22). 

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 166.

Nazis on an inspection tour of Romanian oil fields, whose supplies were crucial to Hitler's war machine. Within weeks, he was appointed chief of the SD (the Nazi intelligence service) for Romania. His main assignment was liaison with the violently anti-Semitic Romanian organization known as the Iron Guard.

Bolschwing's principal contact within the Iron Guard was Constantin Papanace, who was finance minister in a coalition government divided between the overtly fascist Iron Guardists and a right-wing nationalist general, Marshall Ion Antonescu. During the period of Bolschwing's liaison with Papanace, a series of measures were instituted by the finance minister that bore striking similarity to the anti-Jewish campaign that Bolschwing had earlier proposed to Eichmann. Jewish commercial and agricultural property was seized across Romania, and the government condoned countless acts of minor terror against the Jews.

The Iron Guard was not content with its secondary role in the coalition government. On January 20, 1941, an attempted putsch to overthrow Antonescu was launched in Bucharest with the direct support of the SD office and of Bolschwing in particular, according to captured German war records. The revolt was accompanied by a hideous pogrom. Guardists stormed into the Jewish sector, burning synagogues, looting stores, and destroying residences. Hundreds of Jews were rounded up for execution. Some victims were actually butchered in a municipal meat-packing plant, hung on meat hooks, and branded with red-hot irons. One witness saw a girl of five hanging by her feet like a slaughtered calf, her body smeared with blood. At least 630 people were killed by the Iron Guardists, according to contemporary reports, with another 400 reported missing. "In the Bucharest morgue, one can see hundreds of corpses," a Nazi military attaché reported to headquarters. "But they are mostly Jews."

But Iron Guardists had seriously miscalculated and the revolt was suppressed, even as the pogrom continued. The Antonescu regime proved to be considerably stronger than the Guardists had anticipated. More important, the Nazi forces in Romania failed to intervene on their behalf, as they had been led to expect by Bolschwing and other ranking SD and Gestapo officers before the coup attempt. Instead, the German Foreign Ministry, which had been locked in an intense bureaucratic battle with the SS and SD for several years, attempted to make peace with Antonescu to secure Nazi interests in Romania. A Romanian government report for Antonescu stated that Bolschwing had helped plan and had personally participated in the Guardist's revolt.

In the wake of the failed coup, Bolschwing secretly hid thirteen senior leaders of the Iron Guard, including Papanace, Valerian Trifa, and top Guardist leader Horia Sima, in the German compound to protect them from Antonescu. He later arranged for them to be smuggled out of Romania aboard a German military ambulance. The German Foreign Office chief in Romania, Manfred von Killinger, was furious. In a report to Berlin dated February 26, 1941, he related, "SS leader Von Bolschwing was the first to call on me; he protested against the arrests of the Legionnaires [Iron Guard], tried to prove to me at once that the Legionnaires were in the right, and asked me to intervene . . . he concealed from me that he was hiding nine of the principal leaders in an extraterritorial building of the [German] legation. Only after I had been made aware of this by the Romanians did he admit this to me, pretending that he had not wanted to involve me. . . . [On the occasion when] Bolsch-

Bolschwing spent several months in a Gestapo prison. He escaped with his life mainly because of the intervention of SS chief Heinrich Himmler.

wing had to confess this to me, he gave the impression of being absolutely prostrate and had tears in his eyes, although he is otherwise a brave man. I could not avoid the impression that he was deeply shaken. . . ."

He had good reason to be. The German foreign minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, had been waging a behind-the-scenes battle against SS chief Heinrich Himmler for Hitler's favor, and the Romanian blunder by the SS and SD was just what Ribbentrop needed. Bolschwing's activities—painted as an SS plot to undermine Hitler's authority in foreign affairs—were reported directly to the Führer. Despite evidence that Bolschwing was acting under direct orders from SS headquarters in Berlin, it was he who took the blame for the failed coup. He was dismissed immediately as SD chief in Bucharest and shipped back to Berlin, where he was to spend months in a Gestapo prison. He was lucky to escape with his life, which he did mainly because of the intervention of SS chief Himmler.

He was released from prison in 1943 without explanation. He moved to Amsterdam and established the Bankvoor On-

roerende Zaken ("Bank for Real Estate") with the tacit approval of SD authorities in the Netherlands. Such banks were relatively common under Nazi occupation, for they were used to seize and liquidate real estate owned by Jews who had been shipped to concentration camps. "The use of such banks was a well-known way, even for amateurs, to enrich themselves at the expense of the Jews in all of the Nazi-occupied territories," comments Robert Wolfe, chief of the modern military records branch of the U.S. archives. "And Mr. Von Bolschwing was not an amateur. He was a professional."

By late 1944, the Reich was disintegrating. A number of leading SS officers had already opened secret surrender negotiations with U.S. intelligence. Bolschwing was later to claim that he, too, began secret collaboration with the Allies. It is clear that the SS had begun to doubt his reliability. In February 1945, an SS court stripped him of his rank and ruled that he was too "degraded" to remain a member of the organization. Bolschwing later claimed the reason for his expulsion was the Nazis' suspicion that he had joined the Resistance, but the truth is probably somewhat more ordinary. After getting divorced while he was still in the Gestapo prison, Bolschwing had married what the Nazis called a *mischling* (a "half-breed," or part-Jewish woman), an act that required considerable courage at the time, particularly considering his history of anti-Semitism. This alone was grounds for expulsion from the SS. Regardless of why he was expelled, it is clear that Bolschwing began active—one might even say enthusiastic—collaboration with the Allies at least as early as the spring of 1945, when American troops swept through western Austria.

In the personal papers Bolschwing left after his death is a tattered, handwritten letter from Lt. Col. Roy Goggin of the U.S. Seventy-first Infantry. It reads, "To whom it may concern: Otto von Bolschwing personally captured over twenty high-ranking Nazi officials and SS officers, and led patrols that resulted in the capture of many others." This was the beginning of an alliance with U.S. intelligence that was to become deep and abiding. "I agreed to obtain for them information concerning the movements and strengths of the German military, including German rocket research at Camp Schlatt," Bolschwing was to explain later. "After the German surrender, I continued working for the U.S. forces, first in the capacity of the military government, and then, starting in 1947, in intelligence activities with the U.S. forces. . . . I had continuous service with U.S. intelligence until my departure for [America] in January 1954."

In the earliest days after the war, he specialized in capture and interrogation of Nazi military men and intelligence agents, and was attached to the Investigation and Enforcement Bureau of the military government in Bavaria, according to security

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passes and other documents found in his archives. Former SS general Klaus Barbie, meanwhile, was running an intelligence network for the Americans based at Augsburg, near Munich, according to his former agent-controller. Recently released French intelligence documents contend that the CIA hid Barbie from the French, who wanted to prosecute him for his role in the execution of 4,000 French civilians. Barbie successfully fled Europe in 1951, apparently with the help of the CIA.

Bolschwing continued to advance in the intelligence trade. "In 1947, 1948, and early 1949, I was assigned [by the CIA] to the Gehlen organization . . . primarily in offensive intelligence against the East Bloc," he was later to assert in a secret interview with investigators from the U.S. Air Force. Bolschwing was provided with money, a top-secret security clearance, and travel privileges throughout Europe. The Gehlen organization was composed of former members of German intelligence who had worked on the Eastern Front. They were funded by the Americans in the wake of World War II as CIA assets under their leader, Gen. Reinhard Gehlen. Gehlen brought the Americans voluminous records concerning the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe at a time when the U.S. had virtually no "inside" knowledge of those regions and—indeed—no central U.S. organization to process what little espionage information they had gathered on their own. Gehlen's experienced spy networks were America's principal source of intelligence on Eastern Europe until the mid-1950s, when the CIA began its own efforts. The Gehlen Organization became the Bundesnachrichtendienst (BND), the West German intelligence agency, in 1956.

Bolschwing lived well following his assignment to Gehlen. He was provided, at CIA expense, with an estate in Salzburg, cover employment, a false identity ("Otto Mair"), and a lucrative salary. Officially, Bolschwing worked for "Austria Verlag" in Vienna, a branch of the Austrian League for the United Nations, according to records found in his papers. He used that position—along with the help of active intervention by U.S. intelligence agencies—to apply for Austrian citizenship in 1948 and to win clearance for his Nazi activities from an Austrian denazification court. According to one Gehlen veteran—now an influential attorney living in the U.S.—Bolschwing was one of the highest-ranking non-American CIA employees in Europe after the war. His responsibilities included spotting and recruiting agents, the source asserts, and he specialized in cross-border operations, infiltrating spies into Eastern Europe.

There can be little doubt that the U.S. intelligence agencies that made extensive use of Bolschwing were aware of his record, including his role in the Bucharest pogrom. A mission by the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), code-named Operation

Bughouse, entered Bucharest in August 1944 and captured the German Foreign Ministry files nearly intact, including most of the correspondence concerning the 1941 coup attempt, along with extensive SD files. The seizure of these records was regarded by the OSS as one of the most important intelligence coups of the war, and they were extensively analyzed by a team of American experts. According to the official war report of the OSS, the records permitted the identification of more than 4,000 Axis intelligence officials and agents, about 100 subversive organizations, and some 200 firms used as commercial cover by Nazi agents. The files were transmitted to Allied headquarters, according to the OSS report, and were used extensively in the Nuremberg prosecution of Nazi war criminals. The Bughouse mission, it is worth noting, was led by Frank Wisner, who was later the administrator and moving force behind the cross-border missions undertaken by the

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Bolschwing was a consummate secret agent who knew how to lie and how to keep his mouth shut—the two cardinal virtues of the professional spy.

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CIA—with the help of Bolschwing—in the early 1950s.

There is another important bit of evidence concerning American awareness of Bolschwing's relationship with the Iron Guard leadership and the 1941 pogroms. According to a sworn deposition Bolschwing gave to the U.S. Justice Department in June 1979, he was utilized by U.S. intelligence *precisely because* of his Iron Guard connections. "In the summer of 1948, at the height of the civil war in Greece, I was asked by my American courier officer to make contact with the Romanians, who might influence the Greek situation," Bolschwing asserted. "In the course of that endeavor, I visited with Mr. Constantin Papanace [the anti-Semitic finance minister whose life Bolschwing had saved], who was residing under the presumed auspices of the Vatican in or near Rome. . . ."

By 1948, U.S. intelligence believed that it was only a matter of time before war broke out between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. The use of Russian occupation troops to consolidate Soviet power in Hungary, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland—each of which was presumably

to have been guaranteed free elections after the war—was regarded as proof. The Soviet 1948 blockade of Berlin, which crystallized the division of Germany into East and West and precipitated the Berlin airlift, was the final straw.

Wisner, the ex-OSS man then head of the CIA's program to mount operations against Eastern Europe, drew up plans for a systematic program of covert action—including the use of sabotage and assassination—against the Soviets. The rationale was simple and would be used frequently during the Cold War: the Soviets had enjoyed considerable success using similar measures in postwar Europe. The U.S., therefore, had to fight fire with fire. By 1948, Wisner was chief of the Office for Policy Coordination, as the CIA's covert-operations apparatus was then known. He traveled to Berlin and personally met with Gehlen during the height of the Berlin blockade. Wisner made it clear to Gehlen that the U.S. government had decided to sharply escalate the spy war in Europe. Gehlen's top priority was to be the establishment of a private army of anti-Soviet émigrés for clandestine work inside the U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe. Within three years, more than 5,000 émigrés had been enlisted.

Gehlen's organization ran a special émigré school for sabotage at Bad Homburg, West Germany, and paramilitary training was provided for hundreds of émigrés from virtually every country in the Soviet orbit. Key officials in many of these émigré organizations had actively cooperated with the Nazis during the German invasion of Russia. The émigré guerrilla program soon became the primary focus of U.S. intelligence operations in Europe. Systematic airdrops of such émigrés into the U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe began as early as 1949, and scores of highly trained agents were parachuted into the East over the next several years. Virtually all of these operations used a secret airfield at Thessalonica, Greece, as their staging point, although a few were landed by sea or infiltrated over the borders. This was by no means a halfhearted effort. The émigré agents, all of whom were volunteers, were provided with clothing, currency, and identity papers suitable for their targets, as well as arms, explosives, and secret radio transmitters. Tens of millions of dollars were spent on these operations, and the effort eventually became the largest single item in the CIA budget.

Bolschwing's exact role in these operations is unclear. It is known that he traveled repeatedly to Thessalonica at the behest of the CIA during this period, and that he maintained contact on behalf of the CIA with extreme right-wing Romanian organizations.

One former intelligence officer claims that he ran a covert-operations network in Hungary utilizing Jesuit priests and Catholic lay activists. Another source closely connected with Bolschwing during this period recalls that long black limousines

pulled up to the door of the Bolschwing estate. "This created quite a stir. It was a symbol of authority. U.S. Army officers and Jesuit leaders would step out, and Otto would go for long walks with them in the woods to discuss operations." It is clear, however, that virtually all of these cross-border operations ended in failure. The émigré organizations had been deeply infiltrated by Soviet double agents, who were aware of most airdrop operations before they took place. Even "successful" operations, the CIA was later to conclude reluctantly, were measured in the few days or weeks before the émigré agents were caught. They were usually shot.

Bolschwing left Europe precipitously at the end of 1953. Most Germans at that time found visas to the U.S. virtually impossible to obtain, and waiting periods of a year to eighteen months were the rule. Bolschwing, with the assistance of the American consul general in Berlin and Munich, received his in only a few days. It is tempting to speculate that the reason for this move was some dramatic piece of spy history. Was it some fallout from the East German riots of 1953? Soviet assassins on his tail? (He had, in fact, nearly been captured on one occasion at the Vienna airport, when Russian security forces surrounded his plane.) Perhaps it was betrayal by a double agent? The truth is more mundane: according to sources who knew him at the time, Bolschwing believed his wife was having an affair with his CIA-supplied bodyguard. Immigrating to America was a simple solution to a bitter personal problem.

Wisner, the ubiquitous chief of the CIA's covert action department, took a close personal interest in the immigration problems of anti-Communist refugees. It was Wisner, more than any other intelligence figure of the time, who was responsible for programs aimed at utilization of such Nazi "assets" as Bolschwing and Klaus Barbie, and it was Wisner who spearheaded the CIA's effort to permit immigration to the U.S. and South America of thousands of émigrés—some of whom were convicted war criminals—who were believed to be "of use" to the U.S.

When Bolschwing entered the United States with the assistance of the CIA in February 1954, he believed that his nine years of work for U.S. intelligence had won him an unofficial—but effective—amnesty. It was almost thirty years later when he discovered that he, too, was considered an "undesirable alien" by a new generation of U.S. government officials. Clearly, Bolschwing had outlived his usefulness.

Bolschwing's travel documents at the time he arrived in the U.S. were so full of inconsistencies that the U.S. immigration authorities must have been sleeping when they admitted him. His passport—actually a "Temporary Travel Document in Lieu of Passport" issued by the U.S. State Department in Berlin—contradicted his immi-

gration visa on at least five points. And he carried with him a false police report, probably obtained with the assistance of the CIA, which claimed he had never been arrested. He did have at least one thing going for him, however. His visa listed his destination as "Washington 25," a Department of State post office known to intelligence insiders as a mail drop for the CIA.

Bolschwing's first months in the U.S. were difficult, but he landed a job as an electrician in a General Electric plant, and he managed to support his family. But less than a year after stepping off the boat in New York harbor, Bolschwing was on his way up the corporate ladder. The Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company (best known as the manufacturer of Listerine and Bromo-Seltzer) hired him as a tax and foreign-trade expert.

The work at Warner-Lambert seemed to suit him well, and it was not long before Bolschwing was named chief assistant to

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Bolschwing's defense —that he had expiated his crimes through his service to the CIA—remains under court seal as a result of a deal with the CIA.

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the director of the company's international operations. It was in that post that Bolschwing came to the attention of Alfred Driscoll, the company's president, and Elmer Bobst, its chief executive officer. Both men were impressed with his skills and personality, and both would later write warm letters of recommendation for him. Driscoll financed Bolschwing's 1957 tour of Europe out of his private funds. Driscoll and Bobst, it is worth noting, also enjoyed close friendships with another man: then Vice-President of the United States Richard Nixon. Bobst, a self-made millionaire, was one of Nixon's earliest and most dedicated campaign contributors. He vacationed with the Nixon family (who referred to him as "Uncle Elmer") on many occasions, and it was Bobst and Driscoll who personally won Richard Nixon a lucrative job with a Wall Street law firm following his unsuccessful 1962 bid for governor of California—by guaranteeing his new employers a contract to represent Warner-Lambert, but only if they hired Richard Nixon to do the work.

Some Bolschwing business associates even say that he claimed to have met Richard Nixon on occasion, but that cannot be

proved. It can be proved, however, that Richard Nixon did do several important favors for two men who were deeply involved with the Iron Guard, the Romanian fascist organization that had played such a large role in Bolschwing's life. Nixon, for example, arranged for Bishop Valerian Trifa to offer the opening prayer at a session of the U.S. Senate in 1955, at a time when Trifa was locked in a political battle for control of the 1.6 million-member Romanian Orthodox Church in the U.S. Trifa, who is now facing deportation because of his war criminal record, is not just any bishop. In 1941, he was the youth leader of the Iron Guard and played a key role in the instigation of the Bucharest pogrom. On the eve of the massacres he delivered this radio message: "The Jews, even if they were hidden in the nest of the serpent, we will find them there and we will kill them." And Trifa, who was later to serve as a Gehlen organization informant in Vienna, was one of the group of top Guardist leaders whose lives Bolschwing had saved in Bucharest.

Nixon also went to bat for Nicolae Malaxa, a multimillionaire Romanian businessman who had made much of his fortune selling war material to Hermann Göring before the war. According to captured Nazi war records, Malaxa was the "financial mainstay" of the Iron Guardists, and his estate served as the Bucharest headquarters and ammunition depot for the Guardists during the 1941 revolt. Nixon waged a successful five-year battle to permit Malaxa to immigrate to the U.S., and personally introduced special bills in Congress and intervened on Malaxa's behalf with the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

Perhaps the connections among Otto von Bolschwing, the Iron Guardists, and the American industrialists and politicians after the war were nothing more than coincidences. But they are curious coincidences nonetheless.

Otto von Bolschwing's next move up on the corporate ladder came in 1963, when he went to work for the Cabot Corporation, a multibillion-dollar international conglomerate specializing in natural gas and chemical production. Cabot eventually made him managing director of the company's entire German operation, and Bolschwing was responsible for overseeing the construction of a large chemical plant near Frankfurt. Bolschwing, by then in his mid-fifties, had arrived. Senior members of the Cabot family, who closely control the Cabot Corporation, hired Bolschwing because they recognized him as a talented administrator. The Cabots, after all, are known for prudent investing. But here again, Otto von Bolschwing's intimate ties to U.S. intelligence didn't hurt him. Thomas Dudley Cabot, chairman of the board of the company, had been director of international security affairs at the Department of State in 1951, when the CIA's covert-action division was running its airdrop program with funds laundered

through the State Department. And Cabot was also former president of the United Fruit Company, which was the main corporate backer—and main beneficiary—of the famous CIA-sponsored coup in Guatemala in 1954. Another company director had chaired the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board.

In 1969, Bolschwing took what he believed to be another step up the corporate ladder. He was hired first as a consultant and later as president of Trans-International Computer Investment Corporation (TCI), in Sacramento, Calif. He could not have known it at the time, but it was to be the beginning of the end of his career as a captain of industry.

Otto brought to TCI a remarkable talent for languages—he spoke five fluently—years of experience as an international trade expert in Europe, and, perhaps most important, powerful contacts within the banking and secret intelligence communities. His references were impeccable. One was Horst Werder, a senior attorney with the powerful international law firm of Baker and Mackenzie, who had known Otto since his earliest years of work for U.S. intelligence. There were directors of the Berliner Handels Gesellschaft, one of the largest banks in Europe, as well as the president of the Deutsche Bank. Senior officials at the Chase Manhattan Bank and the First National Bank of Boston were included, as was the president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Germany.

There were also other references that he could offer, references less well known in the world of high finance, perhaps, but powerful friends nonetheless. One was Everett C. O'Neal, supposedly an attaché at the U.S. embassy in Belgium, but in reality CIA chief of station in Brussels—at least, according to published reports in the U.S. And there was Victor Wallen, another career CIA officer. It was Wallen, according to one source with intimate knowledge of Bolschwing, who instructed him to falsify his citizenship and visa applications and to never reveal, under any circumstances, his relationship to the CIA (Wallen died in 1975).

TCI, Bolschwing's new employer, did classified electronics work for the government, but unfortunately for all concerned, it turned out that a substantial part of the funding for the company had been obtained through what the California district attorney termed "possibly the biggest stock fraud in state history." TCI filed for bankruptcy in March of 1971. Otto von Bolschwing never really recovered. The successful life that he had crafted so carefully since arriving in the U.S. began slowly to unravel.

He returned to his consulting practice for a time, but the lawsuits and other complications stemming from the TCI affair seemed never to end. Symptoms of a fatal degenerative brain disease began to make themselves apparent as early as 1975, when he began writing letters that appeared to indicate that he was slowly

losing touch with reality. His wife—his third—committed suicide following an illness.

In the summer of 1979, the final blow fell. A subpoena arrived from the U.S. Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations, assigned the task of prosecuting Nazi war criminals in this country. Otto von Bolschwing had been caught, and there was to be no rest in his final years. It was, as he saw it, the final betrayal of his service to the CIA and to the covert diplomacy of the U.S. government. In his view, he had done as he was told. He had fought first the remnants of the Nazi government of his own people, and later—when U.S. policy shifted—he had fought Communism in the East, often at the risk of his life. And there had been certain promises made to him—at least, he believed so—that his crimes during the war had been "forgotten."

After concealing his war crimes so long, after so many stories, after so many lies, it

Those who defend
Bolschwing argue that he
was double-crossed by a
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than in keeping its pledge.

is quite possible that Otto von Bolschwing himself had forgotten exactly what he had done during the war. His fictions had taken on a life of their own. The Gestapo prison story changed. Now, as he told it, he had been imprisoned on suspicion of anti-Nazi resistance, not because of his support for the fascist Iron Guard after it had been double-crossed by the Nazi government. His business and intelligence activities in Palestine before the war were no longer seen as profiteering at the expense of innocents. His reports to Eichmann on improved methods of persecuting Austrian Jews were long forgotten. Instead, his life was retold as a near heroic effort to help Jews escape Nazi persecution. It was all so long ago.

Others viewed the situation differently. Otto von Bolschwing was a war criminal. He had personally helped initiate a murderous pogrom, and had participated in the massive theft of Jewish property and in the planning of campaigns of terror against innocent people. Bringing charges against him—even as he lay on his deathbed—was not revenge, it was justice. Justice that was long overdue.

Bolschwing was indicted in May 1981

on charges that he had lied on his application for U.S. citizenship when he concealed his past in the Nazi Party, the SS, and the SD. His conviction could have resulted in his deportation from the U.S. and the possibility of war crimes trials in Germany, Austria, Holland, or Romania. The prosecutors' charges, of course, were made public. But Bolschwing's defense—that he had expiated his crimes through his service to the CIA, and, to be precise about it, that he had been instructed to lie on his citizenship application by U.S. government officials—was placed under court seal in California. It remains under seal today as a result of an agreement reached among attorneys for the defense, the prosecution, and the CIA. Copies of many of these documents, however, have been obtained during the preparation of this article. A settlement was reached, under which the terminally ill Bolschwing was permitted to surrender voluntarily his U.S. citizenship and remain in the U.S. until his death. It is quite likely that he was too sick at that point to understand what had transpired. He died in a California hospital a few months later. (CIA spokesmen, as is customary, would neither confirm nor deny that Bolschwing had ever been associated with the agency.)

Otto von Bolschwing's defenders—and there are more than a few of them—knew him during his service to the CIA, in his business career, or in his family life. They argue that Bolschwing was, again, double-crossed by a government more interested in political expediency than in keeping its pledge.

But to Walter Rockler, the former government attorney who headed the Department of Justice unit that prosecuted Otto von Bolschwing, the issue is clear-cut. "I don't care what he did after the war," Rockler asserts. "I know what he did during it."

Editor's note:

The article you've just finished reading raises many important philosophic issues, not the least of which is the question of what justice is really all about. At the time Bolschwing was recruited by U.S. intelligence agents, the necessity to take all precautions against the Soviet menace appeared to outweigh the distasteful prospect of employing a Nazi war criminal. Yet—by today's standards—such employment seems to be a stain upon our honor. We are very interested in our readers' feelings about this dilemma, a problem that has recently been dramatized by the government's protection of vicious criminals who testify against organized-crime figures. The question is: when—if ever—does one draw the line in dealing with criminals for the sake of society as a whole? And, is it right to condemn, with the benefit of hindsight, actions that were taken years ago in good faith? We will publish the most interesting and provocative responses in "Feedback" over the next few months. O—



"That's the high tide marker."

sent are fucked up. Nanny is scared that there is an assassin behind every palm and Julian, flesh of my flesh, bats his eyes at me and explains that it's real difficult to have such a famous father and that the only way he has to make friends is to share some of that father glory with them. He informs me that the only proof he has of my love is the material loot he can carry back and that he doesn't even get to keep that much of it because he has to share it as payment to these friends of his. He has the nerve to ask me if the gift of ourselves will preclude any other presents and then gooses my guilt god with the information that he has already secured a present for me. To top it all off, he asks me if what I'm doing is an act. An act? I'm trying to be genuinely myself for the first time since I was a kid and nobody wants me! I can't fuckin' believe it! I feel pleased, honored, fulfilled, and privileged because I am finally being myself for a change and nobody wants me!

"Well, I gave them what they wanted. I gave 'em a mega-material gift gala and I hope it brings them great pleasure. Julian and Yoko both seemed much relieved that I went back to being my other, older, lesser self. And if that's what they want, they can have it 'til the money runs out or I do

with a Merry Christmas and a Happy Fuckin' New Year on top."

He tore out of the kitchen and down the hall into the bedroom. He stayed there for fifteen months.

YOKO'S MUMMY

Yoko filled her days with interests other than John. Paramount among these was ancient Egyptian art. She was determined to protect the family's finances with investments in antiquities, which she was sure would double in value in the immediate future. These artifacts also had the advantage of containing what she believed to be great occult power, which she felt was necessary for the family's well-being.

For more than a year Yoko had been collecting pieces from the Twenty-sixth Dynasty. Dan G. acted as her agent, and through readings Yoko and I structured the deals and instructed Dan how to make the most advantageous purchases.

With the exception of what Yoko referred to as "decorator pieces," which were placed in the White Room, and a few more personal totems in the bedroom, most of the collection was placed in what was now called the Pyramid Room. This room, which was situated between the White Room and the Black Room, directly across from the apartment's main entrance, received its name from a copper-tubing pyramid placed in the center of the floor. The Lennon's "money tree," one of

the prizes brought back from Cartagena, was placed inside the pyramid with the hope that the occult power of the structure would help make it grow. Originally the room had mostly been bare but now the various art treasures filled it practically to the bursting point. The latest acquisition to arrive in late spring of 1978 was an unopened mummy case.

As Dan had informed Yoko that the mummy was that of a "woman from the East," Yoko took it to mean that this might have been one of her own previous incarnations. This belief made negotiations difficult, as she feared that too much haggling might cause her to lose this treasure and the magic that she believed it held.

After more than a month of dickering back and forth the deal was finally closed, and then we had to wait for transport from the Swiss vault where the mummy was kept. But after all the waiting and effort and more than half a million dollars of expense, Yoko was far from pleased with results.

"There," Yoko pointed to the mummy case angrily. It was early May, a few days after the prize had arrived. "Look at it!"

It was an order I cheerfully obeyed. It had been a long wait to see this prize. The sarcophagus was about four and a half feet long, with semiprecious stones spotting its gold-leaf surface. The design showed a strong Persian influence.

"Is there something specific I should be looking for?"

"Yes, the face! Look at that face! If that's what the woman inside looked like, then I don't think that it could be me."

"Why not?"

"Because she's not Japanese."

"No one ever said that she was, Yoko. She was 'from the East,' and from the look of it she was Persian."

"She doesn't look that rich either."

"She was supposed to be a merchant's wife, not the queen of Egypt."

"So you're saying that I was wrong about this being one of my previous incarnations—and that probably amuses you, doesn't it? I've spent a lot of money on this and I wanted the power that it was supposed to hold. I think that I've wasted my money."

"Fortunately, it's worth more in dollars than you paid for it, even if it isn't worth it to you."

"It's not to me. What am I supposed to do with this?"

What she had done thus far was to have the coffin placed on sawhorses off to one side of the Pyramid Room.

"Well, the first thing I'd do is get it insured. And then I would have some professionals get it off those sawhorses and into a Plexiglas case with temperature and moisture control."

"It has survived all this time. What could happen to it now?"

"That's what you said about the wooden ibis before the maid broke the beak off dusting it."



"Well, I don't want it in a case. I think that we should open it and see if there are gold and jewels inside. It's not as heavy as Dan said, but still, there might be something."

"It's worth more if you don't open it."

"Well, I don't think it can be worth much the way it is now." She marched around the coffin contemptuously, dodging the other little antiquities that cluttered the room. "I don't think that we got a very good deal. It makes me look so ugly. Look at that face!"

"If you don't like it, we could always sell it." I was hopeful that at last we could begin to capitalize on the collection.

"No, that's no good. I told John that I had to have it because it was me, and now I'm stuck with it. I'll tell you one thing. This is the last deal we do with Dan. I don't think he's a friend at all."

YOKO PUTS ON A MUSICAL

Yoko continued to plunge into schemes for disposing of cash, although she preferred in general to think of her efforts as "investments." Hitherto these "investments" had consisted primarily of her purchases of Twenty-sixth Dynasty Egyptian art (whose investment value was considerably dimmed by the fact that Yoko could never be persuaded to resell anything). In that fall of 1979, however, Citibank had announced that it was entering the field of Egyptian antiquities for investment pur-

poses. On the one hand, this was good news for the Lennons, as it immediately forced up the value of their own collection. But on the other hand, it meant that Yoko was no longer going to find the sort of bargains she had been picking up in the past months.

That did not deter her enthusiasm, however. If Egyptian art was a closed avenue, there were sure to be others.

"Charlie, it doesn't matter if Citibank has ruined Egyptian art for us. All we have to do is find *another* area that is going to triple in value in the next few years!"

"Triple! I thought that you were looking for things that would double in value. This isn't the world's greatest economy, you know."

"Well, that's what we have tarot cards for, isn't it? I've been thinking this might be a very good time to do that musical I've been planning. You know Lee Eastman [Paul McCartney's father-in-law and financial adviser] has invested in musicals for Paul and has done very well. I think he must have more than tripled his money. If he can do it, we certainly ought to be able to. And we have a lot of advantages."

"Such as?" I braced myself.

"Well, the things that Lee invests in are unknown musicals. We would be doing our own music, and everyone knows who we are. I've thought a lot about it and we could do it as 'a day in the life of Yoko and John.' That way everyone would want to

see it, because everyone wants to know what we've been doing. I've already written most of the songs, so there would be very little work to do. The only problem is how do we get John to go along with the idea."

"Actually, that is not the only problem. To start with, you know nothing about how to produce a show."

"That's not true! John and I have done a lot of shows together."

"Those were concerts, not Broadway productions."

"Well, they are almost the same thing. And we would keep everything very simple. We could use our own furniture for the sets and we would only need one set. All the music would be prerecorded so we wouldn't have to pay musicians. And John and I would star in it ourselves. We wouldn't need anyone else. Everyone would want to come and see us live."

"There is of course the little drawback that John isn't writing."

"I already told you that I've already written all the music that we'll need. If any problem comes up, I can always write more."

"The attraction for a show like that would be that it was John's music."

"You know, I've already written a lot of things that the fans think John did. People don't like my pieces because they think I broke up the Beatles and stole John away from all those groupies and fag industry



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people. They're jealous, that's all."

This was one of Yoko's classic themes. In her heart I think that she honestly believed that if it weren't for some huge conspiracy against her, she would be the queen of rock 'n' roll. I knew that I wouldn't be able to convince her with practical arguments that her plan had major holes in it, so I had to come up with something else.

"Well, you are still putting yourself in terrible danger. Think about it! Up on that stage every night. Exposed to all those people. There is no telling what might happen. I would think about that very carefully if I were you."

"Perhaps you're right. It could be dangerous. Perhaps that's why you were seeing all those other problems in the cards. It was really dangerous and I hadn't asked that question, and the cards were saying no because they were trying to protect me. But we hadn't asked the right question, so they couldn't tell us why there was a no."

"Very clever, those tarot cards."

TWO BEATLES

In the spring of 1980, Paul McCartney was arrested for allegedly smuggling marijuana into Japan while visiting there to perform in a concert tour. The illegal product had allegedly been discovered in his suitcase, and he was taken into custody immediately.

During the days of Paul's incarceration late in the spring of 1980, John was living at his Cold Spring Harbor house. Yoko needed space and time to herself at the Dakota while he needed the sun. Yoko worried that the news of Paul's arrest might throw him back into the old depression. But when I talked to him over the phone one afternoon late that spring, his voice held no depression, only righteous indignation and sympathy for Paul.

"It's lousy, Charles. Typical, but lousy. Some petty official probably needed a promotion and set Paul up to get it. Not that I have any great love for the man, you understand, but this sort of thing is just somebody's cheap trick."

The constant appearance of Paul's name in the press, however, soon began to unsettle John. It recalled memories that he would have preferred to let sleep.

"You don't think they're mistreating him, do you, Charles?"

"Aside from the fact that they are holding him in a jail cell, I doubt that there is any mistreatment."

"That's good. Not that I really care, you understand, but I wouldn't want to think that they were abusing him in any way."

"You keep telling me how much you don't care. I begin to wonder if it's true."

"Of course I care! Not that I want to, but you can't know a person as long and as intimately as I've known Paul and not care. I'm pissed at him and have been for years

but that's my private war with the man. It has nothing to do with the way I feel about his having this happen to him.

"We were never really close. That may sound funny, but we were working so hard and so long that that's all we were ever doing."

"But we weren't close creatively. We were more opposites. Paul was safe. I wasn't. I was the radical always looking for something newer and farther out than the last time. Paul was always looking at what would sell, which was good, I suppose, because we did sell and that certainly had its advantages."

"When things fell apart it was because I fell apart. I wasn't willing to do the extras I always did and I resented it when Paul tried or George tried. I'm not altogether sure why I felt that way. Tired, I guess. All that was needed was for someone to pronounce the patient dead but none of us really wanted to do that. Then I decided that it was my job, unpleasant as it was. I talked to Paul about it and he asked me not to announce the breakup. Asked! Hell, he begged me! I was touched, because I thought that it was because he had the faith that somehow, somewhere, everything would work out and we'd do it all over again. Well, I was touched all right. Touched in the head. Paul went behind my back and made the announcement as part of a publicity campaign for a record. And for that, my dear Charles, I am never—no, not ever—going to forgive him. It was like he took the Beatles away from me as part of a promotional trick. We all have limits and Paul passed mine and I just wrote him off. After that I'd see him once in a while, but whatever had held us together had died."

"He'd come around the Dakota when he was in town, but you know about that."

"He was using you," I said. "Seeing you not producing while he was doing Madison Square Garden helped psych him up. He needed to think that he was that much better than you to get his energy up."

"The funny part is that I let him get away with it for so long. You know, I used to dread it when he was in town, but I never had the sense to go out to the Island or just not answer the door. He'd come striding in with a guitar under one arm and Linda under the other, asking me what was new, knowing nothing was new. Then he'd always ask if I'd heard his latest, which I usually hadn't. The guitar was so we could sing together but that was never going to happen."

Later, when Paul was released, the concert had to be canceled, and he and Linda left Japan immediately. John greeted the news with a great sigh of relief.

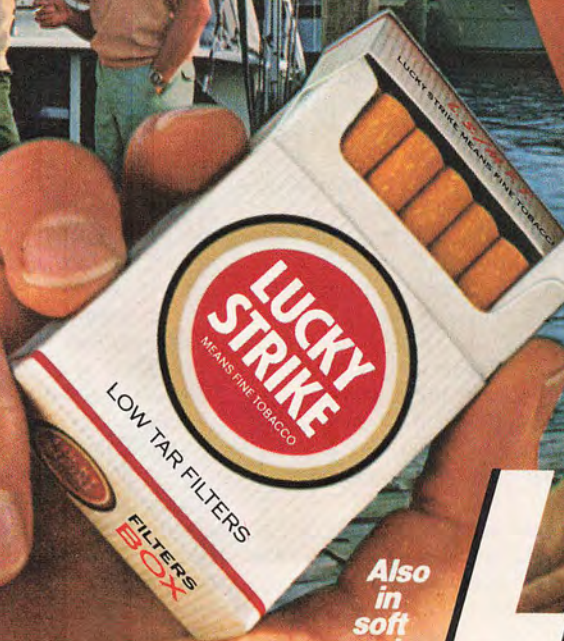
"I'm glad that's over. I feel like I've been keeping a vigil for him. Not that I care, you understand."

DOUBLE FANTASY

"EEEEEEEEEEEEOOOooooooooOOOO
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Ono had struck a dissonant chord on the piano and cut loose with one of her famous caterwauls. It was July 1980 and we were sitting in the office in the midst of one of our many readings to select a group of her songs to be recorded for her joint project with John, the album that became *Double Fantasy*. The procedure was that she would sing each piece for me and then ask me to read the cards and predict which ones would be hits.

Yoko played on with teeth-grinding determination. "What do you think of that one?" she asked, her eyes bright with anticipated approbation.

"Actually, Yoko, I'm not the one to judge. I'm not all that fond of modern music. I prefer more medieval sorts of things really." No way was I going to be caught in that trap.

"Well, look in the cards and tell me if this is going to be a number-one hit."

"You asked that about the last one. They can't all be number one, can they?"

"Well, they could all be in the Top Ten. If all my songs on the album are in the Top Ten, that would leave some room for John's things too. People will buy the record because of John, you know, but it's important that they hear my work. I've been doing a lot of things for years that other people are just starting to do now and calling it new wave and punk rock. I did all that stuff years ago.

"The problem now is that we have to select the songs of mine which should go onto the album that will be guaranteed to be successful. You see, John's stuff isn't all that good, and when people buy the record to hear him and they hear how much better I am, I will have an instant market for my next release. I want this record to make people think of Yoko and John, not John and Yoko. Then it will be easier to make them think of Yoko only. That's my real goal, an independent career."

"The independent career is certainly an obtainable goal. But if you are thinking that you are going to outshine John in the popular music market, it simply isn't possible. He has too much of a head start."

"But I'm much better than he is! There really has to be a way. Think of John as an old star who is fading and me as the new star on the horizon. So tell me what I can do to make that song I just sang a number-one hit."

"You might consider a different arrangement."

"I can't do that! I can't change anything in my music! My songs come directly from the sky. They are given to me in one whole piece. I'm not a craftsman who chisels out a piece slowly. I am an artist."

"Listen, if Beethoven chiseled out his pieces I'm sure you can stand to make a few changes."

"I don't care what some dead composer supposedly did. He wasn't an artist anyway. If you think that being a craftsman is art, then I shit on you, because you don't know anything about art. I want you to tell

me how to make these songs hits but I am not going to change any part of them."

In keeping with our agreement, as the Lennons drew more and more public attention, I withdrew more and more into the background. But although I was no longer haunting the Dakota, there were phone calls. As autumn progressed the recording schedule on *Double Fantasy* had to be extended and the calls grew less frequent.

And so I was a little surprised when John called late on a chilly October evening in 1980 and invited himself over for a drink, "or drinks, depending on how the spirits strike us." It was clear when he arrived that he had gotten a head start on the drinks.

"Hello, Charles. How goes it with your mysteries? I haven't seen you in a bit and thought you disappeared. Magicians do that, you know."

"Of course we do. I've been there. You just haven't seen me. How goes it?"

"If you've been there you should know, shouldn't you? But never mind, I'll play. Things go well, Charles, extraordinarily well. In fact, they couldn't be better. I wish I could say the same for you."

"Why? Is there something wrong with my numbers?"

"Possibly. I've been getting omens about you, Charles. Signs. You do believe in omens, don't you?"

"Only the good ones."

"Well then, perhaps you won't believe in these. The wife tells me of late that she is getting stronger and stronger psychic messages. She says, 'The spirits are coming to me all the time now and they say that I'm an initiate. Isn't that amazing? We won't need all those psychics anymore, because I will get all the messages.' That's a bad omen as far as you're concerned, I fear."

"And what do the spirits tell her?"

"Oh, the usual crap. Yoko says she's gotten messages about you and all those clandestine agreements you make with people. She's beginning to think you're dangerous. I'm telling you this by way of a warning. If the wife decides to drop you, then you can always come to me. A deal is a deal."

"Let's hope it doesn't come to that."

"Well, in case it does. Anyway, that's what I wanted to say, because I think that that's fair. So I said it."

Considering his duty done, he mused for a moment, then continued more brightly, discussing work on his latest LP.

Double Fantasy, John's last recording, was released in November and we all held our breath for the public reaction. John kept himself distracted with remixing in the studio; he had, of course, recorded far more than a single album's worth of material. On the evening of December 8, 1980, he had just finished working several hours on this project. John was in his element. He had just released a new record and the world was his again. Yoko on his arm, he left the studio for a bite to eat. A half hour later John Lennon was dead. 

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

what I was doing. The major difference with Meg's treatment is that you immediately get back the ability to act. I didn't suffer from that horrible kind of paralysis.

Penthouse: What about coming off all those Ativans? Did that present any problems? I ask that because people hooked on tranquilizers may experience life-threatening convulsions when suddenly deprived of their drugs.

Townshend: No. I didn't have any convulsions. But, you know, Meg took my Ativan addiction even more seriously than the heroin, which really surprised me at the time, because the Ativan was, after all, prescribed by a doctor.

Penthouse: Did NET help reduce your craving for drugs at all?

Townshend: I wasn't aware of having any great craving until I got back into the surroundings where I'd ingested drugs in the past. When I returned to my country home, I could sense the atmosphere that existed when I left. The loneliness, the desperation—it was all in the woodwork and the way things were laid out. Then the craving for heroin was immense.

As for coke, I usually crave it only at rock 'n' roll parties and similar situations. When that happens, either I sit there and sweat it out or else I walk away. For a while, I tried going to nightclubs, but I just couldn't handle it. Apart from everything else, I don't know what I saw in those fucking piss holes filled with empty people.

Penthouse: Returning to the treatment, what happened on days seven through ten? Did you wear the machine around the clock right up until the last day, or was it gradually phased out?

Townshend: I always wore it during the day, but I stopped using it at night on the seventh day because I no longer needed it to get to sleep.

Penthouse: That's very unusual, isn't it? When going cold turkey, don't most people complain of horrible nightmares and endless nights of restlessness?

Townshend: What happened to me was extremely peculiar. When I got to California, Meg told me how she'd only recently begun using the machine at night because she'd discovered that it helped people sleep. So my first morning there she asked me if I'd had any dreams or nightmares. I said, "No, I didn't dream a thing—unfortunately." She said, "Why 'unfortunately'?" So I explained how I'd been working on a book of short stories for the last two years, and that whenever I ran out of ideas I would usually just write up a dream. I said to her, "I just have the most incredible dreams. They make Salvador Dali look like Richard Scarry." She said, "Oh, you mean you want to have nightmares?" In fact, if I'm in the middle of a nightmare, I often deliberately attempt to wake myself up so that I can scribble down certain details, which I'll use in

songs or whatever. Anyway, after that she kept asking me each morning if my dreams had come back. And when I said no, she'd say, "Oh dear, let me try modifying the frequency a little bit. Now let's see how this setting works." I did not, in fact, have any nightmares until well after I got home. So I rang her up to tell her everything was okay and she said, "Oh good!" I still don't know how that fit in with her research.

Penthouse: Were you apprehensive when the black box was taken away on day ten?

Townshend: Yes, I was. As a matter of fact, I got very, very minor withdrawals for the first few days afterwards. But my mood had basically stabilized by the last three days of treatment, so I guess my endorphin levels had normalized. Also, I did a lot of exercise—that was a big help. You probably know that in the process of extreme exercise, you generally raise your endorphin levels anyway. And by about my third week at Meg's, people who had

There are still things
that I can't talk about and can't
face up to. . . . I've caught
myself laughing at Christ on the
cross—that kind of thing.

seen me taking brisk walks would come up to me on the street and say, "That's California for you. When you first arrived, you looked dead. We gave you about half an hour. And now look at you! All you needed was a few days in California." The funny thing was that it rained the whole time I was there.

Listen—something else happens during Meg's treatment. I mean emotionally. When you first start to recover, you feel superhuman. You get swept away by the euphoria of the natural high and the feeling of being able to handle any crisis. The first real emotion that came back to me was anger and aggression. The feeling of *I'm going to get this lot behind me*. But this is where I think Meg is so clever. It seems she understood that, and in the coming month that I stayed with her, she helped me to sublimate a lot of that and balance it. In other words, not to overreact and thus swing the pendulum too far in the other direction. She constantly stressed the spiritual rebuilding I had to do, which I'm still dealing with. The importance of getting closer to my children again and, if it was possible—and at the time it didn't look like too hot a situation—to reestablish my rela-

tionship with my wife, Karen.

It wasn't easy having to admit where I'd gone wrong. For a long time I kept getting stuck in the same thought patterns: *None of this is my fault. I only got into the music business because my father is a saxophone player and I've always admired him so much. My mother left me with my grandmother when I was seven years old—all kinds of crap. The guy I brought in to manage all my companies spent too much money—it's not my fault, you know. My wife doesn't understand the difficulties of being a rock star. I can't deal with the road. I can't handle the groupies.* All kinds of stuff was coming out. We talked about so many things. And in the process, of course, lots of memories came back. Lots of terrifying little cameos that made me feel deeply ashamed.

Penthouse: Yet you can speak about them so openly right now.

Townshend: Well, I've got a funny make-up. Basically I don't give a damn what people think, I really don't.

Penthouse: But didn't you say before that you wanted to be popular?

Townshend: Yeah, but I want to be popular with the people who know me. With them, I want to be really popular—I want to be loved. But I don't want people to love me because I am what they might think I am. I don't want to hide behind some phony facade. My attitude has always been: "Love me warts and all."

Penthouse: So your openness has always been a basic facet of your personality?

Townshend: Yeah. Well, I mean, I did have to think very seriously about whether to admit things publicly, because of the children.

Penthouse: They're girls, aren't they?

Townshend: Yeah. Aged thirteen and eleven.

Penthouse: How did they react?

Townshend: Well, it didn't actually come into their life. But I was concerned that their friends or the parents of their friends might give them trouble. Like they might decide, "No, you can't go and stay with Emma Townshend; her father was a junkie." But to be honest, I'm finding that most people aren't the slightest bit interested in my drug problems. They don't seem to care. Or if they do, it's because they're glad that I'm well, happy, and back on the right path again. Still, I do feel slightly shell-shocked. I can't help thinking that a fantastic amount of my time and energy got used up by this whole debacle.

Penthouse: Yet, creatively speaking, you managed to pull off an almost superhuman feat by coming out with two solo albums during that period.

Townshend: It's quite difficult to accept that there was anything superhuman about what I achieved. If anything, I think I was living at a subhuman level. I think possibly the only reason why I managed to achieve anything at all was because the people around me were being very, very well paid to put up with it. The guy who produced my record was a great person

and we love each other a lot. But there was a point at which even his patience snapped.

I wasn't dealing with anything. I wasn't reacting to anything around me. I had actually decided at some point to become defeated. I put all my energy and my potential into my aspiration for the gutter. It still seems incredible to me that I, who unashamedly try to incorporate a sense of spiritual aspiration in my music, should suddenly use all my energy and finely developed talents to do the exact opposite.

Penthouse: Have you sought counseling or psychiatric help since you got back to Britain?

Townshend: I'm seeing a psychiatrist on a week-to-week basis, which has helped a great deal, because I can talk things out. Still, there are things that I can't talk about and I can't face up to. I've already partially unearthed these things unwittingly during dreams and through my writing. I've seen the color, as it were, and it worries me a bit. There are great satanic touches to these images. I've caught myself laughing at Christ on the cross—that kind of thing.

Penthouse: Do you feel your music has served a therapeutic function in your life?

Townshend: I think it's been therapeutic to the extent that I've been subject to such intensely pleasurable experiences in my work. You get this high from playing music that is incredibly natural. Especially when playing in public, you get the most incredible feeling of euphoria.

Penthouse: I wonder if that feeling of euphoria is also endorphin-mediated. Forgive me for changing the subject, but have you ever considered the possible parallels between the effects of electrical and musical frequencies on the brain? Doesn't Dr. Patterson use electrical frequencies that roughly coincide with the frequencies of various notes on the musical scale, and occasionally superimpose them to produce harmonic effects?

Townshend: Who knows? Maybe, if Meg's got enough years left in her, she'll get a place at Juilliard and become incredibly rich and famous playing her little black box. In all seriousness, though, it's interesting that you should bring that up, because Meg feels she was fortunate to have treated so many musicians in the early days, when she was still largely in the dark about what frequencies would work best. Apparently, the musicians would fiddle around with the machine until they found a setting that felt good. They seemed to know right away if the frequency was helping them. So the fact that musicians seemed to be more attuned to the effects of frequency aided her enormously in the refinement of the therapy.

Penthouse: Have you ever thought to gauge the human physiological response to music, with the goal of exploiting such knowledge in your own compositions?

Townshend: In 1972 I wrote a story called "The Lifehouse," which explored the Sufic notion that all life and all nature—especially anything expressed, received, or

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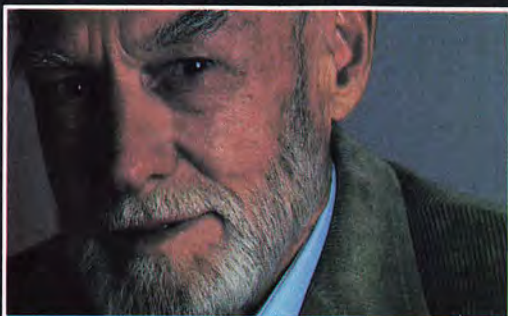
OMNI ON SALE JULY 21

FICTION



What happens when the world's top sumo wrestlers become locked in a battle of mind over matter? Howard Waldrop goes Eastern in "Man-Mountain Gentian," a short story combining two Oriental traditions, Zen and sumo wrestling. Waldrop, who possesses one of the most bizarre imaginations in SF, is a Hugo Award finalist, nominated for his last *Omni* story, "Ike at the Mike." Also in August we present David Bischoff's vision of rock and roll in 1996. His story "Wired" portrays the pressures brought to bear on the musical artist, the lengths to which he'll go to communicate his art, and the technology that will enable him to express himself way beyond his dreams.

INTERVIEW



The phrase *the split brain* is almost a cliché today, but it has been only about two decades since neuroscientist Roger Sperry tested and confirmed the theory that each hemisphere of the brain has "a mind of its own." At sixty-nine, Nobel Prize-winner Sperry, in a daring turn, has declared war on the dehumanizing and mechanistic aspects of science. In a rare interview this very private man reveals his rather unconventional ideas about the origins and control of behavior; the nature of perception, learning, and memory; and the "secret zone of conscious awareness."

STONEHENGE



Was it the site of ancient ritual or a scientific construct of visitors from space? Was it used to observe the celestial motion of the moon and stars—or to capture "earth energy," a mysterious force only Stone Age man could comprehend? When it comes to the origin of Stonehenge, the stark rocks towering over Salisbury, England, theories abound. In the August issue of *Omni*, Pete Turner's spectral photos capture the aura of the megaliths that have fascinated men for millennia.

FEMALES IN CHARGE



If a small but growing number of animal researchers are right, we may have to rethink our definition of femininity. Over the past decade or two these scientists have accumulated impressive evidence indicating that to be female is to rule—at least, in a dazzling variety of animal societies. That is why, for example, no male clown fish can take charge of his school unless he first undergoes a metamorphosis and becomes female—and why, to a male hyena, the female hyena is the most feared and respected animal on the African plains. This might add up to nothing more than a collection of interesting animal trivia were it not for the discovery that female dominance is often the natural order of things among primates, our evolutionary predecessors. It now appears that the tradition of a dominating "weaker" sex runs throughout our evolutionary past. How far might it extend into our future? Pick up a copy of the August issue of *Omni* and find out for yourself.

putting all the moves on me. He knew Joe's boss really wanted to talk with me. Well, we all had too much to drink and it was very late, so I finally said I had to go. Michael had his hands all over me and I was getting very turned on. Michael insisted on seeing me back to the apartment. When Tony saw us leaving he came along. In the elevator Michael was beyond caring, and he handed his drink to Tony and began kissing and fondling me. He slipped his hand up my dress. I was literally cornered in the elevator. Tony flicked the switch, which stopped the elevator and acted as lookout in the hall. I couldn't help but respond to this situation.

In my apartment our lurid romance continued with Tony again acting as self-appointed lookout. I was sprawled on the sofa and Michael was avidly eating my pussy. Despite my intoxicated condition, I remember Michael saying, as he held himself and guided himself into me, "Take this. It'll help keep you quiet." I suppose he was concerned about me waking Joe, but I know he had more personal concerns. When Tony saw Michael enter me, we both started going wild. Tony picked me up and put me on the floor. With more than a little effort he finally managed to penetrate me completely and gave me the

wildest fuck I'd ever had. Then they left together.

Michael has since been my lover and I his mistress. He too is happily married but he loves me and I him in a different way. He feels he can demand any type of sex anytime he wants, because he has paid for it, but he does it in a way that lets me know he really loves me. Since his wife is so busy with their four kids, the house, and social obligations, their love life, though great, is not as "kinky" as ours. After our first encounter our relationship grew. He gave Joe a raise but assigned him to the sales territory farthest out, requiring him to be away about three nights a week. I'm sure Joe doesn't mind, since I know he has some fun on the side, too. This makes his love for me even greater.

Michael also helped us find a lovely little home in a secluded area. We didn't have enough money saved up at the time, so Michael loaned Joe some of the down payment. The only interest was my providing him with a key. Michael also gave Joe a raise to help with the monthly payments. He enjoys the power of getting anything he wants, when he wants it.

Tony is totally different. With him, it's just pure sex. He sometimes drops by during the day in uniform. He'll strip me completely naked, pull his cock out after he's gotten me really hot, and demand I suck him off. Tony often wants me to make love with him and another man. He says he

really enjoys a threesome, and he knows I do too. Most people probably will have difficulty in understanding this side of me. I enjoy being used by Tony for pure sexual pleasure.

His patrol partner is a married cop whom Tony has introduced into our threesome. Bill is a really nice guy who is really just a follower of Tony. He is a lot of fun and is ready to do whatever Tony suggests when we're wildly making love. Tony likes to have a sex party twice a month. He calls it the "Policeman's Ball." There's always Tony and Bill, of course, but also Matthew and another Joe. I am the only female allowed. We usually smoke a bit and play games. The guys always have different games to play. We play blackjack where each person takes off a piece of clothing when he loses a hand. I always lose first. Then I have to pay with sexual favors demanded by the winner.

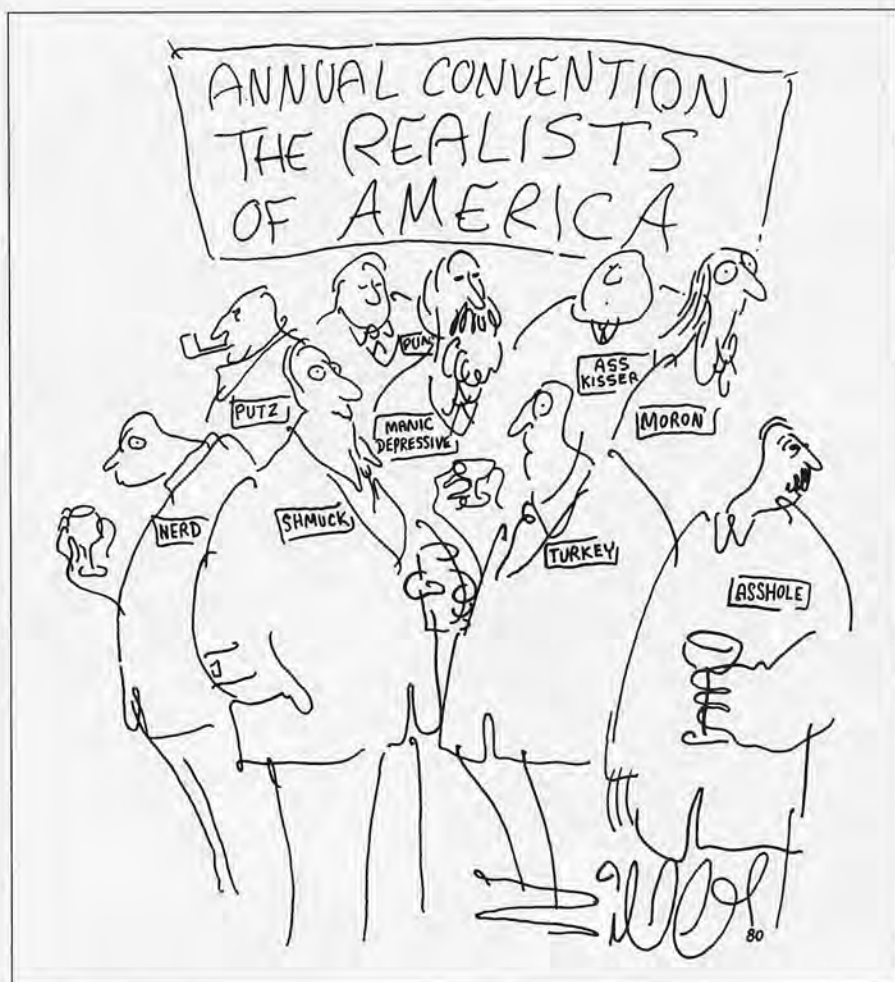
In another game I am blindfolded and must identify each man by the feel of some portion of his body in or on mine. There are new games being devised by the guys. Matthew is the most imaginative. He has a small hunting cabin a few hours from here. The four of them took me there for two nights once. They were two nights that I won't soon forget.

One of them has a van, and I was driven up there and back without a stitch of clothes on except a black negligee. From six o'clock until ten the first night, they decided they'd each have me separately for an hour each. The others could only watch until ten o'clock, when it became orgy time. Needless to say, I had more sex at that hunting cabin than I'd ever imagined possible.

So, those are the three people that make up the real me. I am always ready for sex. I think of it always. Tony is the only one who knows all of me. My husband may know (unconsciously) because Tony and he relate their sexual conquests, but they never mention who or where. Tony only tells Joe about this married broad he's balling and who is practically a slave to him. He tells Joe he's even got her servicing his three buddies. He's also told him that this same broad is her husband's boss's mistress.

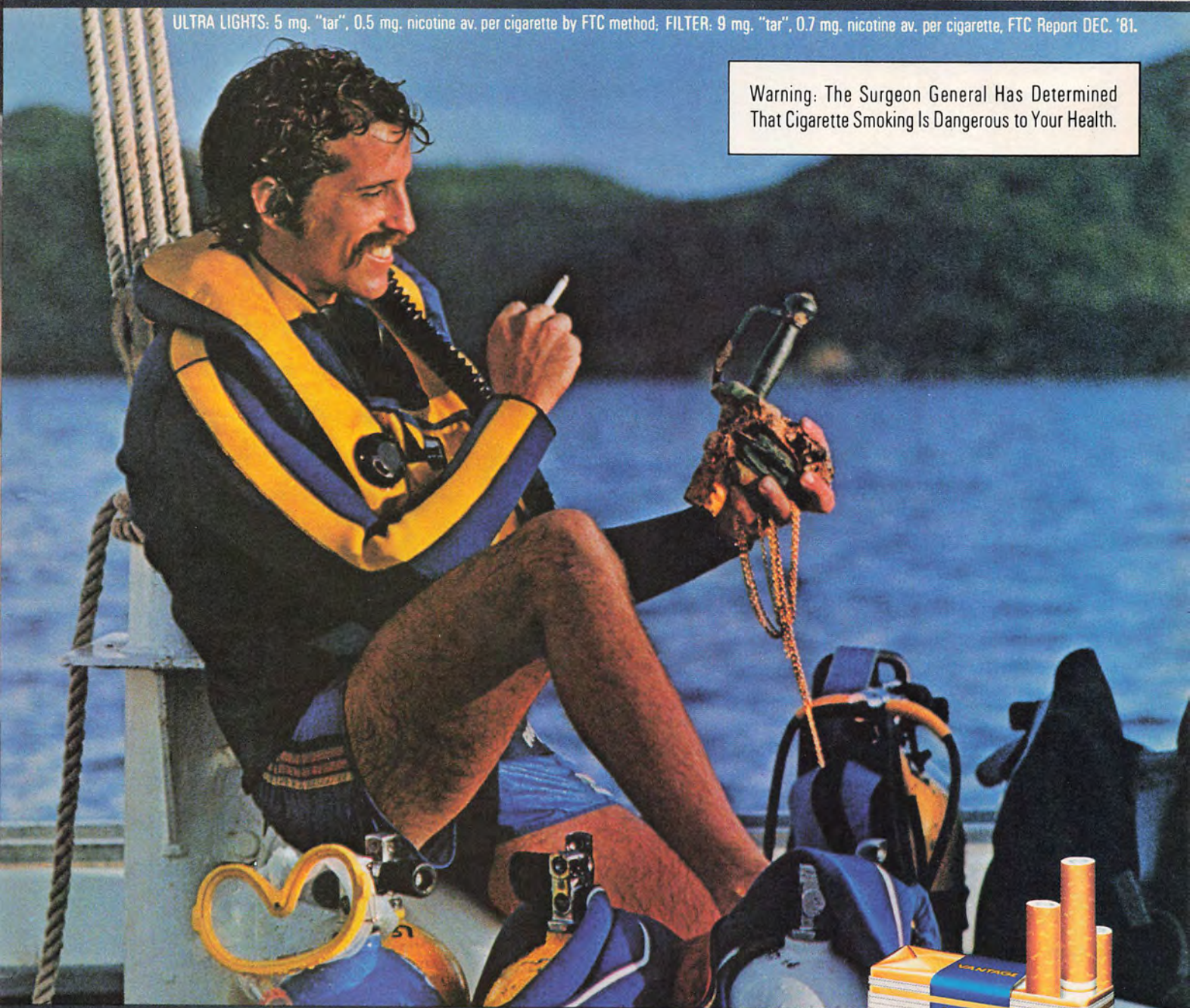
Please tell me your feelings about me. Am I right in feeling that I'm making a lot of people very unhappy, including me? Am I wrong to be acting out the lives of three different women?—J.O.

If your husband ever finds out about this, he may be totally embarrassed and upset, especially since you stayed within such a close circle—of his family members and even his boss. Depending on his attitude and the gossipy tongues of your lovers and their friends, I'd say go ahead with what you are doing as long as you are having fun. I wonder if your marriage will last very long, though, because it looks as though you can never again be satisfied by just one person. O—



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Sweet Chastity

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE HAVING A DIFFICULT TIME WITH THE TWISTS AND CONVOLUTIONS OF THIS INTRIGUING STORY, (WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR THAT PULITZER PRIZE) CHASTITY IS BACK AT CASTLE DREER - IN A DEEPCOM. NOW IT'S A WELL KNOWN FACT THAT JOHN VAIN HAS NEVER LIKED SWEET CHASTITY. IT COULD BE JEALOUSY OR SOMETHING FAR WORSE BURIED DEEP IN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS.....

I'M SICK AND TIRED OF PLAYING NURSEMAID TO YOU!

I'M YOUNG AND GOOD LOOKING! I'M IN MY PRIME!

I'VE GOT A LIFE OF MY OWN TO LEAD!

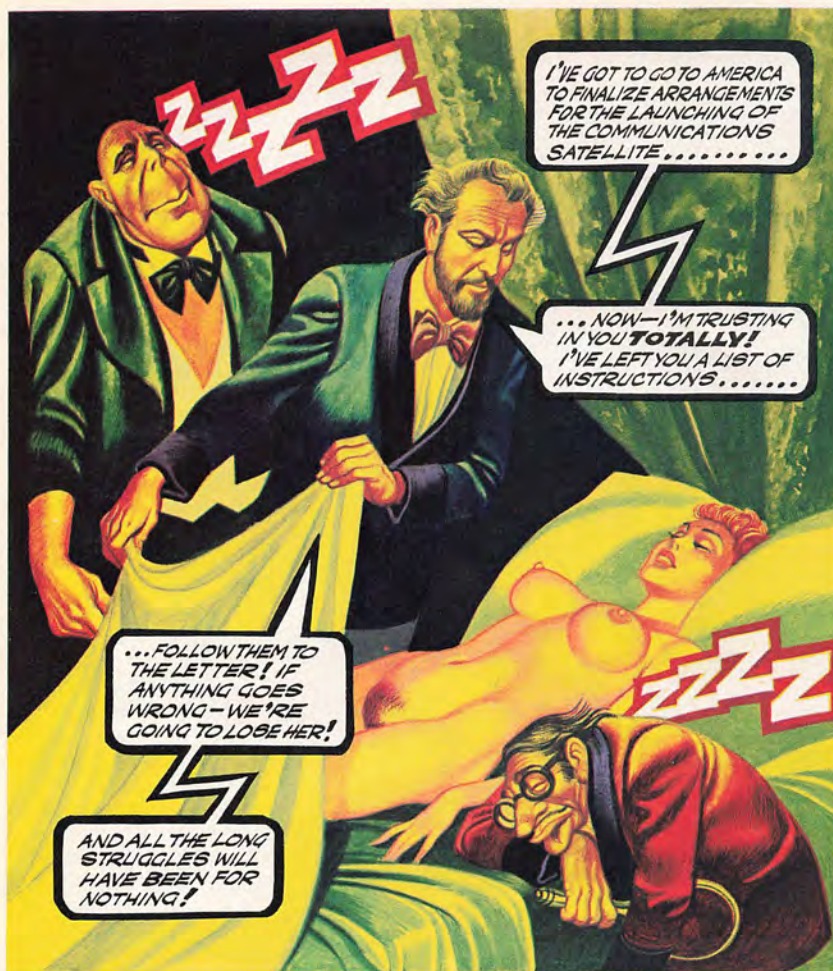
.... WHATEVER IT IS, THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN HE WOULD RATHER BE RID OF HER!

by **RON EMBLETON**
and **BOB GUCCIONE**









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THE TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE PACKAGE IS ALL WRAPPED UP - THANKS TO VINNY HERE!

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BARON, I'M IMPRESSED WITH YOUR HANDLING OF A SITUATION THAT IS GOING TO CHANGE THE FATE OF THE WORLD!

WHEN I AM PRESIDENT, AND, IN ALL HUMILITY, THERE IS NOW NO DOUBT THAT I WILL BE, YOU CAN REST ASSURED I KNOW WHO MY FRIENDS ARE!

ANY TIME YOU WANT A JOB HERE - YOU'VE GOT IT!

A FEW DAYS LATER, A SLIGHTLY JETLAGGED BUT TRIUMPHANT VINCENT BOWS BEFORE GRAND DUKE BORIS, LORD PROTECTOR OF TRANSYLVANIA.....

THE AMERICAN AID FUNDS FOR THE SATELLITE PROGRAM HAVE COME THROUGH, SIR!

BARON, I'M IMPRESSED WITH YOUR HANDLING OF A SITUATION THAT HAS BROUGHT PROSPERITY TO TRANSYLVANIA!

YOU MAY REST ASSURED WE KNOW WHO OUR FRIENDS ARE!

ANY POST IN MY GOVERNMENT IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING. ANY HONOURS THIS COUNTRY CAN BESTOW ON ITS MOST DEVOTED PATRIOTS ARE YOURS BY RIGHT!

I'M ALSO THINKING OF MAKING YOUR WIFE A GRAND DAME OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS BENEFACITOR'S BEDCHAMBER - FOR HER...ER... AHM?

DEVOTION TO THE WELFARE OF THE COUNTRY?

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VINCENT RETURNS IN TRIUMPH TO HIS ANCESTRAL HOME—BREATHING DEEPLY ON THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

I'VE ASSEMBLED YOU HERE, MEMBERS OF MY STAFF AND FAMILY, TO BEGIN PREPARATIONS FOR THE LAUNCHING OF THE FIRST TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE. NEXT MONTH THE VON FRANKENSTEINS WILL BE PLAYING HOST TO PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD!

GREAT RESPONSIBILITY NOW RESTS ON YOUR SHOULDERS. I EXPECT THE HIGHEST STANDARDS IN ALL THINGS FROM MY STAFF—AND FAMILY!

YOU CAN COUNT ON US, BARON—WE ARE HONoured TO SERVE YOU!

AND NOW, BARON—WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

POMPOUS PRICK! BUT MONEY AND POWER IMPROVES HIM NO END!

BIG DEAL!



SWEET CHASTITY! Y..YOU'RE ALRIGHT?

DEAR UNCLE VINCENT! I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT MY ILLNESS—BUT I'M FINE NOW!

THANKS TO THE LOVING CARE OF DEAR, SWEET IGOR AND JOHN VAIN!



VINCENT—I'M SO PROUD OF YOU! I FEEL QUITE EXCITED!

I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT, ELEKTRA—BUT DO TRY TO CONTROL YOURSELF!



AND THAT NIGHT, AS THE INHABITANTS OF THE CASTLE DREAM THEIR SWEET DREAMS OF A ROSY FUTURE

FIRST—CONTROL OF THE TREASURY!

THE GRAND DUKE IS AN OLD MAN....

SOON, VINCENT—SOON!

OH, VINCENT! WE'VE BEEN HERE SO MANY TIMES BEFORE! WILL IT ALL GO ACCORDING TO PLAN? ARE WE NOW LOOKING AT A WINNER—OR ARE THESE THE DREAMS AND FANTASIES OF A BORN LOSER?

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DANGEROUS EDGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

Brain wriggled out of his pack and went himself. He was listening to his own thunderous applause. It gave him a boundless energy, a feeling of enormous confidence.

The sewer's flood debouched into the underground Paillon River. It spewed them out. The river, moving at saner speeds, calmly received them. They climbed up onto its banks and threw themselves down on the stones. They lay with chests heaving, only momentarily safe. The Paillon had been roofed over years ago, and here ran under the bus station, under the municipal casino, under the public gardens. Its bed was enormously wide, but the river itself ran down a narrow center channel. The men lay on their backs on the stones in darkness that was total except for the feeble glow thrown off by their hats.

Their vehicles, two vans and a jeep, were upriver, parked just under the edge of the crust. They had driven in as far as they dared. The river bed was principally round, the shifting stones as unstable as the stony beach in front of the city. Now they trudged along, slipping and cursing under their packs, making a good deal of noise. Their eyes were on their feet. Their heads drooped. Lambert, who happened to glance up, could make out vague car shapes ahead, shapes that hardened too quickly as daylight increased behind them. He did not see the *clochard* until it was much too late.

The *clochard* must have been there since last night. He must have crawled in under the crust to sleep. It was their noise that woke him, their exhausted, carelessly loud approach. He had been sleeping against the archway that supported the last of the crust but now he came awake. Rising to his feet, he decided he wished to converse with these men, and he stumbled towards them. He appeared to be in a semistupor and was perhaps still drunk.

There was a moment of stupefaction during which no one reacted. Then Roy LeRoy, who happened to be closest, slipped out of his pack, grasped the two armloops in one hand, and swung the pack with great force into the witness's upper body. The *clochard* said, "Ooof," and went over backwards without even bending at the waist. He slid and rolled down the embankment into the shallow water. As his face came up spitting, Roy LeRoy jumped down the embankment into the water after him. He got his right boot planted on the river floor and his left on the *clochard*'s throat, pinning him to the bottom. Current swirled past both his shins, higher on one than on the other, and he stood there. The *clochard* was visible through planes of water, his features distorted by terror and by eddies.

"He would have told the world about us," said Roy LeRoy to Lambert. His tone was conversational.

The water was fast-moving and very clear. Lambert looked down through it at great, staring eyes and twitching feet. Surprise is as immobilizing as fear. Surprise and fear are the same. This crime he had concocted was being lifted up into a wholly new category and he was powerless to stop it.

Reaching down into the water, LeRoy grasped a scruff of clothing and dragged the corpse up the embankment.

Henry the Torch dropped to his knees. He was strangling the corpse with his hands to make sure. Lambert could not take his eyes off this outrageous scene. It seemed to him that he could not move, could not even speak.

"Get a rock," said The Torch as he worked. "Bash his face in so they don't know who he is."

Lambert found his voice. "No," he said.

"That does it, don't you think?" said The Torch, and he stood up. The *clochard* had been murdered twice, and he looked satisfied.

The Brain had begun reasoning again. Sooner or later the corpse would get found and laid on them, he said. Therefore they would have to drive him out of here and dump him somewhere else. He glanced around, but the others all refused both the idea and the job.

"I'm not driving through Nice with no stiff in the back of the car," said Henry the Torch.

Lambert saw he would have to do it himself. This was agreeable to him. The role of hero again seemed congenial. "Load him in the jeep," he said.

"You're crazy," said Roy LeRoy. But there was grudging admiration in his tone, which Lambert saw and was pleased by. He watched LeRoy and The Torch lift their victim into the jeep. They pulled a tarpaulin over it.

Under the crust the light was brightening fast. They were far behind schedule. The first van-load of men and loot drove out, followed five minutes later by the second. Lambert smoked a Lucky Strike all the way down, then climbed into the jeep, engaged both gear levers, and drove upriver, then up the ramp across the curb and down into the street. The corpse behind him shifted position as if alive. The traffic around him was mostly bicycles and therefore silent—laborers, barmen pedaling to work.

The jeep had been stolen by one of the Milieu gang in Marseille several days ago. Lambert had no papers for it. If he were stopped, he thought, he would not need any papers.

He turned onto the Promenade des Anglais. The Mediterranean was on his left, and its early breeze caught the lumpy tarpaulin and caused it to flap. The sun was flat against the facades of the hotels.

When he came to the Var River he turned away from the sea, drove ten kilometers due north, then turned up into the hills toward a certain villa. He went inside. The others were waiting.

The room was dark. Some of the windows were open but the shutters in front of them remained shut. A breeze blew through. The twelve other men sat on boxes or on the floor. The Pope was there too. They had formed a circle and while waiting for Lambert had been drinking champagne. The packs lay in the center of the circle. Lambert came into the room and joined the circle without speaking. Someone handed him a champagne glass.

The Pope proposed a toast, and they all drank.

The contents of the packs were dumped out onto the floor. The mood was cordial, and the split into two equal parts took less than thirty minutes. The Jeweler had a scale for weighing the gold and he had made a rough appraisal of each piece of jewelry, which was now accepted without comment by both sides. The cash was easier to deal with. The dollars, pounds, francs, marks, and lire were simply split down the middle. One half to each team.

Lambert and his men retired into an adjacent room, where the money and gold were further subdivided into six equal shares. Lambert, who might have demanded more, wanted nothing extra for himself.

They returned to the other room, each man dragging his own sack. Lambert himself had two, one for currency, one for gold. It was time to leave. The men from Marseille had jumped to their feet. They looked deliriously happy. One by one they began embracing Lambert, Roy LeRoy, the fighter pilot, the Arab, the two Australians. There was much kissing on both cheeks. As Lambert and his men filed out into the driveway, the Milieu group stood at the door waving good-bye.

Lambert and Roy LeRoy stood outside on the gravel.

"What will you do?" LeRoy asked.

Lambert was peering under the jeep's tarpaulin. He knew it was too late now to get the corpse onto a boat. "Take him up into the hills and dump him into a ravine." After a moment he pointed to the sack of gold at his feet. "Sell this for me, will you?"

"Sure. Not to worry." LeRoy used his war-surplus PT boat for smuggling cigarettes from Tangier to the Riviera. He would be in Tangier by tomorrow, and he heaved the sack onto the floor of his car beside his own.

Lambert drove the jeep further up into the mountains. He owned a 200-year-old stone farmhouse above a village thirty miles behind Nice. It was quite high up. It had been in ruins, and he had bought it cheap. There were terraces below it that were all overgrown.

His wife, who kept a small perfume shop on the rue Massena in the center of Nice, had perhaps spent yesterday, Sunday, in the house. She was perhaps still there. He was conscious of the grotesque burdens in the rear of the jeep, money and death, the twin goals of every man, wheth-

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COUNSELING EXTRAMARITAL LOVERS

Therapists normally discourage the extramarital affair as destructive and doomed. Yet 50 percent of all couples enjoy an adulterous liaison at some point in their married life. Psychotherapist Dr. Tom McGinnis suggests in a *Forum* interview with Phillip Nobile that the therapeutic community pull its collective head out of the sand and recognize the affair as a constant of human intercourse. Dr. McGinnis is also the author of the recently published book *More Than Just a Friend*.

THE SEXUAL HARASSMENT OF MEN

David Huebschen was the first man ever to win a court case charging sexual harassment by a woman. His attractive, married superior at a Wisconsin Social Security office pressured him to have sex and demoted him when he resisted. However, Huebschen's case is not unique; one out of four victims of illegal sexual harassment is a man.

MEN AND MENSTRUATION

Women come to terms with their monthly periods so matter-of-factly that Mark Zussman is perplexed.

Like a typical male, he regards menstruation as a source of mystery. It is also a constant reminder that sex was never designed with only male gratification in mind.

THE DEFLOWERING OF A LESBIAN STRIPPER

A rock singer on tour meets a young blond stripper who has not made love to men in years. At first their lovemaking is tense and mechanical.

But as they learn to trust one another, she sweetly offers the musician her other virginity. By Clark Gristus.

er they knew it or not, and he did not wish to meet her. Continuing up past the house, he drove into an orchard hidden from the road, and made his way on foot down through a forest of cork oaks toward the rear of his house. Was she there or not? He peered in the bedroom window, looking for her. The shutters were closed, but he found a gap. The bed was empty, though unmade. The kitchen was empty too. He found her in the bathroom, taking a shower. The small window, though slightly ajar, was otherwise steamed up. He could not see her, but he could hear the water pounding.

Then the shower curtains parted and he waited for her to step out. He waited for a look at the naked body of Jacqueline Lambert, aged twenty-eight, his wife.

A leg came out through the curtains first, and he found he was excited. He waited to see the rest of her step out onto the mat.

She did so, and reached for a towel. Water dripped off skin smooth as a seal's. She was tall, big-breasted, with a trim, narrow waist and long legs. Her hair was plastered to her skull. She dried it, fluffing it up. The towel moved her breasts around, further arousing Lambert. He was exhausted and still full of drugs, and still in danger also, and his wife's nakedness seemed to him the most erotic thing he had ever seen. As the towel moved between her legs, his arousal only increased. Pulses throbbed in his temples, in his groin. His heart beat still faster. His passion was more intense than anything he had ever known—it became something different, passed beyond the normal. He felt himself switch from Peeping Tom to sexual deviate. The one was harmless, but the second craved violent release from such tension and was not. He wanted to break in on her. On his own wife. He understood how these things happened. His urge was to throw her on the unmade bed, rape her. If she resisted, then he would kill her.

Nude and unaware, his wife moved alone in her private world while her husband's heart pumped and his legs tingled. This, to Lambert, was the most intensely sexual experience of his life—still another of the tremendous excitements of the weekend.

His wife stepped into underpants. She bent to hook on a bra. Lambert's breath slowed, and presently he climbed back up the forest and hid in the trees. A little later he watched her come out onto the road and stand waiting for the bus. When it came she flagged it down and climbed on board.

He drove the jeep across the cobblestone yard and into the shed behind the house. He left the sack of cash in the back beside the corpse. He left his filthy boots beside the back door, and went inside. On the floor of the closet in the hall stood a cardboard box that served as laundry hamper. He stripped and dropped his filthy clothing in on top of what was there.

This reawakened the bank odors, the sewer odors, and he stood over the box sniffing them, smiling, at once vividly aware of these past three days and nights.

But at last he padded naked into the bathroom, which was still steamy and moist from its previous occupant. He stepped into the shower and turned the water on, and as the mud and sweat washed off his body he recapitulated in his mind each detail of the bank job. He relived it. He was like a businessman taking inventory of his stock. He was like a teenager reviewing his first sexual intercourse, the most beautiful act of his life so far—at any rate, the most amazing.

The water relaxed his muscles but increased his dismay. Although he had more money now than any playwright, this meant nothing to him. To an artist only artistic perfection counted, and as depression set in he could see none. Less than half the safe deposit boxes had been opened, and his play was full of bad jokes as well; pornographic pictures caulked to the wall, human excrement tramped into documents on the floor. And the end was rout—terrified retreat through the sewers, a senseless murder, a corpse still to be got rid of.

The world was willing to forgive a great artist all excesses, but he, himself, would not qualify. He had no illusions. The failed artist was treated, usually, like a criminal. To society the one was as irresponsible, and therefore as contemptible, as the other. Lambert's disappointment was immense. This crime would not bring him fame, as he had hoped. He would be considered a common thief. Standing in the shower he began to cry. He cried his heart out. The tears ran down his face.

A little later, stepping out onto the floor, he dried himself off—tears first, then the rest. He fell asleep naked, sprawled diagonally across the big bed.

Outside, under the shed, the jeep was waiting.

At 9:00 A.M. precisely a series of rumbles could be heard from inside the vault doors. It was like gas noises inside a stomach, and it brought a half smile to the face of Jules Monot, the bank's *directeur générale*. But he erased it quickly—the bank business was no laughing matter to him—and nodded to the assistant managers who flanked him, each of whom inserted a long, flat key into the doors. This was the high point of Monot's day. In a moment the tabernacle door would open and he would stand once again in the presence of the holy of holies. Monot's religion was money.

The opening of the vault, the actual act, he reserved for himself. Now he grasped the large handle.

But today there was no response to Monot's pressure and he tugged harder.

A puzzled frown. He yanked. He jerked the handle several times. He wiped his brow. They would start again.

This was done and it didn't work. The

door remained stuck, and Monot couldn't believe it.

From his own office Monot phoned the firm that had built and installed the vault. Their vault was stuck, he cried into the phone; send a crew to open it. He instructed his tellers to clear the bank of customers and to pull the shades down over the plate glass window. The bank would remain closed until the mechanic had opened the vault.

The mechanics came and they worked the same flat keys and listened with stethoscopes to the interior mechanism. They shook their heads. They said the doors must be stuck.

"I know that," shouted Monot.

They said that the doors were impregnable. If the mechanism had malfunctioned, this could be repaired only from the inside. They requested permission to open a hole into the wall with drills. They would drill in a large circle through twelve inches of reinforced concrete. Directeur Générale Monot, looking about to cry, fled upstairs and let them do it.

Lambert turned off the ignition and got out of the jeep. The sun off the snow was blinding. He stood listening. There were banks of snow to both sides of the road. It was cold up here. His sweater felt thin. He had gloves on and he pulled the scarf tighter around his neck. He listened in all directions but could hear nothing except the wind, and he walked over and peered up the side road that climbed to the new ski station, called La Colmiane.

Lambert decided not to continue up to the ski station. There could be a solitary skier up there, or workmen fixing one of the lifts—you never knew. He was not a fool.

Moving to the rear of the jeep, he loosened the tarpaulin. After peering in under it, he straightened up and listened carefully once again.

Satisfied, he threw back the tarp. It folded with a crackling noise. The clochard lay face up and Lambert grasped him by his rope belt and hair, lifted him out, and stood him upright beside the jeep. He was stiff, of course, and very light, undernourished for years and years probably. His eyes were open. He looked surprised, or perhaps only offended, and Lambert felt sorry for him.

He was not a squeamish man. A few years ago he had marched through fields in which corpses lay on the ground as casually as hay bales, and as numerous. He realized that, under the law, he was guilty of this man's murder. The law would call it a natural outgrowth of his crime, and therefore willed by him in advance. But he did not accept this verdict. He rejected it categorically. He had willed no such thing. He had simply been unable to stop Roy LeRoy in time.

Just then he either heard a vehicle grinding up toward the pass or only thought he did. Dancing the clochard

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close to the embankment, he gave a great heave and chucked him over. It was like heaving a golf bag up onto a flatbed truck, except that there was no platform up there for the clochard to land on. Lambert heard him bounce several times, and a cloud of snow rose up, and when he had climbed up on top of the embankment, he noted that the corpse had disappeared. He studied the scene carefully. From his feet the wall of mountain plunged almost straight down. A small avalanche had been started. He watched until all the loose snow had stopped tumbling. There—it was over, and nothing showed. Good. The job was done. Lambert jumped down off the embankment, got back into his jeep, and started downhill toward Nice.

Presently he was in a rage. He had begun to contemplate the guillotine, surely the most grotesque method of execution any country had yet devised, and he was furious at his colleagues for having abandoned him to such a threat—to this morning's too rich emotion.

Nor was the risk entirely over even now, and as his mood cooled he came to certain other decisions centered principally around an idea, a plan that had come to him—a way of taking out a kind of antiquilotine insurance policy. It was a good plan, strong on many levels. It required him to commit further devilry in the bank, and this pleased him. It was even a way to pay off his colleagues for leaving him the

corpse. It would put him one up on them.

All this time he was coming down out of the mountains. It took him about ninety minutes. He drove the jeep into the streets of Nice, parked in front of the railroad station, and got out.

There was a suitcase in the back that had shared space with the corpse. Lambert carried it inside the station. Behind him he had left the key in the jeep's ignition. With luck some kid would steal it and abandon it somewhere else—the idea of a twice-stolen jeep made him snicker. He walked the length of the station, exited by the far door, and engaged a taxi at the taxi stand. He ordered himself driven to the Ruhl Hotel, and there he was shown to a room on the sixth floor overlooking the Promenade des Anglais and the Mediterranean. He was in it only long enough to admire the view and to get some things out of his suitcase. He was careful to hand around money both entering and leaving the hotel.

Stepping across the promenade through the traffic, he descended the stone staircase to the stony beach and headed toward the mouth of the Paillon. He was wearing gray slacks, a gray striped tie, a blue V-necked sweater, and sunglasses. He looked like a prosperous tourist out for a stroll along the beach. He moved carefully over the shifting stones. He carried a duffle bag bunched up under his arm and when he had walked a little

ways, confident that he was alone and unobserved, he sat down, withdrew rubber boots from the duffle bag, and tugged them on over his shoes.

He entered the Paillon from the beach, and took the short, brisk walk upstream to where the sewer debouched. He climbed into it. The itinerary now was as familiar to him as city streets. The water level, as he had hoped, had dropped way down and barely covered his insteps. He waded along. When he came to the tunnel they had dug, he dived on in, and crawled along into the vault.

All this time the bank's own safecrackers were working. As the first drill bit pierced the vault wall, Lambert was standing inside No. 3 strong room. The point of the bit came probing and whirring into the room like a dentist's drill inside too big a cavity, and he moved up close to it. He thrust his pelvis out like a matador defying the point of the horn. To be in that spot at that moment was to risk a goring one more time and it gave him an emotion akin to glee. A shout of triumph rose to his throat that he barely restrained in time. Hah, toro!

Then he got down to the business he had come for—the insurance policy—the collecting of papers and documents off the floor, the most valuable ones he could find, stuff that, if worse came to worst, he might trade in exchange for his head.

But he went to the pornographic pictures first. He shined his flashlight on them. He wanted them down because they marred his work of art and because, if he could attach names to them, they might be worth whatever price he cared to put on them. The caulking compound had still not set, and he peeled them off the wall.

As for the rest, he filled the duffle bag with whatever looked choice. The public documents—the house titles, canceled checks, marriage certificates—he cast aside. What seemed personal, and especially what seemed secret, went into the duffle bag. When it was full he climbed back up into the tunnel, and waded swiftly down the sewers for the last time. As he came out into the sunlight and onto the stony beach he looked himself over. There were a few mud stains at his knees, and on his hands. He brushed his knees off—what was left would not be noticed—and he bent down and washed his hands in the sea. He removed his rubber boots and built a cairn of stones over them close to the sea wall. He was leaving clues all over the place—boots, a jeep, a corpse—but none, he was confident, could be linked to the bank job, or to the man who had planned it, The Brain, himself.

Slinging the duffle bag over his shoulder, he hiked in shoes over the pebbles and stones toward the Ruhl, and the staircase from the beach up onto the promenade des Anglais. He was smiling, not tired, and felt very good indeed. The duffle bag bumped him in the rump as he walked.

The rape of the Banque de Nice was complete. 





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VIDEO DATING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

Bloomingdale's." If nothing else, Barbara's had two several-month relationships derived here. "In 1983 three months is a good run," she figures, "and at least I've gotten two new friends. Of course, anytime you take a chance with someone new, you take a chance. Like with 'The Leaper.'" She elaborates. "I'd had a great dinner with this marvelous doctor and we went back to his house so he could change to go dancing. Suddenly, he leaped out of the bedroom in his boxer shorts and leaped on top of me." Barbara wasn't the only victim of his overactive libido. Club officials gave him the boot and a refund. One lady was also just removed, since she insisted on having her modeling photo on her bio. The only problem was the photo was fifteen years old. Misrepresentation, as well as misconduct, is frowned upon. Barbara assures me there really are "catches in them thar files." Gamely, I grab another book. After only an hour I'm bleary from cruising through the endless, smiling "Men-F-G-H." I screen a Frank, Gary, and George. Frank's the best bet. He's an optometrist who manages a band. At least we'll have something to talk about. I like music and I do have eyes. In the lobby I fill out cards for my "chosens" to audition me. Dave the dentist is more

enthusiastic as he scribbles down his requests. Easy for him. What's a guy got to fear on a blind date? More than you'd imagine, it turns out.

"Don't pick that one!" Chris exclaims, looking at Dave's first selection. It seems the lady had called Chris for the first date and arranged to meet him at a very expensive restaurant, ostensibly for a quick drink. "And then," Chris adds, "all I saw was the back of her head. She was just there to case the place for other men. Before I knew it she'd ordered dinner and when the check came she claimed to have forgotten her wallet." It seems the occasional woman does join the service interested only in getting wealthy men to squire her to free meals in fancy restaurants. The service gives the heave-ho to these "dinner hookers." Chris reassures the panicked Dave, "My next date was a success. We were both more interested in a low-key companionship than marriage. This place let us both know that kind of important thing up front, so we had a common goal right off. Of course," Chris muses, "she didn't turn me on, but," he brightens, "I got a dynamite squash partner out of it." Dave seems comforted.

I, however, am still convinced I might get a "leaper." Just the opposite is mostly true, confides old-timer Barbara, a bit sadly. Several other female members confirm their main complaint is the surprising lack of sexuality that the men project. "Every-

body's so fucking polite," one says. "Scared is more like it," Barbara replies. "Men these days feel, and in some cases rightfully so, that any sex with a woman involves an obligation. They don't want to feel guilty if they're unsure about seeing you again. Or they're too scared to take a chance. And I'm talking about the third or fourth date!" The days of the zipless fuck are obviously numbered.

Maybe a more hazardous gamble is the one taken by both men and women who request members to screen them. If they like you, great. If not, it's the empty mailbox. The ultimate dating fear—rejection.

"You get used to it," Chris explains as Dave and I ride down in the elevator. "Even with a mutual-selection date, you're still taking a risk. On a first date a woman member met me, said, 'You look nothing like your tape,' and walked out. That's rare. Usually you get rejected in private." If you're lucky.

"Why'd you reject my tape?" greets us in the lobby, where a distinguished older man confronts a young matron. The poor woman is at a loss. "I'm sorry," she blurts out, confused, "but that was six months ago, and I swear I can't even remember why," she adds, quickly ducking into the elevator. The man retreats to the street. "This cut-and-dry yes-or-no system is pretty cold-blooded," Dave muses. "You kind of wish you could write your no's and say, 'Don't take this personally!' I mean,

my ex-wife gave me a hang-up about being taller than me. She even wore flats and made me wear lifts! I rejected one perfectly nice woman just because she was two inches taller than me." "But the system can work," Chris insists. "At least you know there's a head start once you feel like you know dates you do choose, because you've been reading their bios."

Sounds good in theory but, after one session of bio-cruising, I'm drawing a total blank as I dress to meet my first "mutual selection," Frank, the optometrist. I mentioned drinks on the phone and he'd suggested a health food restaurant. Panic. I don't remember screening a guy whose idea of a cocktail is carrot juice straight up. I give myself a gentle scolding. I'm already down on anyone who'd need a dating service. But, after all, I'm a registered victim.

I'm silently praying he won't show up when an attractive young man in jeans and sports jacket introduces himself. Frank is properly aloof as we sit amid ferns and natural wood chairs. A good sign. He's as slightly cynical about this whole deal as I am. Almost in unison we start with, "Why'd you join a dating service?" It seems Frank just moved to New York. "Oh, right, you're from Denver," I inject. "No, Atlanta. I said that in the tape. Don't you remember?" he says a trifle beligerently. We're in trouble. I can't remember if he's the one who loves softball or is the sailing nut . . . or anything. It feels like I forgot to study for exams. Well, whichever one he is, the mutual selection process should make us somewhat compatible. That is, if our tapes were having this date.

In person, Frank's bright and interesting, and is an impossible verbal bully. He knows what he likes, and to get along with him a woman should agree with him. And agree to the letter. Any deviation insults him to the very core. Over the restaurant din, he tests my opinions on everything from marriage ("No way," he proclaims, "I just want to casually date now") to most-beloved late-night snack. When I admit to a weakness for cold Chinese food, he's appalled. "No one should ever eat junk food," he scowls disapprovingly. I really go beyond the pale when I light up a cigarette. Horror crosses his face. "That's disgusting. I never date a girl who smokes! You know," he challenges, "I was at dinner with a girl I really liked and she lit up. I took her home right in the middle of the meal," he concludes smugly. Naturally I puff like a chimney as Frank pays his half of the bill and leaves. It's partly my fault, of course. I forgot to fill out the bio question "What are your feelings on smoke, drink or drugs?" I wish I'd answered, "In excess, whenever possible," just to have seen his reaction.

Still, over the next few weeks, I find myself intrigued by whom else the electronic Cupid will offer. It's like getting hooked on a lottery. The gamble is provocative. There's always the chance the next roll of the dice could beat the odds and turn up a winner. Embarrassing, but true: I'm even

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slightly miffed when the mailbox fails to provide green-light go-aheads from my other two selections. I do get invites to attend screenings of male members for whom, somehow unsolicited, I have shone among all the other bright "Females-A-A."

It's Friday lunchtime and the joint is jumping. Chris is back looking very dapper in a suede blazer, here to make a new tape of himself. "The service has made me so much more outgoing and confident than who I was two years ago. I saw myself in my old tape and I thought, 'Who's that? He's pathetic.'" For a nominal fee, Chris gets to advertise his new image with an updated tape.

I casually peruse more male bios before investigating the ones who've chosen me. Let them wait. You don't want to appear too eager. Even to yourself. Who knows what new members just joined? There are supposed to be so many types to choose from. That's how it appears at first. Funny, though, to my more seasoned eye, black, white, old, young, the guys are all beginning to appear alike. Everyone wants "a sensitive, attractive woman to spend time with." Out of all the people in the world to "admire most," there seems to be no one except JFK, Henry Fonda, Clint Eastwood, or Albert Einstein. Chris assures me the women, too, blend into one person with a fondness for Jane Fonda, Golda Meir, or Gloria Steinem. "Of course, I did find a girl

who said her hero was Bigfoot," he muses, "but she says eventually she wants to have four kids and I don't want a large family." He pauses. "I don't want to lead her on." The issue seems premature, since they haven't even met, but he rejects her anyway. For \$350, you start getting very choosy.

Dave is a little let down today. Three times he's dated a girl he met there. He reports it all went very smoothly. They both loved the Knicks and Bucks County, but he reveals, "I gotta tell you, this kind of dating takes all the magic out. A blind date fix-up is still instant death to being turned on. There were no sparks and she was great-looking!" He shrugs. "You know, I'd have probably been half in love with her if somehow we stumbled on each other on the checkout line at Gristede's."

No doubt about it. Choosing a date scientifically has serious drawbacks in the magic department. It's almost a built-in deterrent. One of my selector's tapes is of a handsome Mike, a hang-glider manufacturer who has been a test pilot. He should seem like someone exciting. He doesn't. Still, I gamely view my last selector's tape. Bob, a handsome architect, makes me smile when he says his goal in life is "to go three days without jogging and not feel guilty." Perfectly nice men, both Mike and Bob, but I feel perfectly uninterested. That is, until Barbara sees whom I'm screening.

"You got an invite from Mike?" she yelps. It seems Mike is one big draw around here. He's rejected invites from many hopefuls, including Barbara. The same goes for Bob. Suddenly my pen is enthusiastically agreeing to a mutual selection for each of them; I feel like a teenager who's scored a date with the captain of the football and basketball teams. Nothing like a little competition to get the juices going.

Thankfully, unlike my date with optometrist Frank, drinks to Mike means meeting in a real, live bar. He's already scored points. I even take a little time getting ready. Mike sounded delightful on the phone and seemed genuinely interested in getting to know me. Maybe a bit too interested. I should have known.

"How'd you like to come to Albany next weekend and meet my parents?" Mike proposes, gazing at me over margaritas. That could be music to any girl's ears coming from a guy like Mike. If only the question had come later than ten minutes after we first saw each other. It's great that Mike wants to hear my view on things. "Things," however, seem to revolve strangely around distinctly domestic areas. A shared view on "size of family" brings delight, which segues into pure, unabashed joy at my disclosure of our similar religious upbringing. When I share his concept of envisioning my golden years in an old farmhouse by the sea, Mike is ecstatic. "It's perfect," he exclaims. "My grandmother's gonna love you." Sure, my bio indicated I'd eventually like to "settle down." But not after one drink. I find myself babbling about anything nondomestic. The Who versus the Rolling Stones. Paris versus New York. "That's the problem with women in this club," he glumly mutters. "All you girls want to just date around. No one wants to get serious." Love at first sight is great—if it's mutual. When it's one-sided, there's no bigger bummer. I assure Mike there are lots of girls who'd jump at the chance of his instant proposal. He's despondent. "Too bad," he says, sounding suddenly flip. "I think you just don't know what you want." Oh yes, I do. I want to go home.

After Mike, what I want is a nice, unopinionated guy whose idea of a second date is not a trip to the altar. What I'd really like is Tom Selleck. Fat chance. No dating service can provide that. But of course a Tom Selleck is all in the eyes of the beholder.

"And we're going to Albany next weekend!" a familiar voice exclaims back at video-dating central. It seems Barbara had given Mike another chance to date her. He had. The rest could be history. Her happy news is revealed at one of the monthly lectures and seminars the club offers. This one, "Reading Between the Lines," had offered a chance through graphology, a "newfound knowledge of each other." All I discovered was how lousy my penmanship was. And my video interviewer asked me out again. I told him our writing samples seemed incompatible.



"I'm afraid, Wilmington, that you don't really understand the duties of a corporate headhunter."

Dave looks on enviously as one couple, having just met, seem under these more casual circumstances to have kindled that longed-for spark. Barbara urges him to give the club more time: "You never know. You have to have the right attitude."

The right attitude is wearing thin, but my third date with hang-gliding Bob goes well initially. He's a tall, lean, western type with a wry humor. But after an hour I realize I've begun reading the restaurant lunch board for the fifth time. And I've already finished lunch. Sure, he's a pleasant person. He is too pleasant. I am happy to have met him, but would have been just as happy never to have seen him again. No sparks.

Dave corners me as I enter the club offices for the last time. "This place is a god-send!" he crows. He too has been tiring of an active social life consisting of compatible, predictable fix-ups. The likeliest prospect has just this week fizzled out, when he double-dated with his selection, a doctor buddy, and his seventeen-year-old sister. "The girl and I had a nice thing going, but it turned out she'd discovered three days before she had some kind of interesting, though not serious, disease. I was faint. My doctor friend was fascinated. She started feeding him symptoms and they wound up playing Guess My Disease! They fell in love over dinner. They had *nothing* in common, believe me! It was all chemistry!" So why is Dave grinning from ear to ear? Doesn't his experience make him want to throw in his embossed selection cards? "No way," he interrupts. "I'm crazy about someone and it's all because of this place."

It seems that Dave attended one of the member disco parties held at a local nightclub. "Suddenly I found myself next to this great-looking girl. But I kept on thinking this girl looked familiar. We started to talk and we couldn't stop. It was like magic. After an hour we introduced ourselves." He pauses dramatically. "It was the girl I rejected because she was too tall! I've seen her every day this week." Maybe her tape wasn't compatible, but according to Dave she certainly was.

What video dating giveth, video dating taketh away. In the lobby, a staff member consoles the blonde who's put herself "on hold." It seems her paramour's former girl friend just moved back to town, someone he'd met through the club not a year ago. "I don't know if I can go through it all again," she says, toying with her reentry form. A handsome, bespectacled man enters, ready for his first video taping. The blonde brightens and hands in her form. "Sure it's a gamble, but for some of us it's the only new game in town."

The chances in this game are good for winning small. There's big odds against hitting the jackpot, I muse, opening my mailbox the next week. Inside are three more invitations for screenings. Since I've quit the club, there must be some mistake. It's a reflex to toss the envelopes in the garbage. Instead, I pocket them. It's always hard to resist a long shot. 

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

pears in *Penthouse* soon.—Name and address withheld

Your piece on Britain's punks was typical of the press's tendency simply to look at them goo-goo-eyed and say, "Gee, those people over there are pretty weird-looking," without actually talking to any of them or trying to find out exactly what it is these punks are all about. This is a shame, because some of them might have some insightful comments about the state of their nation, probably more meaningful than some things the politicians tell you.

You also made the cardinal error of categorically labeling the entire skinhead movement as pro-Nazi, when in fact this is not the case. Most skinheads dislike the fascists as much as the conservatives. To them, politics is just a polite way of double-dealing and robbing them of the fruits of their labor. As far as the Cockney Rejects go, they have practically broken up and no longer command much of any following, let alone "goose-stepping" skinheads.

I guarantee you that unemployed youth would be doing coke at the ritzy London discos if only they could afford it. Maybe when they decide to have real lives instead of posing nonstop, they will be able to. I look forward to that day.—Bradley Aaron, Franklin, Mich.

MAY FLOWERS

I would like to compliment you on your May issue. Up until now, I've never been prompted to write to any magazine, so regard this as a great compliment.

I especially liked looking at and reading about one of your Pets, Bernadette Farrar. She is a very beautiful and sexy woman—a "ten" in my book. She can ride my bike with me anytime!

Please keep up the good work.—Name and address withheld

I have been an avid reader of *Penthouse* for many years, and I have enjoyed every issue for its well-researched articles and pictorials. Your May 1983 issue has to be one of the best issues printed! Pet of the Month Linda Kenton has to be the finest-looking woman ever photographed! She is so beautiful that it is impossible to get enough of her beauty! Please show more of this fine Pet. She has my vote as 1983's *Penthouse* Pet of the Year. Thanks!—Steven Thomas, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

I've been reading *Penthouse* now for fifteen years. This is the first time I've ever written to you. Linda Kenton is worth writing about. She certainly made time stand still for me. She's the most incredibly beautiful woman I've ever seen in your magazine. How about another shot of her?—Tom Fitzgerald, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.



Is it too early to ask for more of May Pet of the Month, Linda Kenton? In my humble opinion, she has to be the most beautiful woman you've ever photographed. My compliments to Bob Guccione. Her classic features and sheer beauty are overwhelming. My compliments to Miss Kenton—and her parents. Have you ever considered having a Pet repeat as Pet of the Month within the same year? I'm quite certain that none of your readers would feel cheated. In any case, I'm sure we will see her again as Pet of the Year of 1983.—Stephen House, Dupont, Pa.

We agree that Miss Linda Kenton is a classic, so feast your eyes (above).—The Editors

ETYMOLOGICALLY SPEAKING

I enjoyed reading Gary Hanauer's interview with Gina Wilson, madam of the Salt Wells Villa Guest Ranch (May 1983 issue). She probably knows more about the business of prostitution than most psychologists and sociologists could ever hope to learn in academic studies.

However, as a former student of social psychology and sociology (history of prostitution included), I would challenge the reference she made to the origin of the word *hooker*. She is quoted as saying, "On the street, the whores will be saying all kinds of things. That's where the word *hooker* came from. In the old days, the girls used to hook their own arm with a man's and say, 'Hello, honey. How are you? Let's go.'"

According to the *Dictionary of Americanism*, there was a brothel located at Corlear's Hook, New York City, in the late 1850s. It was frequented by sailors at the port, and eventually the ladies working there became known as hookers.

Also, sometime during the Civil War, there was a union general, Joseph Hooker, who often had female followers with him. At the service of the male officers, they were referred to as Hooker's girls,

hooker girls, and finally, just hookers.

For most people this is probably just a quibble, but since Gina Wilson did mention a historical "fact" (and her version is too obvious), I feel the record should be set straight, if only for general interest.—Raymond Haimes, Valley Stream, N.Y.

JERRY FALWELL

I congratulate you on your article "Life with Falwell" in the May issue of *Penthouse*. He is a very dangerous man who is not just content to express his opinion or give others the right to express their own personal view or criticize him in a democratic manner. Rather, he would dictate to everyone the way one should think and live, according to his divine interpretation.

I am twenty-four and a black male, and I enjoy reading your informative articles. Like every one of your readers, my heart skips a beat at the sight of the beautiful women that grace your pages. This right I defend for myself and for all Americans. The public must become aware of Mr. Falwell and others like him who are intolerant of the opinions and life-styles of others and who hide beneath their fundamentalist Christianity a fundamental racism. Let us not forget how Hitler came to power and the horror that followed. Continue the excellent work, *Penthouse*.—David Jenkins, Gainesville, Ga.

Please let me share a thought with you concerning the recent *Penthouse* series on Jerry Falwell and the "Moans and Groans" of outraged Christian readers that you published in "Feedback."

It is very easy for people who strongly hold an opinion to exclude even from consideration the opposing beliefs of others. We all fall victim to the habit of labeling others with sweeping stereotypes. It probably doesn't matter whether we call them "sexual perverts" or even "Bible-thumping bigots." The result is the same: blinded by our tidy labels, we proceed to burn the so-called deviants at the stake without ever bothering to ask whether there might have been some truth in what they had to say.

It seems to me that there could be some truth in what *Penthouse* has to say about Jerry Falwell and some of his followers. It must honestly be admitted that some of our evangelistic brethren are rather narrow and intolerant folks. An awful lot of money is being made by some of those who preach to the flock.

Yet I also find that I cannot dismiss out of hand some of the things that Falwell and his followers have to say. Although I disagree with most of their forms and rituals, I remain sensitive to the kind of pain that so often underlies their clarion call to the old-time religion. There is a pain we are all dealing with, and of late, dealing with rather badly. It is the pain of change.

A hundred years ago, a magazine such as *Penthouse* could not have been published. The mores and values of that time simply would not have permitted it. We are

now a technological society, with the leisure time that goes along with it, and with the problem of balancing our previous values against our present liberations. That's no small problem.

Those who cry out against the liberations of the times also have a valid message. The world is often too large. We are lost in it, out of touch with our roots and out of control. With no limits on our actions, how can we know what is expected of us? Millions of us now feel cast adrift, deserted, or overwhelmed by an age that cannot be understood. Anger has always been the response of the powerless.

Thus, I would extend a bit of advice to those who would expose the possible wrongdoings of a Jerry Falwell. By all means, let us reveal the failure of those who would set themselves up as leaders of a movement of moral absolutists. But let us respect the need of the millions of their followers to believe in *something*. That need is real.

To those who would outlaw a *Penthouse* magazine as immoral trash: just once, wouldn't it be nice if we tried a little less to decide what other people's values should be and tried to practice our own with integrity?

Let us permit the hedonists and the biblical moralists to have their say. But let neither become the master of public policy, for neither has yet found convincing answers for the problems of living in our

times, with integrity of self and malice toward no other.—Richard A. Lawhern, USAF, A.P.O. New York

CHILD MOLESTERS

In reference to the article "Close Encounters of the Worst Kind," in the April 1983 issue, I must say I was deeply appalled. It never ceases to amaze me what warped and sick minds our young people are exposed to. What saddens me even more is that these people believe that their behavior should be acceptable to society.

Child molesting is a very serious problem. It is damaging our children physically as well as mentally. It is also going to aid in giving birth to a future society that will probably be worse than this one.

That people such as those in NAMBLA exist is a disgusting thought. Who the hell cares about their socioeconomic, racial, or religious group? This is the future of the young people of America we are speaking of. With so many other factors against them, must they also be sexually abused?

It is absurd even to entertain the idea that this does not affect children mentally. These people who use and exploit children are concerned only with their own gratification. They really don't care how their actions affect the children they abuse and violate. What two consenting adults do when they are alone is their business. But when children are used and abused, it becomes a public matter.

Parents have got to unite and teach their children the facts. Be honest and concise. Don't close your eyes to the facts. With all that is going on now, you cannot shelter them. Naiveté can only hurt them and you in the end.—Regina Logan Quintanilla, Far Rockaway, N.Y.

U.N. ANTI-SEMITISM

In reference to your article "The U.N.: International Center of Anti-Semitism" (April 1983), I fully realize that the United Nations is far from perfect as an international negotiation instrument. This has become more apparent as many of the smaller nations have increasingly united against our interests.

However, actions taken by the United Nations, particularly with respect to world health, refugee, and food problems, have helped alleviate the pain and suffering of people around the world.

Although we cannot rely on the U.N. for the solutions to our foreign-policy dilemmas, I feel that the organization provides a forum where nations can meet to discuss mutual problems, whether we agree with everything or not.—John Glenn, United States Senator, Ohio

Thank you for your thoughtful and hard-hitting article on anti-Semitism in the U.N. Certainly we must be more aggressive than we often are in our defense of human rights. This is particularly so in international

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al forums, such as the United Nations. Your article deserves the widest reading audience, and perhaps some of those nations who vote in knee-jerk fashion in the United Nations will pause to ponder some of its profound implications.—*Sen. Ernest F. Hollings, South Carolina*

As a Jew who deplores all manifestations of hate-mongering, I concur with Arnold Forster's protest against anti-Israeli sentiments in the United Nations.

I would like to point out, however, that the root of the new upsurge of anti-Semitism may be found in the truism that Mr. Forster himself quotes: "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men remain silent in the face of it."

It is now forty years since the Nazi atrocities. During those four decades, in the face of smaller holocausts being perpetuated in various nations across the blood-drenched earth, Jewish affluence and power have grown to enormous proportions. But the Jewish community has, by and large, turned a blind eye to the victims of this inhumanity.

If Third World nations are envious of the prosperity of America and Israel, it is for good reason. The Jewish people spend a great deal of their resources to remind the world about Nazi Germany and to track down seventy- and eighty-year-old Nazis, but have turned their backs on the two thirds of the world under the boot of Nazi-

like regimes.

I believe it is vitally important to impress upon peoples everywhere the horrors of the Holocaust. And yet . . . how long are Jews going to raise an outcry about the war crimes of forty years ago in order to stifle the moral voice of their own consciences calling for justice, while evil triumphs over good in numerous parts of the globe?—*Lawrence Chanin, Montreal, Canada*

AMERICA AFRAID

As an inmate in a California prison, I would like to address myself to your article "America Afraid" (March 1983). By the time this appears I will have returned to my family on the streets, but I feel a personal responsibility to try and inform people that the prison system, as I know it, is aimed not at rehabilitation but at punishment (and it fails miserably). In the relatively short period of time that I have been incarcerated (two and a half years), I have seen an unbelievably large number of people leave here for the streets only to return within a period of ninety to 120 days. Inmates leave here with the attitude, "Well, I guess I will go out to the streets for a short vacation. Maybe get a better class of dope for a while. I will probably see you before you go home."

These are the people who look at prison as "home." Hell, it's no wonder the recidivism is so high. The Department of Cor-

rections makes it so easy on its inmates that they look forward to coming back. To many, the only difference between being here and being out there is that they don't have the key to the front door. We have frequent trailer visits and almost free access to almost any kind of drugs you could name, and we are fed, clothed, and kept warm. We have our own TV sets in our "cells," our own radios or stereos. We don't pay for anything except our little luxuries. The state pays us for the work we do. Life here is practically without cares. It is easier than it is out there.

I know it will sound strange coming from here, but America has every right to be afraid. As long as those in power make a term in prison this easy, people will continue to commit crimes. In fact, America should be scared shitless.—*Name and address withheld*

MOANS & GROANS

The following letters are reproduced verbatim, including spelling and grammatical errors.

We, Slow Grove and Pam J. Jam, we're extremely upset with the article "The Life and Death of Bruce Lee" (January and February 1983) about Bruce Lee's last

months concerning his use of drugs. We demand that you retract that article, it was nothing but lies, all lies! How dare print something of a dead man when he can't defend himself. For your information, those were nothing but rumors of people who thought they knew Bruce Lee and were eager to print something bad about him.

If the rumors were true, which they are not, it would be nothing of your concern. Your magazine is nothing but TRASH! Eager to persecute a man you know little about, if anything at all. Bruce Lee was the BEST! You know it too, we do not know how in the world you could print lies. LIES LIES LIES! You should be grateful for the entertainment he gave us. Nobody else could ever duplicate what he did for us, and after he did that for us, you have to cut him down, again and again, and again. You disgust us, totally! You make us sick, you're lucky you are alive! You're the ones who have screws loose. You're just jealous and you know it! You haven't heard the last of us, if you don't retract that article you're going to have one big lawsuit on your greedy, little hands. If you don't think that's a threat, think again because it most certainly is!—*The artists of the album "Mr. Blue," Slow Grove and Pam J. Jam*

I'm a 24 year old female and I work at a convenience store. We have many sex magazines for sale, yours included. I wished like hell they were illegal, for purely selfish reasons. Many guys come in and paw through your magazines. They see beautiful women posed in a sexual way to excite them. At least half have a hard-on when they come to pay for the magazine from viewing the pictures. I'm sure many go home and masturbate. Some will also buy some baby oil or lotion with the magazine to make it obvious. I am not as beautiful as your models and have few dates. I believe I would have many more if magazines like yours were outlawed. Masturbation would drop immediately. Why do those women consent to be photographed that way? I'm sure they have great sex lives. Why do they have to play with themselves for the camera? Do they get a thrill from knowing millions of guys are jerking off to their pictures?—*Charo P. McKowan, Fort Worth, Tex.*

Your concept of life is gruesome and disgusting. I am aghast at what you print and display in your repugnant magazine. You are so filthy and dirty and you really get me angry. You shouldn't be allowed to do this junk. What's the matter with everyone? To let you exist and sicken us by your garbage is an outrage! You try to legitimize yourselves, but by your very nature you go against anything that is good. What's the matter with you creeps? You should be shot! I know that sounds irrational, but it serves the point: you should be reprimanded, disbanded, and punished!—*Name withheld* O—

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She's had it with his nights on the town, so she turns their basement into a strip parlor and herself into an artiste with a flair for the exotic.

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A woman who dominates women gives a searing account of the different types of female submissives and explains how she satisfies their varied needs.

PRIVATE LOVE LESSONS

A horny young boy spends a summer at a secluded lake with his worldly aunt, and returns home a man fully confident of his sexual skills.

BIG-CITY SEX FROLIC

A conservative country couple see their wildest fantasies turn to sweet reality when they let a flamboyant pair of city swingers strip them of their inhibitions.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

me and slowly entered me. All I could say was "Oh, my God!" I had never been filled so completely in my life. I was tight and he was hard. When his cock was in all the way he pulled it out, then shoved it in, again and again. Could he stay hard forever? I began to wonder.

We made love in every position we could think of. He told me he wanted to get behind me and enter me that way. I was all for it. As he entered me, he began tugging at my nipples. I reached to my clit and rubbed in rhythm to his strokes. Our tempo increased and we both rocked and moaned as he shot his spunk into my hot pussy as I was coming for the third time.

Then we lay down and held each other. I was pleasantly exhausted. I looked at the clock and couldn't believe my eyes! We had made love for four hours. We laughed and remarked how time flies when you're having fun.

Lee and I have met since then and it's always a special time for both of us. I love Jeff, but I love Steve, too, for what we share. How can you possibly love two men at once? I don't know, but I do.—
Name and address withheld

FAMILY FUN

Although my wife and I have always had a very exciting and enjoyable sex life, just recently we have had an experience we felt was worthy of being published in your magazine.

This episode began one evening when we were preparing to go out for dinner. My wife had covered her 34-21-33 body in a shimmering blue gown, slit to the upper thigh and very low cut. Of course she wore nothing underneath, and I was hard the minute she put it on. Nan, my wife's nineteen-year-old sister, who lives with us, had explained she would be out all night, so this evening was planned to be extra-adventurous.

All through dinner my wife did nothing but tease and torment me. She would laugh and shake her tits until I thought they would pop out of her dress. Then she would cross and uncross her legs, giving me (and everyone else) an almost perfect shot of her wet and neatly trimmed cunt. After an hour of this I was more than ready to go home and fuck. She was just beginning and told me that she would have me coming in my pants before she would let me take her home. With that she grabbed my hand and dragged me to a bar next door.

Once we got to the bar she placed herself on a stool and began her teasing all over again. This time, however, she was much more visible and it was not long before every man in the place was hard. She noticed this and it seemed to turn her on even more. Her hard, inch-long nipples were almost sticking through her dress, and I don't know what was keeping her

pussy juice from running down her legs. Suddenly she said, "Let's go fuck," and we were on our way home.

Once inside the front door my wife ripped off all our clothes and planted her juicy pussy right on my face. "Eat me, you bastard," she screamed. "Suck my cunt! Lick my cunt! Make me come!" Of course I eagerly went at it, concentrating on her huge throbbing clit. "Oh, God," she screamed, pulling on her nipples, "I'm gonna come!" With that she went stiff and nearly drowned me with her juice. Before I knew what was happening she had moved down and was beginning to mount my rock-hard seven inches.

All of a sudden we heard a moan from the doorway loud enough to get the attention of both of us. There stood Nan, her head thrown back, her fingers pounding into her pussy. Her tits were very small but very firm with big nipples like her sister's. She had the hairiest blond bush I had ever seen. It stretched halfway to her navel and almost halfway across each golden thigh. I had to have her. Before she noticed, I ran over, pulled her to the floor, and buried my face in that golden jungle. Nan was screaming in ecstasy in no time. I moved up and slid my cock deep into her snatch and began to fuck her hard. She quickly took hold of my ass and fucked me back for all she was worth. My wife, not one to be left out, was soon straddling her sister's anxious mouth. In an unbelievably short time we were coming all over each other. I fell back on the floor to rest while the two sisters went at it. It drove me wild watching them suck each other's tits and finger each other's cunt and ass, but when I saw my wife's tongue slide deep into her sister's snatch it was more than I could stand. I came all over my chest without even touching my cock. Nan was pretty tired out after this, so she just fingered her pussy while my wife and I had one last slow fuck.

Since that night the three of us fuck all the time. Nan and my wife sometimes even make it alone. We have taken turns being each other's slave and have even had a four-hour marathon out in the woods, but those are stories for later on—
Name and address withheld

DOUBLE DUTY

I have read with great pleasure those letters (mostly from women) to "Forum" relating their favorable experiences about making it with uncircumcised men or their first encounter with a man still having his foreskin. Proudly being in this category, I would like to share an ongoing experience that my wife and I have been enjoying. It is about a pleasure unknown to us when we first got married.

In the beginning, not knowing what I know now, when we were engaged in foreplay or in intercourse, my foreskin tended to retract as my erection grew. I just disregarded it, and proceeded with the otherwise covered glans exposed. Naturally, since I usually had protection

from my foreskin, I enjoyed the super pleasure of this special sensitivity. This was great for me. But as time went on, it became apparent that my wife was left with insufficient time for her to reach climax, which really bothered me. After all, a large part of a man's pleasure is sensing the woman's pleasure.

One night, we talked out the problem, and I suggested that since my sensitivity was causing premature ejaculation, we had to do something. We are not the types to use special ointments, etc., so one night we conducted our foreplay with my foreskin in place, which really helped to slow me down; and she enjoyed my foreskin's mobility and softness as it surrounded my rock-hard shaft. This helped her to a great extent, so we decided to go a step further and try to enter her with my foreskin still in place. This took some doing, but we finally accomplished it. We found that my shaft had to be wet, from our juices, all the way down to the base, to be slippery enough not to tug my foreskin back.

Once I was all the way in her (with the help of short, gentle thrusts), we relaxed for a minute, and to my surprise the sensation of her internal warmth flowing into my extended foreskin was a whole new experience, very pleasurable. Gently, I started thrusting, and I was quite surprised to feel how my foreskin stayed in place through the increasingly vigorous motion. I still had no strong urge to climax, and I was amazed at my staying power. Then, after a few minutes, I sensed her having an orgasm, and we were so thrilled that we decided to keep going. Then, a little later, I could sense that she was going to come again, so I reached down and pulled my foreskin back, thus now enjoying the usual feelings. We both came to fabulous simultaneous climaxes. Now, she controls when to pull my foreskin back for better timing.

As we have gone along, our "new method," as we like to call it, has sometimes worked well and sometimes not, but it is in either case a big improvement for her. Once, she came to a fourth orgasm, which she agreed was great but very tiring. Thus, we would like to share with your readers our solution to the age-old problem of premature ejaculation, and thereby give the woman a better chance to experience her pleasures. Could it be that the foreskin, which is original factory equipment, plays a role greater than that of mere day-to-day penile protection, and really belongs to the woman's domain? Although being "foreskinned" (a word I prefer over "uncircumcised") never bothered me one way or the other before, I am now absolutely proud of my foreskin. Only my participation in our physical fitness program at work prevents me from getting a tattoo on and/or a gold ring through my foreskin.—Name and address withheld

FUN AND GAMES

My boyfriend, Tom, and I were invited to my girl friend Rita's home for dinner. Her

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roommate was out for the evening but was expected back at any time. We figured we'd eat, have a few glasses of wine, chat awhile, then go home early. Tom tells me that he always hopes that there will be a wild, spontaneous sexual happening, since we're all open about the subject, but none was expected.

After dinner the three of us played at making erotic and suggestive sentences using word cubes. We had a few laughs as we tried to outdo each other, then we moved on to other sexual games.

Rita asked Tom and I to tell a sexual fantasy, and we gladly shared our individual favorites. As Tom spoke I made a mental note to attend to some of his requests once we returned to our place. He and I both spoke of threesomes and foursomes, because they seemed so new and exciting. Rita fantasized about a man whom she someday hoped to screw, and the room grew warmer as she spoke.

Tom smiled slightly as I excused myself from our living room powwow to use the bathroom. I just knew that this time, when I returned, things would be starting in reality, not just fantasy!

I returned to find a surprised Rita being kissed deeply by Tom. Her body responded to his caresses on her shoulders and then her breasts.

"Inez, do you mind?" she asked.

"We are friends and we can share tonight. I understand," I said. It did not take

long for Tom's kisses to find Rita's bra, and then her bare breasts. I watched from the sofa as my wonderfully erotic and experienced lover brought Rita's temperature up. I knew I would soon join them. Tom continued to lick Rita's breasts, her erect nipples, her belly, and then down to her thighs. With most of her clothing still intact, he patiently found his way to her pussy through the leg opening of her shorts. Knowing a bit about Rita's limited sexual experiences was a turn-on for me, and I felt my own crotch dampen as I imagined how good Tom's tongue felt on her never-been-kissed clit. She moaned with pleasure and in the same breath said we ought to go to our place before her conservative roommate returned.

There was a fantastic energy in the room as we gathered our belongings and gulped our last sip of wine while Rita changed. Fond memories of childhood slumber parties mixed with my expectations. Rita and I were satisfied that what we were about to do was okay. The three of us strolled to our place arm in arm.

Our first order of business was to wash up, and we were pleased to discover that all three of us fit in one shower. The fragrance of our favorite peppermint soap tickled my nostrils as Tom and Rita started to massage me with bubbles when I entered the shower. We were playful, but our queen-size waterbed awaited our tingling peppermint bodies.

Rita landed first and was amused by the rocking motion. We began to move our hands all over one another. I touched, outlined, squeezed, and rubbed necks, armpits, breasts, nipples, bellies, backs, asses, balls, thighs, knees, and toes. The same was done to me, slowly and gently, by unidentifiable hands. A woman's touch on my body was different and soft, and though I did not crave sex with a woman alone, this situation was unique and appealing.

Tom began to dominate Rita as he caressed and licked her submissive body. I allowed and observed their play as I attended to the parts of Tom's body that I could reach. I ran my tongue around the back of his neck, swirling and licking near his ears. My tongue followed his backbone to its end, and my whole body pressed against his. My hands massaged his sides, reached for his nipples, and tickled his balls. I slowly spread the cheeks of his ass and toyed playfully with his asshole, teasing lightly with my fingers and tongue. He squirmed and moaned as I nibbled his ass cheeks. Finally my tease ended and my tongue carefully ran along the length of his crack, dodging in and out of his hole. I tickled his balls with my fingers, then licked them from underneath as he perched on all fours above Rita's writhing body. Once again my tongue returned to his ass hole and plunged in and out to match the rhythm of his moans and move-

ments. His come squirted over Rita's thighs and onto the sheets and I managed to catch some juices on my fingers for a taste.

Taking the center position in the bed, my two lovers prepared my breasts and belly and thighs with their kneading fingers. As my moans sounded my delight, I felt tongues exploring every curve and corner of my body. Rita caressed and sucked my breasts and nipples while Tom kissed my thighs and my dripping pussy. I raised my ass to meet his mouth. He fingered my ass hole and plunged another finger into my hot hole as he licked and nibbled my clit. I came with screams of pleasure.

I remained motionless for a time while Rita worked on Tom's sensitive nipples. She sucked the right one, then switched to the left. As he began to search with his hands for our snatches, we discouraged him and restrained his arms as we licked his hot body and admired his tall dick. He gave up his struggle and let us have our way.

Rita then became merciless as she sat herself on Tom's face before he could even catch his breath. His erection stood at attention as I hovered over his chest. Rita and I faced each other. We began to reach for each other, to squeeze and tickle breasts and nipples. Tom was eating Rita and I leaned forward to lick and suck her tits. I moved my ass toward his rod and let the tip meet playfully with my ass hole. Sliding just two more inches forward, I took his dick into my seething cunt. Rita and I pounced on Tom to our content, still playing with each other's breasts. I used my other hand to finger my own clit to further intensify the pleasure. The three of us were a beautiful triangle of skin and hot holes. We gave in to each other all at the same time; our coming and our breathing and our screaming were simultaneous. The moment was the most intense physical pleasure I have ever known.—Name and address withheld 

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send \$2.50 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

Earl Miller photographed Pet of the Month Shana Ross, appearing on page 83, and the pictorial "Isabel and Benjamin," appearing on page 118. He used a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, Harrison filters, and Norman strobes. Antonin Kratochvil photographed "Darkness at Noon," appearing on page 64, with a Nikon FE camera, Nikkor 28 and 35 lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. "Reprise," which appears on page 109, was photographed by Suze Randall with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 105 lens, and a Tiffen 81A filter.

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ALAIN KELER/SYGMA

EL SALVADOR IS SPANISH FOR VIETNAM

Once again, the president of the United States is telling us that we have to make a stand against communism in a country nobody ever heard of. Once again, American "advisers" are desperately attempting to help a weak, unmotivated army defend its country against guerrilla revolutionaries who seem to have nobody on their side except the people. Once again, protests are being mounted in our streets and on college campuses. Are we really doomed to repeat a nightmare that we've only recently escaped? How did we get to this point? And—more important—what lies ahead? Veteran reporter Tad Szulc, who has been covering Washington and Latin America for more than thirty years, provides the answers in an exclusive, explosive behind-the-scenes article on the most dangerous situation we've faced since Vietnam.



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JOHN MUTH

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DAVID SCHOEN

THE SEDUCTION OF PETER S.

As an actor, Peter Scuro had a rough time paying his bills until he found that he could use his skills in a much more lucrative fashion: seemingly endless numbers of women began lining up to pay for an hour in his bed. Suddenly rich, Peter thinks he can finally call his own shots: or can he? Lawrence Sanders, whose best-selling books include *The Third Deadly Sin* and *The Case of Lucy Bending*, provides a witty and irreverent look at the world of call boys in this exclusive preview of his latest novel, to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.



PETER ANGELO SIMON

DOES GOD HAVE A TELEPHONE?

Well, probably not, but there is hardly anyone else who can make the same claim. Michael Korda draws on his intimate knowledge of the rich and famous in a freewheeling essay on the uses and abuses of the almighty telephone—an instrument "so ubiquitous that we've come to take it for granted." However, thanks to the latest technology, we've been able to gather the most modern, bizarre, beautiful, and innovative models available. No one will be able to take *these* for granted!

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Kent	12	1.0	Kent 100's	14	1.2
Winston Lights	11	0.9	Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Marlboro	16	1.0	Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Salem	14	1.1	Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Kool Milds	11	0.9	Salem 100's	15	1.1
Newport	16	1.2	Marlboro 100's	16	1.1
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MISS SHANA ROSS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

